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THE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY.

HOW much this vast work has contributed to the progress of science and scientific culture in America, can only be known by a careful study of its history. It has already made its mark on our foreign reputation; it has helped to give a vigorous start to various important branches of study in our own land. It is thus rightly ranked among those agencies which are establishing our national reputation on a sure and noble basis, while it is one of those means by which the highest types of mind will be called into original action. Boscovich, Delambre, Arago, Bessel, Schumacher and Struve, are but instances in which national surveys have called forth eminent genius, and given it a sphere of activity and renown otherwise unattainable. Companionship in this distinction is not less the right and possibility of our own Coast Survey.

Among the readers of our Magazine, there are, doubtless, very few to whom the nature and character of this great enterprise is wholly unknown. Yet we are confident it will be no unwelcome service, if we here present a brief account of its history, objects, organization, methods, and results.

All accurate geography and hydrography is of modern, and indeed of quite recent origin. The fabulous histories of Herodotus are even outdone in grotesqueness by his geography. Ptolemy, Hanno and Strabo, at least, fully prove that scientific geography was a thing unknown to Greece and Rome. The

revival of letters was marked by little advance in knowledge of the earth, until, by the improvements in astronomy and navigation which followed the advent of Copernicus, Galileo and Columbus, clearer ideas of the earth as a whole, and of the relations of its parts, began to grow into the mass of common knowledge. Navigation, stimulated by the hope of gain and by ambition to discover and take possession of colonial empires, became bold, and fearlessly ventured into unknown regions. Island after island, coast after coast, was explored. Little by little, the grotesque fancy of the early mapmakers was chastised into a rude approach to conformity with fact. Homans, Tardieu, D'Anville, Cassini, Arrowsmith, Jeffreys, with other compeers and successors, bestowed care on the style and accuracy of their maps and charts. The Spanish charts embodied the results of the explorations which distinguished the palmy days of Spain, while the *ruttier* or sailing directions absorbed the knowledge which the charts did not convey. The nautical treasure-house reared by Hakluyt has drawn much of the early geographic lore into its rich repository. Half fact, half fancy, now an error and now a real discovery; its strange dialect lures the reader on to roam the Indies and to traverse the shore of our then half-fabulous land. A vast deal of true geography grew up in those heroic days, but it was mixed with still more of error. Our Pacific coast was then, indeed, *terra*

incognita. On many maps still extant California is represented as an island bounded on the North by the *Fretum Aniani*, and in some it is jumbled with Jesso or Japan. We have seen a map by Louis de Hennepin in which California appears as a peninsula, separated from Jesso by the straits of Anien, with Jesso separated from Asia and Japon by the strait of Vries.

From such crudities the various surveys of Des Barres, de Brahm, Gauld and other British officers had done much to extricate our Atlantic coast prior to the Revolution. The Atlantic Neptune published by the British government brought together much of what was then known of our coast, and the imprint of Jeffreys is borne by some maps of localities along it, which have even yet been replaced by nothing better. The surveys of Des Barres have done him enduring honor where the work was actually performed under his eye, but in some charts, bearing his name, gross errors prevail. So, too, Gauld's Key West and Tortugas chart, whose accuracy was all the times could afford, is still quite tolerable as a navigator's guide. But as for our coast at large the charts were absolutely bad, and full of danger to those who trusted them. With few local exceptions no trustworthy charts had been made, adapted to the wants of our increasing navigation. The defect was in the insufficiency of the surveys, forming their basis, which had been rude, disconnected, and hasty. Our navigators had not yet begun to receive that assistance, in comprehending the peculiarities of our coast, which has since been so admirably rendered by the Coast Pilot and charts of the Messrs. Blunt (father and sons) of New York.

Meantime Europe had been alive with great geodetic undertakings, having for their direct object, the formation of accurate maps of states and charts of their coasts, and for their indirect result, the determination of those elements of the earth's figure which are so essential both to geography and astronomy. France had measured its arc of a meridian, on which to base its decimal system of weights and measures. England had begun its magnificent Ordnance survey, and throughout Europe, geodesy was fast assuming a scientific and practical form. The British Admiralty had fully entered on that sagacious

policy of surveying the coasts and harbors, not only of British dependencies, but of whatever foreign realms invited commercial enterprise; a policy which has done much to establish English maritime supremacy, and to which the world now owes over 2000 Admiralty charts, including a large portion of the known hydrography of the entire world.

Moved by this impulse and by a full consciousness of our great deficiency in good coast and harbor charts, the late Prof. Patterson, of Philadelphia, in 1806, brought forward a project for a complete survey of the U. S. coast. This project, favored and fostered by Secretary Gallatin, led to the passage of a law in 1807, authorizing a survey. Fortunately the plan adopted was that proposed by Mr. F. R. Hassler, whose high scientific attainments and experience in the Berne triangulation, in Switzerland, eminently qualified him to propose the best plan then practicable. Nothing was done till 1811, when Mr. Hassler was sent to Europe to provide the necessary instruments, which were to be made from new designs by him. Then came the war with England, and soon after the restoration of peace Mr. Hassler was removed from his post, before fairly entering on its duties. The work was at the same time transferred from the Treasury Department to the Navy Department. A period of inaction followed, which was first interrupted in 1827 by that enlightened Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Southard, who recommended a return to the former organization. In 1832, this recommendation was adopted and an appropriation made. It is from this date that the real and effective operation of the coast survey begins.

Mr. Hassler was appointed Superintendent and continued in that position till his death in 1843. A man of rare mental qualities; truly original and learned in the most advanced astronomical and geodetic science of his day; as a mathematician respectable and as a physicist meritorious; he was distinguished by some singularities which were unfortunate in their influence on the popularity of the work over which he presided. A single amusing illustration may indicate how little court he paid to the arts of popularity. It is told that, when he was once urging an increase of his salary upon the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary

remarked that Mr. Hassler's salary was about equal to his (the Secretary's), to which Mr. H. rejoined: "Oh yes, but Secretaries can be got any day, while there is but one Mr. Hassler." This peculiarity of temperament engendered hostilities, which led to a Congressional investigation, with its usual controversial concomitants. Incapable of comprehending the true character of our people and institutions, and using a dialect peculiar to himself, Mr. Hassler was in no condition to compel justice to his real merits. It is, hence, the more incumbent on us to bear witness to the great fertility of his mind within its proper sphere. He did good service in giving a right start to the work which he directed, and his researches on our weights and measures and their comparison with the standards were highly meritorious and extensive. His elaborate paper (in the *Am. Phil. Trans.*), on the coast survey instruments and methods, won special praise from the late lamented Bessel, and remains his chief monument.

In 1843, a law directed the formation of a Board to reorganize the work. This Board retained and extended the scientific features of the work, defined its organization and established in detail the methods and order of operations, essentially as they now exist. This plan of reorganization was approved, and the general Treasury Department regulations, based thereon, were adopted in 1844. Since that date they have been in constant and most successful operation.

In November, 1843, Prof. Alexander Dallas Bache was appointed to the places of Superintendent of the Coast Survey and of Weights and Measures, made vacant by Mr. Hassler's death. His accession gave a new impulse to the operations both in the field and office, and a progressive improvement has marked each succeeding year of his administration to the present time. Prof. Bache graduated at the U. S. Military Academy, as head of the class of 1825, and was a Lieutenant of Engineers till 1829. Then, in turn, he became Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in the University of Pa., President of the Girard College, and Principal of the Philadelphia High School, until 1843. His qualifications for the position he now holds cannot be better stated than in the words of the illustrious Hum-

boldt, who thus writes to Prof. Schumacher:

"You know better than I do, in how high an estimation the direction of the work for the survey of the coast stands, not only among us, but among all the most illustrious men who, in France and England, are interested in the study of geography and nautical astronomy. To the most solid knowledge of astronomy and mathematics, Mr. Bache unites, in a very eminent degree, that activity of mind and extent of views which render a work of practical utility profitable to the science of the physics of the globe. In a region of the globe where the direction of oceanic currents, the differences of temperature produced by these currents, and by the upheaval of the bottom, and the direction of the magnetic curves, offer so important phenomena to the navigator, such a work could not be placed in better hands than those of Mr. Bache. The government of the United States has acquired a new right to our gratitude by protecting nobly that which has arrested the attention of the hydrographers and astronomers of Europe. I should be glad to think that in a country where I am honored with so much good feeling, my feeble testimony might contribute to enliven the interest which is due to the excellent labors of Mr. Bache."

The first and most important object of the survey, that, indeed, for which it was began, and toward which all its operations tend, is the execution of a systematic, continuous, and accurate sounding out and delineation of the marine bottom along our entire coast line. All the hydrographic elements of a perfect chart are embraced under this ruling head, and all the various processes and means by which the charts themselves are to be prepared and circulated for nautical use. The plan is nothing less than this: to obtain and publish accurate maps of the shore line, in all its ins and outs, from Maine to Texas, from San Diego to Frazer's River, omitting no island, tidal river, harbor, bay, branch, or lagoon; to make frequent soundings along and abreast of all this coast line, in such a manner and with such a record as that each sounding can be plotted in its true position, relative to the shore line, thereby developing all shoals, rocks, holes, channels, bottom changes, characteristics and configuration; to define the local and general peculiarities of the tides and currents; and, in fine, to gather the materials for an accurate picture of the ocean and ocean bottom along our coast and its indentations, which shall embrace every feature of importance to general, coasting and harbor navigation. The unveiling of the mysteries of the great

deep is to be extended so far seaward as to furnish every practicable aid to the navigator, for identifying his position by the deep-sea lead: a distance which, in the great submarine plateau, between Long Island and the New Jersey coast, extends to nearly three hundred miles. The grand old Gulf Stream has been, and is to be questioned, as to its movements, temperature, distribution, configuration, limits, causation and details of formation. Whatever of fact can be gleaned by careful exploration of the shoal sea-belt, lining our shore, is to be duly noted, and, if possible, brought before the sailor's eye in the clearest language of chartography. The result will be a series of harbor charts on large scales, embracing each of the harbors and river entrances, for harbor navigation; a second series, on a smaller scale, of the sounds, bays, and outer coasts, for coasting navigation; and a third series of general coast charts, of still smaller scale, and adapted to general navigation along the coast, or in approaching it.

The vast magnitude of this hydrographic work can scarcely be realized. France, England, Prussia, Sweden, and the East India Company, in Hindostan, and some other nations, have undertaken systematic surveys of their coasts, but none of these compares in extent of shore line with our own. That gnarled oak, the Chesapeake, the intersected and island-girt coast of Maine, that gigantic Venice of the Northwest, Puget's Sound, give a development of shore line quite astonishing and scarcely paralleled, unless it be in the Norwegian labyrinth of islands, or in that St. Lawrence archipelago where Capt. Bayfield's survey has now penetrated. We doubt if any piece of hydrography has yet been undertaken of so laborious and difficult a character as that of the Florida reefs. Our coast hydrography is, indeed, an immense labor, and its completion demands a patient application of the painter's motto, *nulla dies sine linea*. Year by year it progresses. From Nantucket to Albemarle Sounds it is now almost complete, not to mention various detached masses of work accomplished. A worthy perseverance will soon bring the day, when, from the St. John's to the Rio Grande, from San Diego Bay (or Cape St. Lucas ?) to 54° 40', vessels may coast our entire sea-board in safety, guided by that Ariadne's clue, a conti-

nuous and trustworthy chart. This consummation is the great practical object of the Coast Survey. It serves, in addition, to bring to light many invaluable commercial facilities; a statement which will be best illustrated when we come to enumerate the results of the survey.

The second object of the Coast Survey is, its topographical rendering of the peculiarities of the narrow sea-board belt, along which the interests of commerce and our national defense are chiefly concentrated. The delineation of the shore line itself is strictly a topographical operation, and it is, in fact, furnished by the topographers, for the hydrographic parties. It is indispensable to a good chart, that it should contain correct indications of the positions of the hills, towns, streams, fields, marshes, roads, etc., which border the included shore line, and which, in fact, constitute the coast proper. The navigator needs all these aids in identifying his position along shore, and few charts are so rude as not to attempt the presentation of their coasts, however unscientific and incorrect their topography may be. Thus it is true that, even for navigation, the topography of the coast belt is a primary requisite.

This coast topography is also invaluable for studying the various problems of defense, river and harbor improvements, light-houses, and whatever national and local objects are specially concerned with the features of ground within this sea margin. It is always an advantage to a place to be accurately mapped, and the great national interests specified find, in these narrow sea coast and lake coast belts, almost their entire arena, and are daily experiencing the value of the accurate topographical sheets of the survey. Simply as local maps, the various published sheets possess value and importance, not unappreciated by our citizens.

The geodetic object of the Coast Survey is that in which science is chiefly interested. Geodesy has for its office to develop, with the utmost accuracy, both the general figure and dimensions of the earth, and to refer the various localities on its surface, by their coördinates of latitude and longitude, to the standard circles, thereby defining their positions relative to each other.

Astronomy takes its starting point in geodesy, and all the celestial dis-

tances are determined in terms of the terrestrial. Hence the eager striving for extreme accuracy in these foundation distances. When Norwood, by pacing, thought he had determined the length of a degree "within a scantling of the truth," his scantling became the beam in Newton's eye, which, for a long time, caused him to doubt the correctness of his gravitation theory. These scantlings are the stuff from which science is now raising her grandest fabrics. When we reflect on the host of discoveries which an increased accuracy of measurement has brought out from the waste residuals of less exacting investigators, almost any zeal for the utmost quantitative precision seems strictly reasonable. We cannot now stop to define the great deeds and triumphs of geodesy, and its invaluable services to astronomy and navigation: this would be to recount a large part of the history of science. Nearly every civilized nation has contributed a share in the noble pursuit, and many of the greatest minds have spent their strength in this generous competition. The claim of America to have done her part, must rest mainly on the geodetic results of the coast survey, not yet complete. Mason and Dixon's line was a provincial measurement for which we contributed only the ground. Yet even this, imperfect as it was, has entered into all general discussions of the earth's figure. Borden and Paine's Massachusetts arc is good, but limited. It is surely not too much to say, that one object of the Coast Survey is to contribute American geodetic data of a higher order than Mason and Dixon's, and more extensive than those of Massachusetts.

Fortunately for science, all the observations and computations demanded by the highest geodesy are essential and integral parts in the discussion of the latitudes and longitudes of the Survey, and these are the very pith and marrow of accurate charts. There is, then, this grand scientific result in prospect, with no works of supererogation in its attainment. The discussion of irregularities or "local errors" is developing singular and interesting earth phenomena, which must be duly analyzed and explained before the latitudes and longitudes of even the 3,840 stations in the lists of the Survey already published can be finally adjusted. The Czar Nicolas caused an immense triangulation

to be executed for its geodetic results alone, and the illustrious Struve has for many years been conducting this giant work, now near its close. Our Coast Survey will incidentally bear geodetic fruit scarcely inferior in value to that from the great Russian and Norwegian arc. France, England, Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland, Germany, Prussia, Italy, Norway, and Sweden, part of Russia, part of Spain, Algeria, Cape of Good Hope, Hindostan, part of Peru, and some smaller localities have been trigonometrically surveyed with such precision as to contribute geodetic results of value. If we do not relish falling behind the land of the Hottentot, it is incumbent on us to go on faithfully to the end of our great geodetic work.

The organization of the Coast Survey, however slight may be its popular interest, is a subject of primary importance to the current prosperity and ulterior success of its operations. Essential as good organization is to all extensive works, it is probably true that this Survey demands a rarer union of qualifications for its direction than any other enterprise now progressing among us. Not only must a thorough mastery of all the resources of geodesy, topography, hydrography, and chartographic art actuate and coördinate all the parts, but great administrative skill and a thorough acquaintance with the modes of public business are needful, for the judicious application of the personal and fiscal resources available, and for the preservation of harmony in the external relations of the Survey.

All appropriations, as well as the organic laws for this work, are specifically made by Congress, with executive concurrence. Existing laws place the Coast Survey under the charge of the Treasury Department, to which it organically belongs, and its regulations, projects of operations, details of officers, communications of information, and the like, are acted on by the Secretary of the Treasury, who is also the medium of official correspondence with other Departments and with Congress. One great advantage of this arrangement is, that three essential classes of officers, namely, army officers, navy officers, and civil assistants, of proper qualifications, can be brought into harmonious coöperation under a neutral direction; a concurrence which would be impracticable, were the work under

the Navy or War Department. In point of fact, the triangulation, topography and office duties are now performed by officers of the Army, detailed for that purpose, and by civil assistants, sub-assistants, aids, hired artists, clerks, and laborers. The hydrography is appropriately executed, in the vessels of the survey, by navy officers detailed for this duty, with such enlisted men and hired assistance as are required. The most appropriate talent is also drawn at will from civil life, for field observations, computations, drawing, and engraving. Thus all the chief elements of success are blended in one system. Experience has proved this organization to be excellent in its workings. It has also shown that the work would not thrive under the Navy Department.

The Superintendent is the immediate head of the Survey in all its branches, and all its parts receive their general direction from him. Each field party acts under special instructions from him, and all office operations are directed and reviewed by him in a general way. Each chief of a topographical or hydrographic party has his definite field of work, in which he proceeds under the general regulations and his special instructions. The assistant in charge of the office has the direction of the daily details of office duty, under the established regulations and routine, receiving special instructions from the Superintendent on new questions. Thus all the parties work together on one general plan, and the office work is so directed as to maintain the most advantageous relations with the field work. Disbursements are made by chiefs of parties and the assistant in charge of the office, whose accounts are revised by the Superintendent and rendered through the disbursing agent of the Survey, who keeps the accounts of the entire work. The annual appropriation is rigorously distributed to the various operations of the year, and each officer knows what he has to do and what funds are available for the purpose. Each one has his defined sphere of responsibility, and all these responsibilities are centralized and revised by the single executive head.

Space will not permit us to treat in detail the methods of the Survey. It must suffice briefly to present the succession of operations which precedes

the final issue of any particular chart. Our Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts are distributed into eleven distinct sections. (The Lakes and their shores are being surveyed by the Topographical Engineers, entirely distinct from the Coast Survey.) Operations are already progressing in each of these sections, and are conducted in each independently of the others, or as if it were a separate survey.

First of all comes the *reconnaissance*, or general inspection of the section from point to point, to ascertain its main features and to fix on the best scheme for triangulating its surface. In this operation, a good eye, a clear judgment, and sterling common sense are required. Each section has its own peculiarities to which the triangulation must conform, and a certain *coup d'œil* is requisite for the selection of stations, so as to make well-conditioned and well-located triangles. Reconnaissance in detail usually precedes the occupation of stations, only by one or two years, and in some cases is even conducted by the same party which makes the station observations.

The reconnaissance having led to the selection of the main base line for a section, the next operation, and one, too, of the greatest delicacy, is the measurement of the base. This line is usually from five to ten miles long, perfectly straight, and nearly level. The only actual measurement of length in a section is that of the base line, and from this all the other distances are deduced by angular measurements and computations. Hence this line requires to be measured with the utmost attainable accuracy. For this purpose, a special base apparatus, devised by Prof. Bache, so as to maintain a constant length under all working changes of temperature, has been employed since 1846. The principle of compensation is applied, somewhat as in the gridiron pendulum, and the brass and iron bars have their cross sections so adjusted as to change their temperatures at equal rates. The apparatus consists of two tubes, about twenty feet long, enclosing similar compensating bar systems; besides six trestles and various other adjuncts. The constant length of the bar systems is critically compared with a standard bar before and during measurements, and every precaution is employed to insure the final

length of base being obtained in standard units. The base ends are marked by permanent monuments, and are the first stations occupied for triangulation.

The triangulation consists in the successive occupation of a series of stations for the measurement, at each station, of the horizontal angles between such other stations as are thence visible. From the base line stations, several other stations are observed upon, and from these, others more remote are observed, and so on to the extremes of the section. It thus comes to pass, that from this modest base line, thousands of lines in a section have their lengths determined with extreme precision, by angle observations and computations only. The primary triangulation is made continuously through an entire section with as few stations as practicable, and its lines generally increase in length from the base, so that some lines are about ninety miles long. The secondary triangulation starts from the primary lines and works down to shorter ones. The tertiary triangulation works down in like manner from the secondary. Thus a section, in which the network of primary, secondary and tertiary triangles is complete, embraces a great number of points whose relative positions and distances are accurately determined.

To locate these points properly on the earth's surface, it is essential to observe at certain stations for latitudes, longitudes, and azimuths. For this purpose a considerable number of primary stations have been occupied, and their latitudes and longitudes astronomically determined, by the zenith sector or telescope, and by the transit instrument; while the azimuths, or horizontal angular distances between the triangulation lines and the meridian, are measured on the large theodolite used in the triangulation. These observations are of such precision as to bring to light the irregularities of attraction on different points of the earth's crust, even where no mountains, or other external disturbing cause appears; and these irregularities, or "station errors," when determined in two or more ways, are verified even as to their amount. Thus geodesy shakes hands with geology, and is sounding the earth's crust in a manner truly remarkable.

A great number of points being thus determined, the topographer follows, with his plane table, to work in gra-

phically on his field sheets, around these points, the positions of houses, fences, boundaries, marshes, forests, and roads; but most important of all is the shore line. Hills receive his special attention, for he not only fixes their location, in a general way, but determines the contours or curves of section, by a series of horizontal planes at twenty feet, vertical distance, apart. It is his business to record, on his field sheets, all important objects and accidents of ground, in their true positions, relative to the trigonometrical points falling within their limits.

The topographer having completed his map of the shore line for a given locality, this is furnished to the hydrographer, whose business it is correctly to locate his hydrographic observations relative to this shore line, and the plotted triangulation and plane table points. He proceeds to make soundings in detail on determined ranges, using the sextant, and the requisite signals on shore and afloat. Thus, every sounding is recorded, with the means of plotting it as accurately as required. Observations on the tides and currents accompany the hydrographer's progress. All his soundings are finally reduced to mean low-water, and then plotted. Characteristic bottoms are duly noted, and their signs are plotted in place. The tidal and current observations are discussed, both in a local and a general way. Little by little, the various incidents in the progress of the great tide wave are eliminated. The peculiarities are made out with such distinctness as to enable the navigator to understand and use their action. Thus the hydrographer, basing his work on all which has gone before, proceeds minutely to define the local peculiarities of his field. The greater portion of the cost of the whole work lies in this slow sounding out of the deeps. It is the hydrographer's prerogative to reap that harvest of discovery, in preparing which all his predecessors have labored. The shore is everywhere too well known for noteworthy discoveries to be made thereon, but who can tell what unknown shoal, rock, channel or harbor the explorer of the ocean depths may unveil?

The operations now instanced all belong to the field-work. Their results are a series of astronomical, trigonometrical, and hydrographic note-books, a series of topographical sheets, and a

series of hydrographic sheets. These records of field operations constitute the material from which charts are to be made in the office. All field records are deposited and systematically arranged in a fire-proof depository, called the archives, where they are available for reference at any time. The office divisions have for their duty, to prepare these materials for publication, and to execute all the operations for the final issue of charts. Given certain raw materials, the most perfect charts possible are required to be manufactured.

First of all, the computing division reduces and discusses the astronomical and trigonometrical observations, so as to furnish the correct latitudes, longitudes and distances, for use in plotting the stations. The discussion of the geodetic elements, also, devolves on this division, and from this source must emanate the reduced grand arc and parallel measurements. The tidal reductions and discussions are conducted by a special division. The drawing division has for its part, accurately to plot the data furnished by the computing division, to reduce and combine, by means of the pantograph, or camera lucida, or by squares, the original topographical and hydrographic sheets, on the scales, and in the styles required for final publication. Nicety of execution is combined with the utmost accuracy, to make a single sheet convey the greatest amount of information. The resources of topographical expression, and the utmost power of the best graphic skill are expended in the various coast reductions, prepared for the engravers. The engraving division takes the reductions of the draftsmen, and, by the cunning of dry point and graver, effects a faithful transfer, and even a finer finish of these embryo charts. Day by day, the engraver ploughs his level copper field with delicate lines, until at last a perfect reversed chart greets the eye, and tells, by *proofs*, that the work nears its close. Sailing directions, explanatory notes, tide and current tables, soundings and bottoms, fill out the spaces not given to coast topography. The letter engravers who execute them are restricted to lettering only, as the topographical engravers are to topography. Next comes the electrotyping. A finely engraved copper-plate only gives from 1200 to 2000 unimpaired impressions.

Hence it is of vital importance to multiply copies of a plate without the great cost of reengraving. Thanks to one of the beautiful arts of electro-metallurgy, a perfect reproduction of the finest copper-plates is now regularly and certainly effected. An *alto* or relief cast in copper is thrown down by electrolytic action, molecule by molecule, on the immersed engraved face, until it attains the needed thickness. This is separated from the original plate, and a new electro-deposit is made on the *alto*. This second deposit or *basso* is then cleaved off from the *alto*, and is a perfect duplicate of the original plate. Any required number of bassos can thus be taken from one *alto*. Thus, by a comparatively inexpensive process, the number of good impressions obtainable from the finest copper plate becomes absolutely indefinite. Last of all comes the printing, which is effected in the usual manner of plate-printing, by working the ink into the engraved lines, wiping with cloths, and the palms of the hands, and by running the plate and sheet through a cylinder and bed-press, lifting the ink out of the engraved lines, and on to the paper. Thus any demand can be met, and agents, in the principal cities, sell to navigators and others these unequaled charts at rates but little exceeding the cost of paper and printing.

This brief enumeration of the successive operations which must precede the final issue of a Coast Survey chart, can afford but an inadequate conception of the great labor with which this consummation is attained. In a work of this nature, where many distinct operations and arts are leagued to accomplish a single result, it is self-evident that everything must be done in strict subordination to one central direction, under penalty of a general chaos, if aberration or failure befall any branch. Field parties and the office, astronomical and triangulation parties, the topographers and the hydrographers, must all work together in unity of purpose and plan; a result which can only spring from a judicious general direction, and a true fidelity to the work, as a whole, among all subordinates. The signal success which has crowned this survey, when compared with any other, in respect to accuracy, style, and amount of work done, is convincing proof that these essential elements have not hitherto been wanting.

To enumerate all the results of the Coast Survey, would alone require a long article; we can only allude to a few of them. Among the most valuable are the discoveries and developments of new channels, harbors, rocks, shoals, and other commercial facilities and dangers. Boston Harbor has been benefited by the discovery or development of Stellwagen's Bank, Davis' Bank, various rocks, and the sounding out of Broad Sound channel. The discovery of fourteen shoals on Nantucket Shoals, some, too, quite dangerous, has been of immense advantage to our coasting and Liverpool commerce. New York has received a boon of priceless value, in the discovery of Gedney's channel, and it is of the greatest prospective importance that the laws governing the growth of Sandy Hook, in its threatening invasion of the main ship channel, should be illustrated by a series of accurate surveys. Delaware Bay has received, from the discovery of Blake's channel and Blunt's channel, a valuable enlargement of resources for navigation, especially in the winter. Chesapeake Bay and the Virginia Coast have contributed largely to the list of shoals discovered, besides several useful channels or inlets. Cape Hatteras has lost some of its terrors, by reason of a new channel across the shoals. Charleston has gained a treasure in the discovery of Maffitt's channel, which may soon be the one chiefly used. Florida reef has received a general clearing up, and Legare Harbor, and the channel leading to it, Isaac Shoal, and Rodgers' Key West channel are among the trophies. Mobile was surprised by the revelation of two feet more water in its main channel than had been supposed. The western coast, when California gold began to lure our vessels amid the perils of the Golden Gate, had no charts or maps of even tolerable accuracy. The Coast Survey, by McArthur's and Alden's reconnaissances, and by the series of harbor charts, which it has so quickly produced, has supplied the needed guides for a comparatively safe navigation along the whole coast.

We ought not to omit a reference to the fine series of observations on the Gulf Stream, its temperature, distribution, depth, velocity, limits and configuration. This grand oceanic current, the theme of so much idle speculation,

had never before been studied with that thoroughness which must precede any tenable explanation of its phenomena. In Hakluyt are various allusions to it, showing, on the part of the Spanish navigators, some knowledge of its effects. Franklin was the first to appreciate the character of this mighty current, and Col. Jonathan E. Williams was the earliest good observer. To Rennel, an Englishman, who, many years since, gathered from the British navy, and elsewhere, a vast store of observations, we owe the best analysis of this phenomenon which has yet been published, and if we except the coast survey observations, but little knowledge has been added, in the long period since Rennel wrote. The discovery of the cold wall, the hot and cold bands, the law of distribution of temperature with depth, the effect of the form of the bottom on the configuration of the current, are sufficient vouchers to the fitness of that hereditary transmission of a great research, which has made not only lineal but scientific descendants from Franklin, of the three brothers Bache. The thorough analysis of the Gulf Stream is well begun, and year by year is progressing; so may it be, till all the truth is fully established.

Great progress has been made in studying the tides and currents of our coast. The single day tides of the Gulf, and the great diurnal inequalities on our Pacific coast, are almost entirely analyzed and reduced to the general tidal theory. Natural history has been benefited by the study of infusoria, brought up from the ocean bottom to ascertain the laws of their distribution, and by that study of the Florida coral reefs which Agassiz made under the auspices of the survey. In the determination of latitudes and longitudes, the methods have been much improved. The introduction of Talcott's zenith telescope method, and its improvement, have much facilitated good latitude determinations; nor are its results inferior to those with Airy's zenith sector. The method of telegraphic determination of longitude differences has grown up in the survey, under the inspiration of Walker's genius. Nothing compares with it, when practicable: not even lunar culminations, with all of Peirce's study, and the American ephemeris to assist. The telegraphic method known as "the American method,"

is little by little traveling over Europe, and that, too, with no improvement, but rather retrogradation, in the hands of Airy, Leverrier, and Quatelet. Some English and French journals seem quite unaware that this method is American. Such provincialism is best punished by being left to itself, like any other incurable ignorance.

The list of localities now published, where coast survey observations on the magnetic elements have been made, numbers 136 stations. The methods of geodetic computation have been systematized and improved. The camera lucida has been introduced, and fitted for reducing maps. There are 416 original topographical and 373 hydrographic sheets in the office. No less than 15,902 miles of shore line have been surveyed. There are 52 fine original chart plates, 125 electrotype copies, and many sketch plates. Over 112,000 sheets of charts have been printed. The annual reports have put on record a great amount of valuable research, and bear ample witness to the aids furnished by the Survey, in locating light-houses, beacons,

buoys, and the like. The art of electrotyping has been very much improved by Mr. Mathiot in the Coast Survey office, and probably the best electrotype plates in the world are made there.

Even the brief synopsis now presented, can scarcely fail to make apparent the broad general fact, that the Coast Survey is indeed a work most fruitful, most promising, most honorable to the nation. It is a potent instrument in vindicating our scientific independence, and this in turn is to prove one of the most potent elements of the national progress. It is a specific organization, using specific means for a truly noble end. That end is being steadily accomplished, and its importance seems to be yearly more felt. Nothing is now needed but a continuance of the favor and liberality which have of late been freely accorded to it, and there seems to be no reason for doubting that this great national enterprise will still continue to prosper through the twelve remaining years which its achievement will probably demand.

NOVEMBER.

THE wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside—
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
The autumn's vacant throne:
She has but one short moon to live,
And she must live alone!

A barren realm of withered fields;
Bleak woods and falling leaves:
The palest morns that ever dawned;
The dreariest of eves.

It is no wonder that she comes,
Poor month! with tears of pain;
For what can one so hopeless do
But weep, and weep again?

BENITO CERENO.

[Continued from page 367.]

THE advancing speck was observed by the blacks. Their shouts attracted the attention of Don Benito, who, with a return of courtesy, approaching Captain Delano, expressed satisfaction at the coming of some supplies, slight and temporary as they must necessarily prove.

Captain Delano responded; but while doing so, his attention was drawn to something passing on the deck below: among the crowd climbing the landward bulwarks, anxiously watching the coming boat, two blacks, to all appearances accidentally incommoded by one of the sailors, flew out against him with horrible curses, which the sailor somehow resenting, the two blacks dashed him to the deck and jumped upon him, despite the earnest cries of the oakum-pickers.

"Don Benito," said Captain Delano quickly, "do you see what is going on there? Look!"

But, seized by his cough, the Spaniard staggered, with both hands to his face, on the point of falling. Captain Delano would have supported him, but the servant was more alert, who, with one hand sustaining his master, with the other applied the cordial. Don Benito restored, the black withdrew his support, slipping aside a little, but dutifully remaining within call of a whisper. Such discretion was here evinced as quite wiped away, in the visitor's eyes, any blemish of impropriety which might have attached to the attendant, from the indecorous conferences before mentioned; showing, too, that if the servant were to blame, it might be more the master's fault than his own, since when left to himself he could conduct thus well.

His glance thus called away from the spectacle of disorder to the more pleasing one before him, Captain Delano could not avoid again congratulating Don Benito upon possessing such a servant, who, though perhaps a little too forward now and then, must upon the whole be invaluable to one in the invalid's situation.

"Tell me, Don Benito," he added, with a smile—"I should like to have your man here myself—what will you take for him? Would fifty doubloons be any object?"

"Master wouldn't part with Babo for a thousand doubloons," murmured the black, overhearing the offer, and taking it in earnest, and, with the strange vanity of a faithful slave appreciated by his master, scorning to hear so paltry a valuation put upon him by a stranger. But Don Benito, apparently hardly yet completely restored, and again interrupted by his cough, made but some broken reply.

Soon his physical distress became so great, affecting his mind, too, apparently, that, as if to screen the sad spectacle, the servant gently conducted his master below.

Left to himself, the American, to while away the time till his boat should arrive, would have pleasantly accosted some one of the few Spanish seamen he saw; but recalling something that Don Benito had said touching their ill conduct, he refrained, as a ship-master indisposed to countenance cowardice or unfaithfulness in seamen.

While, with these thoughts, standing with eye directed forward towards that handful of sailors, suddenly he thought that some of them returned the glance and with a sort of meaning. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again; but again seemed to see the same thing. Under a new form, but more obscure than any previous one, the old suspicions recurred, but, in the absence of Don Benito, with less of panic than before. Despite the bad account given of the sailors, Captain Delano resolved forthwith to accost one of them. Descending the poop, he made his way through the blacks, his movement drawing a queer cry from the oakum-pickers, prompted by whom, the negroes, twitching each other aside, divided before him; but, as if curious to see what was the object of this deliberate visit to their Ghetto, closing in behind, in tolerable order, followed the white stranger up. His progress thus proclaimed as by mounted kings-at-arms, and escorted as by a Caffre guard of honor, Captain Delano, assuming a good humored, off-handed air, continued to advance; now and then saying a blithe word to the negroes, and his eye curiously surveying the white faces, here and there sparsely mixed in with the blacks, like

stray white pawns venturously involved in the ranks of the chess-men opposed.

While thinking which of them to select for his purpose, he chanced to observe a sailor seated on the deck engaged in tarring the strap of a large block, with a circle of blacks squatted round him inquisitively eying the process.

The mean employment of the man was in contrast with something superior in his figure. His hand, black with continually thrusting it into the tar-pot held for him by a negro, seemed not naturally allied to his face, a face which would have been a very fine one but for its haggardness. Whether this haggardness had aught to do with criminality, could not be determined; since, as intense heat and cold, though unlike, produce like sensations, so innocence and guilt, when, through casual association with mental pain, stamping any visible impress, use one seal—a hacked one.

Not again that this reflection occurred to Captain Delano at the time, charitable man as he was. Rather another idea. Because observing so singular a haggardness to be combined with a dark eye, averted as in trouble and shame, and then, however illogically, uniting in his mind his own private suspicions of the crew with the confessed ill-opinion on the part of their Captain, he was insensibly operated upon by certain general notions, which, while disconnecting pain and abashment from virtue, as invariably link them with vice.

If, indeed, there be any wickedness on board this ship, thought Captain Delano, be sure that man there has fouled his hand in it, even as now he fouls it in the pitch. I don't like to accost him. I will speak to this other, this old Jack here on the windlass.

He advanced to an old Barcelona tar, in ragged red breeches and dirty night-cap, cheeks trenched and bronzed, whiskers dense as thorn hedges. Seated between two sleepy-looking Africans, this mariner, like his younger shipmate, was employed upon some rigging—splicing a cable—the sleepy-looking blacks performing the inferior function of holding the outer parts of the ropes for him.

Upon Captain Delano's approach, the man at once hung his head below its previous level; the one necessary for business. It appeared as if he de-

sired to be thought absorbed, with more than common fidelity, in his task. Being addressed, he glanced up, but with what seemed a furtive, diffident air, which sat strangely enough on his weather-beaten visage, much as if a grizzly bear, instead of growling and biting, should simper and cast sheep's eyes. He was asked several questions concerning the voyage, questions purposely referring to several particulars in Don Benito's narrative, not previously corroborated by those impulsive cries greeting the visitor on first coming on board. The questions were briefly answered, confirming all that remained to be confirmed of the story. The negroes about the windlass joined in with the old sailor, but, as they became talkative, he by degrees became mute, and at length quite glum, seemed morosely unwilling to answer more questions, and yet, all the while, this ursine air was somehow mixed with his sheepish one.

Despairing of getting into unembarrassed talk with such a centaur, Captain Delano, after glancing round for a more promising countenance, but seeing none, spoke pleasantly to the blacks to make way for him; and so, amid various grins and grimaces, returned to the poop, feeling a little strange at first, he could hardly tell why, but upon the whole with regained confidence in Benito Cereno.

How plainly, thought he, did that old whisikerando yonder betray a consciousness of ill-desert. No doubt, when he saw me coming, he dreaded lest I, apprised by his Captain of the crew's general misbehavior, came with sharp words for him, and so down with his head. And yet—and yet, now that I think of it, that very old fellow, if I err not, was one of those who seemed so earnestly eying me here awhile since. Ah, these currents spin one's head round almost as much as they do the ship. Ha, there now's a pleasant sort of sunny sight; quite sociable, too.

His attention had been drawn to a slumbering negress, partly disclosed through the lace-work of some rigging, lying, with youthful limbs carelessly disposed, under the lee of the bulwarks, like a doe in the shade of a woodland rock. Sprawling at her lapped breasts was her wide-awake fawn, stark naked, its black little body half lifted from the deck, crosswise with its dam's; its hands, like two paws, clambering upon her;

its mouth and nose ineffectually rooting to get at the mark; and meantime giving a vexatious half-grunt, blending with the composed snore of the negress.

The uncommon vigor of the child at length roused the mother. She started up, at distance facing Captain Delano. But as if not at all concerned at the attitude in which she had been caught, delightedly she caught the child up, with maternal transports, covering it with kisses.

There's naked nature, now; pure tenderness and love, thought Captain Delano, well pleased.

This incident prompted him to remark the other negresses more particularly than before. He was gratified with their manners; like most uncivilized women, they seemed at once tender of heart and tough of constitution; equally ready to die for their infants or fight for them. Unsophisticated as leopardestesses; loving as doves. Ah! thought Captain Delano, these perhaps are some of the very women whom Mungo Park saw in Africa, and gave such a noble account of.

These natural sights somehow insensibly deepened his confidence and ease. At last he looked to see how his boat was getting on; but it was still pretty remote. He turned to see if Don Benito had returned; but he had not.

To change the scene, as well as to please himself with a leisurely observation of the coming boat, stepping over into the mizzen-chains he clambered his way into the starboard quarter-gallery; one of those abandoned Venetian-looking water-balconies previously mentioned; retreats cut off from the deck. As his foot pressed the half-damp, half-dry sea-mosses matting the place, and a chance phantom cats-paw—an islet of breeze, unheralded, unfollowed—as this ghostly cats-paw came fanning his cheek, as his glance fell upon the row of small, round dead-lights, all closed like coppered eyes of the coffined, and the state-cabin door, once connecting with the gallery, even as the dead-lights had once looked out upon it, but now calked fast like a sarcophagus lid, to a purple-black, tarred-over panel, threshold, and post; and he bethought him of the time, when that state-cabin and this state-balcony had heard the voices of the Spanish king's officers, and the forms of the Lima viceroy's daughters had

perhaps leaned where he stood—as these and other images flitted through his mind, as the cats-paw through the calm, gradually he felt rising a dreamy inquietude, like that of one who alone on the prairie feels unrest from the repose of the noon.

He leaned against the carved balustrade, again looking off toward his boat; but found his eye falling upon the ribboned grass, trailing along the ship's water-line, straight as a border of green box; and parterres of sea-weed, broad ovals and crescents, floating nigh and far, with what seemed long formal alleys between, crossing the terraces of swells, and sweeping round as if leading to the grottoes below. And overhanging all was the balustrade by his arm, which, partly stained with pitch and partly embossed with moss, seemed the charred ruin of some summer-house in a grand garden long running to waste.

Trying to break one charm, he was but becharmed anew. Though upon the wide sea, he seemed in some far inland country; prisoner in some deserted château, left to stare at empty grounds, and peer out at vague roads, where never wagon or wayfarer passed.

But these enchantments were a little disenchanted as his eye fell on the corroded main-chains. Of an ancient style, massy and rusty in link, shackle and bolt, they seemed even more fit for the ship's present business than the one for which probably she had been built.

Presently he thought something moved nigh the chains. He rubbed his eyes, and looked hard. Groves of rigging were about the chains; and there, peering from behind a great stay, like an Indian from behind a hemlock, a Spanish sailor, a marlingspike in his hand, was seen, who made what seemed an imperfect gesture towards the balcony, but immediately, as if alarmed by some advancing step along the deck within, vanished into the recesses of the hempen forest, like a poacher.

What meant this? Something the man had sought to communicate, unbeknown to any one, even to his captain. Did the secret involve aught unfavorable to his captain? Were those previous misgivings of Captain Delano's about to be verified? Or, in his haunted mood at the moment, had some random, unintentional motion of the man, while busy with the stay, as if repairing it,

been mistaken for a significant beckoning?

Not unbewildered, again he gazed off for his boat. But it was temporarily hidden by a rocky spur of the isle. As with some eagerness he bent forward, watching for the first shooting view of its beak, the balustrade gave way before him like charcoal. Had he not clutched an outreaching rope he would have fallen into the sea. The crash, though feeble, and the fall, though hollow, of the rotten fragments, must have been overheard. He glanced up. With sober curiosity peering down upon him was one of the old oakum-pickers, slipped from his perch to an outside boom; while below the old negro, and, invisible to him, reconnoitering from a port-hole like a fox from the mouth of its den, crouched the Spanish sailor again. From something suddenly suggested by the man's air, the mad idea now darted into Captain Delano's mind, that Don Benito's plea of indisposition, in withdrawing below, was but a pretense: that he was engaged there maturing some plot, of which the sailor, by some means gaining an inkling, had a mind to warn the stranger against; incited, it may be, by gratitude for a kind word on first boarding the ship. Was it from foreseeing some possible interference like this, that Don Benito had, beforehand, given such a bad character of his sailors, while praising the negroes; though, indeed, the former seemed as docile as the latter the contrary? The whites, too, by nature, were the shrewder race. A man with some evil design, would he not be likely to speak well of that stupidity which was blind to his depravity, and malign that intelligence from which it might not be hidden? Not unlikely, perhaps. But if the whites had dark secrets concerning Don Benito, could then Don Benito be any way in complicity with the blacks? But they were too stupid. Besides, who ever heard of a white so far a renegade as to apostatize from his very species almost, by leaguering in against it with negroes? These difficulties recalled former ones. Lost in their mazes, Captain Delano, who had now regained the deck, was uneasily advancing along it, when he observed a new face; an aged sailor seated cross-legged near the main hatchway. His skin was shrunk up with wrinkles like a pelican's empty pouch; his hair

frosted; his countenance grave and composed. His hands were full of ropes, which he was working into a large knot. Some blacks were about him obligingly dipping the strands for him, here and there, as the exigencies of the operation demanded.

Captain Delano crossed over to him, and stood in silence surveying the knot; his mind, by a not uncongenial transition, passing from its own entanglements to those of the hemp. For intricacy such a knot he had never seen in an American ship, or indeed any other. The old man looked like an Egyptian priest, making gordian knots for the temple of Ammon. The knot seemed a combination of double-bowline-knot, treble-crown-knot, back-handed-well-knot, knot-in-and-out-knot, and jamming-knot.

At last, puzzled to comprehend the meaning of such a knot, Captain Delano addressed the knoter:—

"What are you knotting there, my man?"

"The knot," was the brief reply, without looking up.

"So it seems; but what is it for?"

"For some one else to undo," muttered back the old man, plying his fingers harder than ever, the knot being now nearly completed.

While Captain Delano stood watching him, suddenly the old man threw the knot towards him, saying in broken English,—the first heard in the ship,—something to this effect—"Undo it, cut it, quick." It was said lowly, but with such condensation of rapidity, that the long, slow words in Spanish, which had preceded and followed, almost operated as covers to the brief English between.

For a moment, knot in hand, and knot in head, Captain Delano stood mute; while, without further heeding him, the old man was now intent upon other ropes. Presently there was a slight stir behind Captain Delano. Turning, he saw the chained negro, Atufal, standing quietly there. The next moment the old sailor rose, muttering, and, followed by his subordinate negroes, removed to the forward part of the ship, where in the crowd he disappeared.

An elderly negro, in a clout like an infant's, and with a pepper and salt head, and a kind of attorney air, now approached Captain Delano. In tolerable Spanish, and with a good-natured,

knowing wink, he informed him that the old knotter was simple-witted, but harmless; often playing his old tricks. The negro concluded by begging the knot, for of course the stranger would not care to be troubled with it. Unconsciously, it was handed to him. With a sort of congé, the negro received it, and turning his back, ferreted into it like a detective Custom House officer after smuggled laces. Soon, with some African word, equivalent to pshaw, he tossed the knot overboard.

All this is very queer now, thought Captain Delano, with a qualmish sort of emotion; but as one feeling incipient sea-sickness, he strove, by ignoring the symptoms, to get rid of the malady. Once more he looked off for his boat. To his delight, it was now again in view, leaving the rocky spur astern.

The sensation here experienced, after at first relieving his uneasiness, with unforeseen efficiency, soon began to remove it. The less distant sight of that well-known boat—showing it, not as before, half blended with the haze, but with outline defined, so that its individuality, like a man's, was manifest; that boat, Rover by name, which, though now in strange seas, had often pressed the beach of Captain Delano's home, and, brought to its threshold for repairs, had familiarly lain there, as a Newfoundland dog; the sight of that household boat evoked a thousand trustful associations, which, contrasted with previous suspicions, filled him not only with lightsome confidence, but somehow with half humorous self-reproaches at his former lack of it.

"What, I, Amasa Delano—Jack of the Beach, as they called me when a lad—I, Amasa; the same that, duck-satchel in hand, used to paddle along the waterside to the school-house made from the old hulk;—I, little Jack of the Beach, that used to go berrying with cousin Nat and the rest; I to be murdered here at the ends of the earth, on board a haunted pirate-ship by a horrible Spaniard?—Too nonsensical to think of! Who would murder Amasa Delano? His conscience is clean. There is some one above. Fie, fie, Jack of the Beach! you are a child indeed; a child of the second childhood, old boy; you are beginning to dote and drole, I'm afraid."

Light of heart and foot, he stepped aft, and there was met by Don Benito's

servant, who, with a pleasing expression, responsive to his own present feelings, informed him that his master had recovered from the effects of his coughing fit, and had just ordered him to go present his compliments to his good guest, Don Amasa, and say that he (Don Benito) would soon have the happiness to rejoin him.

There now, do you mark that? again thought Captain Delano, walking the poop. What a donkey I was. This kind gentleman who here sends me his kind compliments, he, but ten minutes ago, dark-lantern in hand, was dodging round some old grind-stone in the hold, sharpening a hatchet for me, I thought. Well, well; these long calms have a morbid effect on the mind, I've often heard, though I never believed it before. Ha! glancing towards the boat; there's Rover; good dog; a white bone in her mouth. A pretty big bone though, seems to me.—What? Yes, she has fallen afoul of the bubbling tide-rip there. It sets her the other way, too, for the time. Patience.

It was now about noon, though, from the grayness of everything, it seemed to be getting towards dusk.

The calm was confirmed. In the far distance, away from the influence of land, the leaden ocean seemed laid out and leaded up, its course finished, soul gone, defunct. But the current from landward, where the ship was, increased; silently sweeping her further and further towards the tranced waters beyond.

Still, from his knowledge of those latitudes, cherishing hopes of a breeze, and a fair and fresh one, at any moment, Captain Delano, despite present prospects, buoyantly counted upon bringing the San Dominick safely to anchor ere night. The distance swept over was nothing; since, with a good wind, ten minutes' sailing would retrace more than sixty minutes drifting. Meantime, one moment turning to mark "Rover" fighting the tide-rip, and the next to see Don Benito approaching, he continued walking the poop.

Gradually he felt a vexation arising from the delay of his boat; this soon merged into uneasiness; and at last, his eye falling continually, as from a stage-box into the pit, upon the strange crowd before and below him, and by and by recognising there the face—now composed to indifference—of the Spanish sailor who had seemed to beckon from

the main chains, something of his old trepidations returned.

Ah, thought he—gravely enough—this is like the ague: because it went off, it follows not that it won't come back.

Though ashamed of the relapse, he could not altogether subdue it; and so, exerting his good nature to the utmost, insensibly he came to a compromise.

Yes, this is a strange craft; a strange history, too, and strange folks on board. But—nothing more.

By way of keeping his mind out of mischief till the boat should arrive, he tried to occupy it with turning over and over, in a purely speculative sort of way, some lesser peculiarities of the captain and crew. Among others, four curious points recurred.

First, the affair of the Spanish lad assailed with a knife by the slave boy; an act winked at by Don Benito. Second, the tyranny in Don Benito's treatment of Atufal, the black; as if a child should lead a bull of the Nile by the ring in his nose. Third, the trampling of the sailor by the two negroes; a piece of insolence passed over without so much as a reprimand. Fourth, the cringing submission to their master of all the ship's underlings, mostly blacks; as if by the least inadvertence they feared to draw down his despotic displeasure.

Coupling these points, they seemed somewhat contradictory. But what then, thought Captain Delano, glancing towards his now nearing boat,—what then? Why, Don Benito is a very capricious commander. But he is not the first of the sort I have seen; though it's true he rather exceeds any other. But as a nation—continued he in his reveries—these Spaniards are all an odd set; the very word Spaniard has a curious, conspirator, Guy-Fawkish twang to it. And yet, I dare say, Spaniards in the main are as good folks as any in Duxbury, Massachusetts. Ah good! At last "Rover" has come.

As, with its welcome freight, the boat touched the side, the oakum-pickers, with venerable gestures, sought to restrain the blacks, who, at the sight of three gurried water-casks in its bottom, and a pile of wilted pumpkins in its bow, hung over the bulwarks in disorderly raptures.

Don Benito with his servant now appeared; his coming, perhaps, hastened

by hearing the noise. Of him Captain Delano sought permission to serve out the water, so that all might share alike, and none injure themselves by unfair excess. But sensible, and, on Don Benito's account, kind as this offer was, it was received with what seemed impatience; as if aware that he lacked energy as a commander, Don Benito, with the true jealousy of weakness, resented as an affront any interference. So, at least, Captain Delano inferred.

In another moment the casks were being hoisted in, when some of the eager negroes accidentally jostled Captain Delano, where he stood by the gangway; so that, unmindful of Don Benito, yielding to the impulse of the moment, with good-natured authority he bade the blacks stand back; to enforce his words making use of a half-mirthful, half-menacing gesture. Instantly the blacks paused, just where they were, each negro and negress suspended in his or her posture, exactly as the word had found them—for a few seconds continuing so—while, as between the responsive posts of a telegraph, an unknown syllable ran from man to man among the perched oakum-pickers. While Captain Delano's attention was fixed by this scene, suddenly the hatchet-polishers half rose, and a rapid cry came from Don Benito.

Thinking that at the signal of the Spaniard he was about to be massacred, Captain Delano would have sprung for his boat, but paused, as the oakum-pickers, dropping down into the crowd with earnest exclamations, forced every white and every negro back, at the same moment, with gestures friendly and familiar, almost jocose, bidding him, in substance, not be a fool. Simultaneously the hatchet-polishers resumed their seats, quietly as so many tailors, and at once, as if nothing had happened, the work of hoisting in the casks was resumed, whites and blacks singing at the tackle.

Captain Delano glanced towards Don Benito. As he saw his meager form in the act of recovering itself from reclining in the servant's arms, into which the agitated invalid had fallen, he could not but marvel at the panic by which himself had been surprised on the darting supposition that such a commander, who upon a legitimate occasion, so trivial, too, as it now appeared, could lose all self-command, was, with energetic

iniquity, going to bring about his murder.

The casks being on deck, Captain Delano was handed a number of jars and cups by one of the steward's aids, who, in the name of Don Benito, entreated him to do as he had proposed: dole out the water. He complied, with republican impartiality as to this republican element, which always seeks one level, serving the oldest white no better than the youngest black; excepting, indeed, poor Don Benito, whose condition, if not rank, demanded an extra allowance. To him, in the first place, Captain Delano presented a fair pitcher of the fluid; but, thirsting as he was for fresh water, Don Benito quaffed not a drop until after several grave bows and salutes. A reciprocation of courtesies which the sight-loving Africans hailed with clapping of hands.

Two of the less wilted pumpkins being reserved for the cabin table, the residue were minced up on the spot for the general regalement. But the soft bread, sugar, and bottled cider, Captain Delano would have given the Spaniards alone, and in chief Don Benito; but the latter objected; which disinterestedness, on his part, not a little pleased the American; and so mouthfuls all around were given alike to whites and blacks; excepting one bottle of cider, which Babo insisted upon setting aside for his master.

Here it may be observed that as, on the first visit of the boat, the American had not permitted his men to board the ship, neither did he now; being unwilling to add to the confusion of the decks.

Not uninfluenced by the peculiar good humor at present prevailing, and for the time oblivious of any but benevolent thoughts, Captain Delano, who from recent indications counted upon a breeze within an hour or two at furthest, dispatched the boat back to the sealer with orders for all the hands that could be spared immediately to set about rafting casks to the watering-place and filling them. Likewise he bade word be carried to his chief officer, that if against present expectation the ship was not brought to anchor by sunset, he need be under no concern, for as there was to be a full moon that night, he (Captain Delano) would remain on board ready to play the pilot, should the wind come soon or late.

As the two Captains stood together,

observing the departing boat—the servant as it happened having just spied a spot on his master's velvet sleeve, and silently engaged rubbing it out—the American expressed his regrets that the San Dominick had no boats; none, at least, but the unseaworthy old hulk of the long-boat, which, warped as a camel's skeleton in the desert, and almost as bleached, lay pot-wise inverted amidships, one side a little tipped, furnishing a subterraneous sort of den for family groups of the blacks, mostly women and small children; who, squatting on old mats below, or perched above in the dark dome, on the elevated seats, were desried, some distance within, like a social circle of bats, sheltering in some friendly cave; at intervals, upon flights of naked boys and girls, three or four years old, darting in and out of the den's mouth.

"Had you three or four boats now, Don Benito," said Captain Delano, "I think that, by tugging at the oars, your negroes here might help along matters some.—Did you sail from port without boats, Don Benito?"

"They were stove in the gales, Señor."

"That was bad. Many men, too, you lost then. Boats and men.—Those must have been hard gales, Don Benito."

"Past all speech," cringed the Spaniard.

"Tell me, Don Benito," continued his companion with increased interest, "tell me, were these gales immediately off the pitch of Cape Horn?"

"Cape Horn?—who spoke of Cape Horn?"

"Yourself did, when giving me an account of your voyage," answered Captain Delano with almost equal astonishment at this eating of his own words, even as he ever seemed eating his own heart, on the part of the Spaniard. "You yourself, Don Benito, spoke of Cape Horn," he emphatically repeated.

The Spaniard turned, in a sort of stooping posture, pausing an instant, as one about to make a plunging exchange of elements, as from air to water.

At this moment a messenger-boy, a white, hurried by, in the regular performance of his function carrying the last expired half hour forward to the fore-castle, from the cabin time-piece, to have it struck at the ship's large bell.

"Master," said the servant, discontinuing his work on the coat sleeve, and addressing the rapt Spaniard with a sort of timid apprehensiveness, as one charged with a duty, the discharge of which, it was foreseen, would prove irksome to the very person who had imposed it, and for whose benefit it was intended, "master told me never mind where he was, or how engaged, always to remind him, to a minute, when shaving-time comes. Miguel has gone to strike the half-hour afternoon. It is *now*, master. Will master go into the cuddy?"

"Ah—yes," answered the Spaniard, starting, somewhat as from dreams into realities; then turning upon Captain Delano, he said that ere long he would resume the conversation.

"Then if master means to talk more to Don Amasa," said the servant, "why not let Don Amasa sit by master in the cuddy, and master can talk, and Don Amasa can listen, while Babo here lathers and strops."

"Yes," said Captain Delano, not displeased with this sociable plan, "yes, Don Benito, unless you had rather not, I will go with you."

"Be it so, Señor."

As the three passed aft, the American could not but think it another strange instance of his host's capriciousness, this being shaved with such uncommon punctuality in the middle of the day. But he deemed it more than likely that the servant's anxious fidelity had something to do with the matter; inasmuch as the timely interruption served to rally his master from the mood which had evidently been coming upon him.

The place called the cuddy was a light deck-cabin formed by the poop, a sort of attic to the large cabin below. Part of it had formerly been the quarters of the officers; but since their death all the partitionings had been thrown down, and the whole interior converted into one spacious and airy marine hall; for absence of fine furniture and picturesque disarray, of odd appurtenances, somewhat answering to the wide, cluttered hall of some eccentric bachelor-squire in the country, who hangs his shooting-jacket and tobacco-pouch on deer antlers, and keeps his fishing-rod, tongs, and walking-stick in the same corner.

The similitude was heightened, if

not originally suggested, by glimpses of the surrounding sea; since, in one aspect, the country and the ocean seem cousins-german.

The floor of the cuddy was matted. Overhead, four or five old muskets were stuck into horizontal holes along the beams. On one side was a claw-footed old table lashed to the deck; a thumb-missal on it, and over it a small, meager crucifix attached to the bulk-head. Under the table lay a dented cutlass or two, with a hacked harpoon, among some melancholy old rigging, like a heap of poor friar's girdles. There were also two long, sharp-ribbed settees of malacca cane, black with age, and uncomfortable to look at as inquisitors' racks, with a large, misshapen arm-chair, which, furnished with a rude barber's crutch at the back, working with a screw, seemed some grotesque, middle-age engine of torment. A flag locker was in one corner, open, exposing various colored bunting, some rolled up, others half unrolled, still others tumbled. Opposite was a cumbersome washstand, of black mahogany, all of one block, with a pedestal, like a font, and over it a railed shelf, containing combs, brushes, and other implements of the toilet. A torn hammock of stained grass swung near; the sheets tossed, and the pillow wrinkled up like a brow, as if whoever slept here slept but illy, with alternate visitations of sad thoughts and bad dreams.

The further extremity of the cuddy, overhanging the ship's stern, was pierced with three openings, windows or port holes, according as men or cannon might peer, socially or unsocially, out of them. At present neither men nor cannon were seen, though huge ring-bolts and other rusty iron fixtures of the wood-work hinted of twenty-four-pounders.

Glancing towards the hammock as he entered, Captain Delano said, "You sleep here, Don Benito?"

"Yes, Señor, since we got into mild weather."

"This seems a sort of dormitory, sitting-room, sail-loft, chapel, armory, and private closet all together, Don Benito," added Captain Delano, looking round.

"Yes, Señor; events have not been favorable to much order in my arrangements."

Here the servant, napkin on arm,

made a motion as if waiting his master's good pleasure. Don Benito signified his readiness, when, seating him in the malacca arm-chair, and for the guest's convenience drawing opposite it one of the settees, the servant commenced operations by throwing back his master's collar and loosening his cravat.

There is something in the negro which, in a peculiar way, fits him for avocations about one's person. Most negroes are natural valets and hair-dressers; taking to the comb and brush congenially as to the castinets, and flourishing them apparently with almost equal satisfaction. There is, too, a smooth tact about them in this employment, with a marvelous, noiseless, gliding briskness, not ungraceful in its way, singularly pleasing to behold, and still more so to be the manipulated subject of. And above all is the great gift of good humor. Not the mere grin or laugh is here meant. Those were unsuitable. But a certain easy cheerfulness, harmonious in every glance and gesture; as though God had set the whole negro to some pleasant tune.

When to all this is added the docility arising from the unaspiring contentment of a limited mind, and that susceptibility of blind attachment sometimes inhering in indisputable inferiors, one readily perceives why those hypochondriacs, Johnson and Byron—it may be something like the hypochondriac, Benito Cereno—took to their hearts, almost to the exclusion of the entire white race, their serving men, the negroes, Barber and Fletcher. But if there be that in the negro which exempts him from the inflicted sourness of the morbid or cynical mind, how, in his most prepossessing aspects, must he appear to a benevolent one? When at ease with respect to exterior things, Captain Delano's nature was not only benign, but familiarly and humorously so. At home, he had often taken rare satisfaction in sitting in his door, watching some free man of color at his work or play. If on a voyage he chanced to have a black sailor, invariably he was on chatty, and half-gamesome terms with him. In fact, like most men of a good, blithe heart, Captain Delano took to negroes, not philanthropically, but genially, just as other men to Newfoundland dogs.

Hitherto the circumstances in which

he found the San Dominick had repressed the tendency. But in the cuddy, relieved from his former uneasiness, and, for various reasons, more sociably inclined than at any previous period of the day, and seeing the colored servant, napkin on arm, so debonair about his master, in a business so familiar as that of shaving, too, all his old weakness for negroes returned.

Among other things, he was amused with an odd instance of the African love of bright colors and fine shows, in the black's informally taking from the flag-locker a great piece of bunting of all hues, and lavishly tucking it under his master's chin for an apron.

The mode of shaving among the Spaniards is a little different from what it is with other nations. They have a basin, specifically called a barber's basin, which on one side is scooped out, so as accurately to receive the chin, against which it is closely held in lathering; which is done, not with a brush, but with soap dipped in the water of the basin and rubbed on the face.

In the present instance salt-water was used for lack of better; and the parts lathered were only the upper lip, and low down under the throat, all the rest being cultivated beard.

The preliminaries being somewhat novel to Captain Delano, he sat curiously eying them, so that no conversation took place, nor for the present did Don Benito appear disposed to renew any.

Setting down his basin, the negro searched among the razors, as for the sharpest, and having found it, gave it an additional edge by expertly strapping it on the firm, smooth, oily skin of his open palm; he then made a gesture as if to begin, but midway stood suspended for an instant, one hand elevating the razor, the other professionally dabbling among the bubbling suds on the Spaniard's lank neck. Not unaffected by the close sight of the gleaming steel, Don Benito nervously shuddered, his usual ghastliness was heightened by the lather, which lather, again, was intensified in its hue by the contrasting sootiness of the negro's body. Altogether the scene was somewhat peculiar, at least to Captain Delano, nor, as he saw the two thus postured, could he resist the vagary, that in the black he saw a headman, and in the white, a man at the block. But this

was one of those antic conceits, appearing and vanishing in a breath, from which, perhaps, the best regulated mind is not free.

Meantime the agitation of the Spaniard had a little loosened the bunting from around him, so that one broad fold swept curtain-like over the chair-arm to the floor, revealing, amid a profusion of armorial bars and ground-colors—black, blue, and yellow—a closed castle in a blood-red field diagonal with a lion rampant in a white.

"The castle and the lion," exclaimed Captain Delano—"why, Don Benito, this is the flag of Spain you use here. It's well it's only I, and not the King, that sees this," he added with a smile, "but"—turning towards the black,— "it's all one, I suppose, so the colors be gay;" which playful remark did not fail somewhat to tickle the negro.

"Now, master," he said, readjusting the flag, and pressing the head gently further back into the crotch of the chair; "now master," and the steel glanced nigh the throat.

Again Don Benito faintly shuddered.

"You must not shake so, master.—See, Don Amasa, master always shakes when I shave him. And yet master knows I never yet have drawn blood, though it's true, if master will shake so, I may some of these times. Now master," he continued. "And now, Don Amasa, please go on with your talk about the gale, and all that, master can hear, and between times master can answer."

"Ah yes, these gales," said Captain Delano; "but the more I think of your voyage, Don Benito, the more I wonder, not at the gales, terrible as they must have been, but at the disastrous interval following them. For here, by your account, have you been these two months and more getting from Cape Horn to St. Maria, a distance which I myself, with a good wind, have sailed in a few days. True, you had calms, and long ones, but to be becalmed for two months, that is, at least, unusual. Why, Don Benito, had almost any other gentleman told me such a story, I should have been half disposed to a little incredulity."

Here an involuntary expression came over the Spaniard, similar to that just before on the deck, and whether it was the start he gave, or a sudden gawky roll of the hull in the calm, or a momentary unsteadiness of the servant's

hand; however it was, just then the razor drew blood, spots of which stained the creamy lather under the throat; immediately the black barber drew back his steel, and remaining in his professional attitude, back to Captain Delano, and face to Don Benito, held up the trickling razor, saying, with a sort of half humorous sorrow, "See, master,—you shook so—here's Babo's first blood."

No sword drawn before James the First of England, no assassination in that timid King's presence, could have produced a more terrified aspect than was now presented by Don Benito.

Poor fellow, thought Captain Delano, so nervous he can't even bear the sight of barber's blood; and this unstrung, sick man, is it credible that I should have imagined he meant to spill all my blood, who can't endure the sight of one little drop of his own? Surely, Amasa Delano, you have been beside yourself this day. Tell it not when you get home, sappy Amasa. Well, well, he looks like a murderer, doesn't he? More like as if himself were to be done for. Well, well, this day's experience shall be a good lesson.

Meantime, while these things were running through the honest seaman's mind, the servant had taken the napkin from his arm, and to Don Benito had said—"But answer Don Amasa, please, master, while I wipe this ugly stuff off the razor, and strop it again."

As he said the words, his face was turned half round, so as to be alike visible to the Spaniard and the American, and seemed by its expression to hint, that he was desirous, by getting his master to go on with the conversation, considerably to withdraw his attention from the recent annoying accident. As if glad to snatch the offered relief, Don Benito resumed, rehearsing to Captain Delano, that not only were the calms of unusual duration, but the ship had fallen in with obstinate currents; and other things he added, some of which were but repetitions of former statements, to explain how it came to pass that the passage from Capé Horn to St. Maria had been so exceedingly long, now and then mingling with his words, incidental praises, less qualified than before, to the blacks, for their general good conduct.

These particulars were not given consecutively, the servant now and then

using his razor, and so, between the intervals of shaving, the story and panegyric went on with more than usual huskiness.

To Captain Delano's imagination, now again not wholly at rest, there was something so hollow in the Spaniard's manner, with apparently some reciprocal hollowiness in the servant's dusky comment of silence, that the idea flashed across him, that possibly master and men, for some unknown purpose, were acting out, both in word and deed, nay, to the very tremor of Don Benito's limbs, some juggling play before him. Neither did the suspicion of collusion lack apparent support, from the fact of those whispered conferences before mentioned. But then, what could be the object of enacting this play of the barber before him? At last, regarding the notion as a whimsy, insensibly suggested, perhaps, by the theatrical aspect of Don Benito in his harlequin ensign, Captain Delano speedily banished it.

The shaving over, the servant bestirred himself with a small bottle of scented waters, pouring a few drops on the head, and then diligently rubbing; the vehemence of the exercise causing the muscles of his face to twitch rather strangely.

His next operation was with comb, scissors and brush; going round and round, smoothing a curl here, clipping an unruly whisker-hair there, giving a graceful sweep to the temple-lock, with other impromptu touches evincing the hand of a master; while, like any resigned gentleman in barber's hands, Don Benito bore all, much less uneasily, at least, than he had done the razoring; indeed, he sat so pale and rigid now, that the negro seemed a Nubian sculptor finishing off a white statue-head.

All being over at last, the standard of Spain removed, tumbled up, and tossed back into the flag-locker, the negro's warm breath blowing away any stray hair which might have lodged down his master's neck; collar and cravat readjusted; a speck of lint whisked off the velvet lapel; all this being done; backing off a little space, and pausing with an expression of subdued self-complacency, the servant for a moment surveyed his master, as, in toilet at least, the creature of his own tasteful hands.

Captain Delano playfully complimented him upon his achievement; at

the same time congratulating Don Benito.

But neither sweet waters, nor shampooing, nor fidelity, nor sociality, delighted the Spaniard. Seeing him relapsing into forbidding gloom, and still remaining seated, Captain Delano, thinking that his presence was undesired just then, withdrew, on pretense of seeing whether, as he had prophesied, any signs of a breeze were visible.

Walking forward to the mainmast, he stood awhile thinking over the scene, and not without some undefined misgivings, when he heard a noise near the cuddy, and turning, saw the negro, his hand to his cheek. Advancing, Captain Delano perceived that the cheek was bleeding. He was about to ask the cause, when the negro's wailing soliloquy enlightened him.

"Ah, when will master get better from his sickness; only the sour heart that sour sickness breeds made him serve Babo so; cutting Babo with the razor, because, only by accident, Babo had given master one little scratch; and for the first time in so many a day, too. Ah, ah, ah," holding his hand to his face.

Is it possible, thought Captain Delano; was it to wreak in private his Spanish spite against this poor friend of his, that Don Benito, by his sullen manner, impelled me to withdraw? Ah, this slavery breeds ugly passions in man—Poor fellow!

He was about to speak in sympathy to the negro, but with a timid reluctance he now reentered the cuddy.

Presently master and man came forth; Don Benito leaning on his servant as if nothing had happened.

But a sort of love-quarrel, after all, thought Captain Delano.

He accosted Don Benito, and they slowly walked together. They had gone but a few paces, when the steward—a tall, rajah-looking mulatto, orientally set off with a pagoda turban formed by three or four Madras handkerchiefs wound about his head, tier on tier—approaching with a saalam, announced lunch in the cabin.

On their way thither, the two Captains were preceded by the mulatto, who, turning round as he advanced, with continual smiles and bows, ushered them in, a display of elegance which quite completed the insignificance of the small bare-headed Babo,

who, as if not unconscious of inferiority, eyed askance the graceful steward. But in part, Captain Delano imputed his jealous watchfulness to that peculiar feeling which the full-blooded African entertains for the adulterated one. As for the steward, his manner, if not bespeaking much dignity of self-respect, yet evidenced his extreme desire to please; which is doubly meritorious, as at once Christian and Chesterfieldian.

Captain Delano observed with interest that while the complexion of the mulatto was hybrid, his physiognomy was European; classically so.

"Don Benito," whispered he, "I am glad to see this usher-of-the-golden-rod of yours; the sight refutes an ugly remark once made to me by a Barbadoes planter; that when a mulatto has a regular European face, look out for him; he is a devil. But see, your steward here has features more regular than King George's of England; and yet there he nods, and bows, and smiles; a king, indeed—the king of kind hearts and polite fellows. What a pleasant voice he has, too?"

"He has, Señor."

"But, tell me, has he not, so far as you have known him, always proved a good, worthy fellow?" said Captain Delano, pausing, while with a final genuflexion the steward disappeared into the cabin; "come, for the reason just mentioned, I am curious to know."

"Francesco is a good man," a sort of sluggishly responded Don Benito, like a phlegmatic appreciator, who would neither find fault nor flatter.

"Ah, I thought so. For it were strange indeed, and not very creditable to us white-skins, if a little of our blood mixed with the African's, should, far from improving the latter's quality, have the sad effect of pouring vitriolic acid into black broth; improving the hue, perhaps, but not the wholesomeness."

"Doubtless, doubtless, Señor, but"—glancing at Babo—"not to speak of negroes, your planter's remark I have heard applied to the Spanish and Indian intermixtures in our provinces. But I know nothing about the matter," he listlessly added.

And here they entered the cabin.

The lunch was a frugal one. Some of Captain Delano's fresh fish and pumpkins, biscuit and salt beef, the reserved bottle of cider, and the San Dominick's last bottle of Canary.

As they entered, Francesco, with two or three colored aids, was hovering over the table giving the last adjustments. Upon perceiving their master they withdrew, Francesco making a smiling congé, and the Spaniard, without condescending to notice it, fastidiously remarking to his companion that he relished not superfluous attendance.

Without companions, host and guest sat down, like a childless married couple, at opposite ends of the table, Don Benito waving Captain Delano to his place, and, weak as he was, insisting upon that gentleman being seated before himself.

The negro placed a rug under Don Benito's feet, and a cushion behind his back, and then stood behind, not his master's chair, but Captain Delano's. At first, this a little surprised the latter. But it was soon evident that, in taking his position, the black was still true to his master; since by facing him he could the more readily anticipate his slightest want.

"This is an uncommonly intelligent fellow of yours, Don Benito," whispered Captain Delano across the table.

"You say true, Señor."

During the repast, the guest again reverted to parts of Don Benito's story, begging further particulars here and there. He inquired how it was that the scurvy and fever should have committed such wholesale havoc upon the whites, while destroying less than half of the blacks. As if this question reproduced the whole scene of plague before the Spaniard's eyes, miserably reminding him of his solitude in a cabin where before he had had so many friends and officers round him, his hand shook, his face became hueless, broken words escaped; but directly the same memory of the past seemed replaced by insane terrors of the present. With starting eyes he stared before him at vacancy. For nothing was to be seen but the hand of his servant pushing the Canary over towards him. At length a few sips served partially to restore him. He made random reference to the different constitution of races, enabling one to offer more resistance to certain maladies than another. The thought was new to his companion.

Presently Captain Delano, intending to say something to his host concerning the pecuniary part of the business he had undertaken for him, especially—

since he was strictly accountable to his owners—with reference to the new suit of sails, and other things of that sort; and naturally preferring to conduct such affairs in private, was desirous that the servant should withdraw; imagining that Don Benito for a few minutes could dispense with his attendance. He, however, waited awhile; thinking that, as the conversation proceeded, Don Benito, without being prompted, would perceive the propriety of the step.

But it was otherwise. At last catching his host's eye, Captain Delano, with a slight backward gesture of his thumb, whispered, "Don Benito, pardon me, but there is an interference with the full expression of what I have to say to you."

Upon this the Spaniard changed countenance; which was imputed to his resenting the hint, as in some way a reflection upon his servant. After a moment's pause, he assured his guest that the black's remaining with them could be of no disservice; because since losing his officers he had made Babo (whose original office, it now appeared, had been captain of the slaves) not only his constant attendant and companion, but in all things his confidant.

After this, nothing more could be said; though, indeed, Captain Delano could hardly avoid some little tinge of irritation upon being left ungratified in so inconsiderable a wish, by one, too, for whom he intended such solid services. But it is only his querulousness, thought he; and so filling his glass he proceeded to business.

The price of the sails and other matters was fixed upon. But while this was being done, the American observed that, though his original offer of assistance had been hailed with hectic animation, yet now when it was reduced to a business transaction, indifference and apathy were betrayed. Don Benito, in fact, appeared to submit to hearing the details more out of regard to common propriety, than from any impression that weighty benefit to himself and his voyage was involved.

Soon, this manner became still more reserved. The effort was vain to seek to draw him into social talk. Gnawed by his sullen mood, he sat twitching his beard, while to little purpose the hand of his servant, mute as that on the wall, slowly pushed over the Canary.

Lunch being over, they sat down on

the cushioned transom; the servant placing a pillow behind his master. The long continuance of the calm had now affected the atmosphere. Don Benito sighed heavily, as if for breath.

"Why not adjourn to the cuddy," said Captain Delano; "there is more air there." But the host sat silent and motionless.

Meantime his servant knelt before him, with a large fan of feathers. And Francesco coming in on tiptoes, handed the negro a little cup of aromatic waters, with which at intervals he chafed his master's brow; smoothing the hair along the temples as a nurse does a child's. He spoke no word. He only rested his eye on his master's, as if, amid all Don Benito's distress, a little to refresh his spirit by the silent sight of fidelity.

Presently the ship's bell sounded two o'clock; and through the cabin-windows a slight rippling of the sea was discerned; and from the desired direction.

"There," exclaimed Captain Delano, "I told you so, Don Benito, look!"

He had risen to his feet, speaking in a very animated tone, with a view the more to rouse his companion. But though the crimson curtain of the stern-window near him that moment fluttered against his pale cheek, Don Benito seemed to have even less welcome for the breeze than the calm.

Poor fellow, thought Captain Delano, bitter experience has taught him that one ripple does not make a wind, any more than one swallow a summer. But he is mistaken for once. I will get his ship in for him, and prove it.

Briefly alluding to his weak condition, he urged his host to remain quietly where he was, since he (Captain Delano) would with pleasure take upon himself the responsibility of making the best use of the wind.

Upon gaining the deck, Captain Delano started at the unexpected figure of Atufal, monumentally fixed at the threshold, like one of those sculptured porters of black marble guarding the porches of Egyptian tombs.

But this time the start was, perhaps, purely physical. Atufal's presence, singularly attesting docility even in sullenness, was contrasted with that of the hatchet-polishers, who in patience evinced their industry; while both spectacles showed, that lax as Don Benito's general authority might be, still, when-

ever he chose to exert it, no man so savage or colossal but must, more or less, bow.

Snatching a trumpet which hung from the bulwarks, with a free step Captain Delano advanced to the forward edge of the poop, issuing his orders in his best Spanish. The few sailors and many negroes, all equally pleased, obediently set about heading the ship towards the harbor.

While giving some directions about setting a lower stu'n'-sail, suddenly Captain Delano heard a voice faithfully repeating his orders. Turning, he saw Babo, now for the time acting, under the pilot, his original part of captain of the slaves. This assistance proved valuable. Tattered sails and warped yards were soon brought into some trim. And no brace or halyard was pulled but to the blithe songs of the inspirited negroes.

Good fellows, thought Captain Delano, a little training would make fine sailors of them. Why see, the very women pull and sing too. These must be some of those Ashantee negresses that make such capital soldiers, I've heard. But who's at the helm. I must have a good hand there.

He went to see.

The San Dominick steered with a cumbrous tiller, with large horizontal pulleys attached. At each pully-end stood a subordinate black, and between them, at the tiller-head, the responsible post, a Spanish seaman, whose countenance evinced his due share in the general hopefulness and confidence at the coming of the breeze.

He proved the same man who had behaved with so shame-faced an air on the windlass.

"Ah,—it is you, my man," exclaimed Captain Delano—"well, no more sheep's-eyes now;—look straightforward and keep the ship so. Good hand, I trust? And want to get into the harbor, don't you?"

"Sí, Señor," assented the man with an inward chuckle, grasping the tiller-head firmly. Upon this, unperceived by the American, the two blacks eyed the sailor askance.

Finding all right at the helm, the pilot went forward to the fore-castle, to see how matters stood there.

The ship now had way enough to breast the current. With the approach of evening, the breeze would be sure to freshen.

Having done all that was needed for the present, Captain Delano, giving his last orders to the sailors, turned aft to report affairs to Don Benito in the cabin; perhaps additionally incited to rejoin him by the hope of snatching a moment's private chat while his servant was engaged upon deck.

From opposite sides, there were, beneath the poop, two approaches to the cabin; one further forward than the other, and consequently communicating with a longer passage. Marking the servant still above, Captain Delano, taking the highest entrance—the one last named, and at whose porch Atufal still stood—hurried on his way, till, arrived at the cabin threshold, he paused an instant, a little to recover from his eagerness. Then, with the words of his intended business upon his lips, he entered. As he advanced toward the Spaniard, on the transom, he heard another footstep, keeping time with his. From the opposite door, a salver in hand, the servant was likewise advancing.

"Confound the faithful fellow," thought Captain Delano; "what a vexatious coincidence."

Possibly, the vexation might have been something different, were it not for the buoyant confidence inspired by the breeze. But even as it was, he felt a slight twinge, from a sudden involuntary association in his mind of Babo with Atufal.

"Don Benito," said he, "I give you joy; the breeze will hold, and will increase. By the way, your tall man and time-piece, Atufal, stands without. By your order, of course?"

Don Benito recoiled, as if at some bland satirical touch, delivered with such adroit garnish of apparent good-breeding as to present no handle for retort.

He is like one flayed alive, thought Captain Delano; where may one touch him without causing a shrink?

The servant moved before his master, adjusting a cushion; recalled to civility, the Spaniard stiffly replied: "you are right. The slave appears where you saw him, according to my command; which is, that if at the given hour I am below, he must take his stand and abide my coming."

"Ah now, pardon me, but that is treating the poor fellow like an ex-king denied. Ah, Don Benito," smiling,

"for all the license you permit in some things, I fear lest, at bottom, you are a bitter hard master."

Again Don Benito shrank; and this time, as the good sailor thought, from a genuine twinge of his conscience.

Conversation now became constrained. In vain Captain Delano called attention to the now perceptible motion of the keel gently cleaving the sea; with lack-lustre eye, Don Benito returned words few and reserved.

By-and-by, the wind having steadily risen, and still blowing right into the harbor, bore the San Dominick swiftly on. Rounding a point of land, the sealer at distance came into open view.

Meantime Captain Delano had again repaired to the deck, remaining there some time. Having at last altered the ship's course, so as to give the reef a wide berth, he returned for a few moments below.

I will cheer up my poor friend, this time, thought he.

"Better and better," Don Benito, he cried as he blithely reëntered; "there will soon be an end to your cares, at least for awhile. For when, after a long, sad voyage, you know, the anchor drops into the haven, all its vast weight seems lifted from the captain's heart. We are getting on famously, Don Benito. My ship is in sight. Look through this side-light here; there she is; all a-taunt-o! The Bachelor's Delight, my good friend. Ah, how this wind braces one up. Come, you must take a cup of coffee with me this evening. My old steward will give you as fine a cup as ever any sultan tasted. What say you, Don Benito, will you?"

At first, the Spaniard glanced feverishly up, casting a longing look towards the sealer, while with mute concern his servant gazed into his face. Suddenly the old ague of coldness returned, and dropping back to his cushions he was silent.

"You do not answer. Come, all day

you have been my host; would you have hospitality all on one side?"

"I cannot go," was the response.

"What? it will not fatigue you. The ships will lie together as near as they can, without swinging foul. It will be little more than stepping from deck to deck; which is but as from room to room. Come, come, you must not refuse me."

"I cannot go," decisively and repulsively repeated Don Benito.

Renouncing all but the last appearance of courtesy, with a sort of cadaverous sullenness, and biting his thin nails to the quick, he glanced, almost glared, at his guest; as if impatient that a stranger's presence should interfere with the full indulgence of his morbid hour. Meantime the sound of the parted waters came more and more gurglingly and merrily in at the windows; as reproaching him for his dark spleen; as telling him that, sulk as he might, and go mad with it, nature cared not a jot; since, whose fault was it, pray?

But the foul mood was now at its depth, as the fair wind at its height.

There was something in the man so far beyond any mere unsociality or sourness previously evinced, that even the forbearing good-nature of his guest could no longer endure it. Wholly at a loss to account for such demeanor, and deeming sickness with eccentricity, however extreme, no adequate excuse, well satisfied, too, that nothing in his own conduct could justify it, Captain Delano's pride began to be roused. Himself became reserved. But all seemed one to the Spaniard. Quitting him, therefore, Captain Delano once more went to the deck.

The ship was now within less than two miles of the sealer. The whale-boat was seen darting over the interval.

To be brief, the two vessels, thanks to the pilot's skill, ere long in neighborly style lay anchored together.

[To be Concluded.]

THE MARINERS.

THEY were born by the shore, by the shore,
 When the surf was loud and the sea-gull cried;
 They were rocked to the rhythm of its roar,
 They were cradled in the arms of the tide.

Sporting on the fenceless sand,
 Looking o'er the limitless blue,
 Half on the water and half on the land,
 Ruddily and lustily to manhood they grew.

How should they follow where the plow
 Furrows round the field at the oxen's heels?
 How should they stand with a sickly brow,
 Thrust behind a counter, to reckon up their deals?

They turned to the Earth, but she frowns on her child;
 They turned to the Sea, and he smiled as of old:
 Sweeter was the peril of the breakers white and wild,
 Sweeter than the land, with its bondage and gold!

Now they walk on the rolling deck,
 And they hang to the rocking shrouds,
 When the lee-shore looms with a vision of wreck,
 And the scud is flung to the stooping clouds.

Shifting the changeless horizon-ring,
 The magic circle the lands look o'er,
 They traverse the zones with a veering wing,
 From shore to sea, and from sea to shore.

They know the South and the North;
 They know the East and the West;
 Shuttles of fortune, flung back and forth
 In the web of motion, the woof of rest.

They do not act with a studied grace,
 They do not speak in delicate phrase,
 But the candor of heaven is on their face,
 And the freedom of ocean in all their ways.

They cannot fathom the subtle cheats,
 The lying arts which the landmen learn:
 Each looks in the eyes of the man he meets,
 And whoso trusts him, he trusts in turn.

Say that they curse, if you will,
 That the tavern and harlot possess their gains:
 On the surface floats what they do of ill—
 At the bottom the manhood remains.

When they slide from the gangway-plank below,
 Deep as the plummeted shroud may drag,
 They hold it comfort enough, to know
 The corse is wrapped in their country's flag

But whether they die on the sea or shore,
 And lie under water, or sand, or sod,
 Christ give them the rest that he keeps in store,
 And anchor their souls in the harbors of God!

HENRY HEINE.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN PARK PLACE.

OBERWESEL ON THE RHINE.

THIS day is too fair, my friend, and this place too pleasant, for me not to think of you; and, when I think of you, I remember my promise to write to you from Germany, and about the Germans. It is a virtuous deed for me to fulfill that promise now, when the wine-month is in its purple prime; and here, where the river flows so swift, so silent, so serene, beneath my windows, and the deep blue sky throbs with light above the stately, shadowy hills.

"Oberwesel on the Rhine!" Do you know how much these few words mean, of poetry and of picture, of legend and of landscape, of song, and sunlight, and wine?

Yes, I believe that you do, though with your mortal ears you have never listened to the sixpenny echoes of the little cannon that a lonely fellow fires against the Lürlei-felsen, nor with mortal eyes have looked upon the foamy uproar of the Gewirr, where heedless raftsmen slip off and are drowned. But it is not the fireside travelers who see and know the least of this fair world. It is not sailing in a ship that makes a seaman; and I know many a man who has carried a pair of staring optics all over Europe, and yet hath no more right to speak of Rhine and Danube, of Switzerland and Naples, than has the forty-third wife of a Mormon elder to discourse of marriage.

Yes! you know Oberwesel in your heart and in your mind. You have lost yourself in summer thoughts before Turner's wondrous picture, where all the outward shape of Oberwesel lies bathed in soft, poetic light. You have mused and longed over the dreamy wanderings of "Hyperion," where the spirit of the quaint old Rhenish city broods on many a page, though its name be never mentioned.

And so you will feel how fit it is, that sitting here by the open window of the still and spacious inn of the "Golden Corkscrew," I should find it hard to gather up the little cloudy thoughts that float through the blue, lazy heaven of my mood, and make them fall in a busy rain of words. Yet, for your sake, I will do it; for a promise, though it were but to buy a paper of pins, should

be sacred. And to-morrow I glide away again, down the enchanted stream, to sunny St. Goar, there to meet with a lazier than myself; and we shall burn our pens and paper, and a brown-eyed maiden shall ferry us over the river, and then through the pretty Schweizer-Thal, and on beneath the ruined castle of the Cat, and by the shrine of Bacchus we shall vanish into the Rheingau, where musty old November, unbinding the last vine-fillets from his brow, shall find us stretched still beneath the chestnut trees.

This day, then, I will write. Nay, call me not, thou Belgian artist, from the yellow Ochsen-thurm! Sit in the sheltered embrasure, most picturesque of red-capped men! and, veiled by the broad leaves of the tangled vines, watch "fine effects" of light, and depths of shadow! Sketch in "nice bits" of bare black mountain, and of shining, lake-like water! But leave me to my task, for the sun is high, and the amber Engenholler waxes low in this long-necked bottle, mellow-tinted as October sunsets after rain!

Of what or whom shall I write? Not of the Rhine. I dare not tread that region with unsandaled feet. I leave it to romantic Cæsar Julian, imperial Puseyite of the Pagan past, and to British Bulwer's musky muse.

I will write of Heine; of the poet whose genius has torn up the treaties of Vienna, and carried the boundaries of France to the Rhine; of that tearful trifler, that sardonic sentimentalist, that strange, sad, significant fellow, who laughs at old legends over his wine, and shudders beneath the black Lürlei-rocks in the twilight. I will write of him, not because he is strange, sad, and significant, nor because he tears up treaties, and quizzes Kaiser and Vaterland, and parodies the songs of Israel by the waters of the Seine—but because the music of his melodies "beats time to nothing in my brain" to-day; because, in this sweet Rhenish weather, I have first learned how exquisite is his singing, how subtle and how true is the rhythm of his genius.

Last evening I wandered upwards from the beautiful old Gothic church of

our Lady, to the broad heights of Schömberg. Vast and glorious showed, in the light of the setting sun, the broken walls, the crumbling towers that cradled a heroic race. I looked on the river, gleaming and winding for many a mile, a thread of silver, far below, and thought how the last great Schömberg fell, his gray hairs dabbled in blood, far away by the foreign waters of the Boyne.

And the lords that were the terror of the Rhine—that swore, and drank, and fought, and stormed, on every side, with sword and fire? In all quiet Oberwesel, now, there is nothing more quiet than the rude effigies that lie, “with folded arms across,” in the dim side-chapel of our Lady’s church! Of the daughters of Schömberg a livelier memory remains. In the channel beneath us, when the tide is low, you may see seven little jagged rocks, “without form or comeliness.” These were once seven lovely ladies of Schömberg, cruel coquettes, for whom hearts and lances were broken in vain. Their shapes are changed, their instincts survive, and now they vex the waves of the Rhine, as once they vexed the souls of men.

As I stood looking up into the archway of the ancient donjon-keep, and vaguely wishing to ascend, I heard a sound of merry voices, and presently there emerged, from the copse-wood hard by, a handsome young German, squiring two hearty German girls. He left his damsels, and, drawing near, saluted me. That I was a stranger was plain from my dress; still more plain from my accent; and the friendly youth asked if he could serve me. It was not possible to mistake him for an officious guide, so I thanked him, and explained my wish to mount the tower. “So!” and I must go with him to a farm near at hand, and we would get a ladder. “But your ladies?” I remonstrated. They stood a little way off, plucking flowers. “Oh, they are my cousins, and live just below, on the hill, and always *der Fremde geht vor*, the stranger must take precedence!” Nor could I stop him, but, whisking off, he whispered with his companions, who turned, waved me a smiling farewell, and disappeared into the wood. We found the farm-house, looking like a leaf from Retzsch’s “Song of the Bell,” and the farmer’s wife, who made us drink new milk, and the hale old farmer, who

gave us his ladder, and called a boy, with crab-apple cheeks, to help us to carry it.

And we mounted the tower and drank in a glorious vision—the winding Rhine from Goarshausen to Bacharach—the vine-clad hills—the leafy valleys; and over all, the skyey splendors of sapphire and beryl, and fine gold and amethyst. We talked of many things, there on the old battlement. He was a *Bergwerks beflissner*, from Austria, my companion, which, being interpreted, is a “Student of Mining;” and when I could not catch the meaning of his South-German, he eked out his phrases with “Priscian most *unscratched*.” Of America and republics he spoke much, and warmly, after the helpless, honest, impracticable manner of the Germans.

And slowly, at last, the dusk descended, and here and there a point of silver glimmered from the purple deeps. And our talk took the tone of the hour, and as the hues faded from the sky, subsided into silence, and we came down from the donjon-keep.

The crescent of the moon appeared, as we emerged from the great archway, and, without a word, my *Bergwerks beflissner* began to sing, in a rich, low, manly voice. And this was the song he sung:

“I know not what it presages,
That I should be saddened so;
A legend of long-passed ages
Haunts me, and will not go.

’Tis cool, and the dusk is growing,
And quietly flows the Rhine;
In the sunset’s golden glowing
The peaks of the mountain shine.

Far up in the golden beaming
Sits the maiden divinely fair;
The gold on her robes is gleaming,
She is combing her golden hair.

With a golden comb and glancing,
She is combing her tresses there;
And she singeth a song entrancing,
A weird and wonderful air!

The heart of the boatman that hears it
Grows wild with a passionate love;
He sees not the rock as he nears it,
He sees but the syren above!

The waves to their fatal embraces
Take the boat and the boatman too;
Such work with her musical graces,
It pleases the Lürley to do!”

I need not tell you that the song is Heine’s; nor will I make you an apology for my lame attempt to do it into

English, for, whatever faults you may find with my "oversetting," I think you will feel that it is, at least, faithful to the spirit of the original, and in some things more faithful than other English translations which you may have seen. I know no version, for instance, in which the foreboding force of the word "bedeuten," in the first line, is preserved. And the gleam of mocking gayety which breaks out in the last verse, has been invariably lost by the translators. They seem to have thought they were dealing, not with Heine, but with Uhland.

The musical interpreters of Heine have done no better. Still, they have made the ballad delicious to the ear. Nor will you wonder that the fancy of Heine, borne up on the wings of Schubert, should have thrilled me deeply, while I listened to the singing of my Austrian barytone, there in the twilight, on the ancient mount, with the castle ruins above me, and the Lürley's river glimmering far below.

"All impulses of soul and sense,

The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve,"

conspired to make me feel, as never before, the exquisite perfection with which the poet has embodied the sentiment of this scene.

And yet, how completely is Heine's own individuality preserved in the half-smile which plays upon his lips as he ends his song! He seems to throw off the brief mood of romance, and turns on his heel again, to skepticism and satire. Germany has produced only two poets beside Heine, who could have written this song of the Lürley, and neither one of them would thus have concluded it: Uhland was too serious a sentimentalist, Goethe too consummate an artist.

I have sometimes thought that Heine's present physical state was no unapt symbol of his spiritual and mental condition. But I forget that you do not know what that state is, and, perhaps, it will not bore you too much if I sketch, as swiftly as I can, an outline of Heine's career.

Heine is half a Jew in blood, and less than half in breeding. He was born at Düsseldorf, about the year 1800, and is, altogether, a child of the nineteenth century. His mother was a Protestant lady of good family. His

father was what the Philadelphians might call a "wet" Jew—one of the people whom Sheridan compared to the blank leaf in the Bible, between the Old Dispensation and the New. He was not a wealthy man, but Henry Heine was early cared for by his celebrated uncle, the banker, Solomon Heine, of Hamburg. This uncle was a strange fellow. He came into Hamburg in 1784, a leather-breeched little Jew, of seventeen, with sixteen groats in his pocket, and riding on a wagon by favor of the wagoner. He was carried out of Hamburg in 1844, a much lamented *millionaire*, on a plumed hearse, with an interminable "following" of mourning-coaches, dignitaries, and "citizens generally." Solomon Heine was no blank leaf; he carried the Exodus and Leviticus clearly stamped on his heart. When he had become a great and wealthy merchant, the authorities of Hamburg proposed to suspend, in his favor, the harsh laws of the city concerning the Jews. But the old Israelite spurned the gifts of the Egyptians, and whenever he wished to make a journey, used to draw up a petition, like any other Jew, and have it endorsed by his own servant! He had a dash of sharp satire in him, as men of strong and ill-used races are wont to have. Once they brought him a subscription paper for a school-house, and told him that a rich Christian had said he would give as much as Heine. "Ah! how much is the house to cost?" They told him, and the old man instantly put down *half the sum*. The Christian tried to back out, but was held to his word. "I shall get the better of you one of these days," said Heine, to the Senators, just before his death; "When I die, my coffin will cost only four marks eight shillings!" Solomon Heine helped his nephew through his courses at Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, and took him into his counting-house. Henry Heine over a ledger! The thing was slightly absurd; and one day its absurdity so struck Henry Heine himself, that he decamped to Parnassus. His uncle always lamented this step. "Poor Henry," he used to say, "if he could have learned anything, he wouldn't have been obliged to write books!"

Still, Solomon enjoyed his nephew's fame, and assisted him as long as he lived, in spite of severe and frequent quarrels. Heine dedicated his tragedies to his

uncle, and in some verses on the "Jewish Hospital at Hamburg," an institution founded by Solomon Heine's liberality, the poet thus speaks of his relative:

"The dear old man! He buildeth here a shelter
For all whose pains the wise physician's magic
(Or wiser death's!) can charm, and careth
For plasters, cordials, nurses, too, and watchers!

A man of deeds, what man could do, he did it,

And for good service, took his honest wages,

The friend of mortals! when his day was ending,

And found reward of labor in well doing!

Wealth with full hands he gave, but richer treasures

Full oft his eyes more lavishly expended,
Rich, costly tears, that oft he wept in silence
O'er Israel's sorrows, past all mortal healing!"

When Solomon Heine died, he left his nephew only a small sum of money. But he had done much for him, and if Pegasus would have stayed in the stable at Hamburg, he might, no doubt, like the horse of Caligula, have been accommodated with a silver manger and with golden oats. How, in company with Munhard, Limberg, and others, Heine edited "Political Annals," and how he wandered about from Lucca to London, needs not here to say. In 1826, he being then about twenty-eight years old, appeared his "Reisebilder," or "Pictures of Travel," a strange, fantastic, charming, startling book. You and me, dear —, Americans of 1855, this book charms and startles. Fancy what its effect must have been upon the Germans of 1826! 1826! that was only four years before the smothered fire of revolution broke out again in Paris, only eleven years after the consecration of the Holy Alliance!

The "Reisebilder" was almost as original in form as it was fresh in substance. It may be said that one is vaguely reminded by it of the "Sentimental Journey." But the reminiscence is so very vague! It always reminds me much more strongly of a comic opera. What opera ever had an overture more exquisitely constructed than those songs of the "Heimkehr," in which all the coming work is so musically resumed, hinted, and foretold? Would you know the key-note of the "Reisebilder?" Listen!

I.

"On my life, too dark and gloomy,
Once there gleamed a vision bright,
Now that vision bright hath vanished,
And I stand in utter night.

When a child in lonely darkness
Feels its terrors on him crowd,
He, to chase his doubts and horror,
Shouts some cheerful song aloud.

So, a noisy child, I'm singing,
While in shade and gloom I stray;
Though my song be not delightful,
Yet it drives my fears away!"

SS.

"Say! where is thy fair beloved,
Once by thee so sweetly sung,
When the magic flames of passion
Through thy spirit flashed and sprung.

Oh! those flames have sunk and faded,
And my heart is dull and cold;
And this book, an urn funereal,
Ashes of my love doth hold!"

The "noisy child" sang, and his song was taken up by a chorus. "His Majesty" at Weimar took no notice, so far as I can find, of the new and exquisite lyrical genius. In fact, though Heine, in that odd, entertaining book, "De l'Allemagne," speaks of an interview with Goethe, "whose eyes," he says, "like those of the Indian gods, winked not nor blinked," I once looked in vain through all the sixty volumes of my "Stuttgart and Tübingen" Goethe, as well as through the six volumes of the great man's correspondence with the little man, Zelter, for some hint or indication of Heine's existence, and found none. I fancy Goethe foresaw mischief in those four little volumes, and was not "manysided" enough to like them. After all, it was a rather alarming phenomenon, this opera of "Candide," set to Swabian music.

If you were a very young person, my dear —, and had your mind to make up, I shouldn't advise you to read the "Reisebilder." But you are old enough not to be at every man's mercy, and I am sure that you will be delighted with a style, the rhythm of which glides on in prose as harmonious as the flow of a forest brook, and ever and anon is broken into little melodious cascades of verse. How you will enjoy, too, the grace and power with which Heine paints all manner of scenes and persons! Now you may go down with him into the darkest and dirtiest of mines, and hear him chuckle inwardly

over the benighted loyalty of poor miners, who hold sacred the stone stool once sat upon by the "dear fat Duke of Cambridge;" and anon you may lounge with him into the lofty chamber of an Italian palazzo, where the capricious Signora Letizia, "a young rose of fifty," lies on her couch, and chats, while a poet sits on a trestle at her feet, and the Marquis Gumpelino, leaning against the marble wall, thrums an old guitar. You shall see quaint, red-roofed German towns peering up among green pinewoods, and looking like moss rosebuds, in the evening light; and laughing valleys, where the oak and beech wave their great arms over joyous streamlets; and chill mountain-tops grim with granite; and the lonely beaches of the Northern Sea, where at midnight the weird sea-maidens waltz in the pale beams of the moon. You shall read one of the finest descriptions ever written of indescribable, inexhaustible London, and such unexpected opinions, on the most unlooked-for subjects, as will vex you, perplex you, and entertain you beyond measure.

And then, when you have done, you will, perhaps, remember what Goethe somewhere says, that "humor accompanies the decline of art, which it corrupts and annihilates;" and you will try to think what Germany has produced in the way of poetic art, since the "Reisebilder" appeared, and it will not edify you much to run over the names of Freiligrath, and Herwegh, and Lenau, and Grün, and Geibel! Yet, the more you dwell upon and analyze that exquisite, limpid style of Heine's, a style which, among the Germans, only Lessing has approached, and only Goethe surpassed, the more convinced you will be that if the art of composition has declined in Germany since the avatar of Heine, that decline did not begin with him.

Heine is classed by some critics with the great humorists. If to be capricious is to be a great humorist, then he is one. But the best quality of humor lies deep in the soul, beneath the light play of caprice. The style of a great humorist, of Jean Paul for instance, or Carlyle, does not glitter, it glows. The style of Heine is in no wise incandescent, but rather scintillating. Compare Heine's sketch of "Religion and Philosophy in Germany," with Carlyle's "Past and Present," and you will see

clearly what I mean, and, I think, agree with me.

In the sequel to the "Reisebilder" Heine called "Paris the new Jerusalem, and the Rhine the Jordan, which divides the Holy Land of Freedom from the land of the Philistines." The comparison is not more creditable to Heine's geography than to his piety, for the Jordan does not divide the Holy Land from Philistia, but it expresses the poet's feelings, and to Paris he went in the hot season of 1830. There he fixed himself, and there he has ever since resided. He soon acquired an admirable command of the French language. They are publishing an edition of his works, now, in French, which will give him a permanent rank among the Parisian classics. Since Count Hamilton no foreigner has managed the language of France with more *finesse* and *esprit* than Heine. If you will turn to some of his earlier contributions to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," to those witty and wicked papers, "Les Nuits Florentines," for instance, which were first written in French, and published somewhere about 1836, you will find in them an elegance and facility of style which remind one of Alfred de Musset. The place for Heine the Parisian, indeed, will be made somewhere between the poet of "Namuana" and the author of the "Memoires de Grammont."

For many years Heine has lived in Paris, pouring forth a succession of works, sometimes critical, sometimes poetical, always somewhat reprehensible, *never* dull. He corresponded with the Augsburg "Allgemeine Zeitung," and kept up his relations with Germany. But he affected to denationalize himself, scoffed unmercifully at the great traits of German literature and life, found as much fault with the world as Rousseau, and mocked it as keenly as Voltaire. He drew upon himself the hostility of all the "intense" political parties, and of most of the poetical schools of his native land, for he really spared nobody. He had made all manner of fun of Platen in the "Reisebilder;" in his treatise on the "Romantic School," he held up to ridicule the white-cravated and self-satisfied A. W. von Schlegel; he stung all the Swabians in his preposterous "Schwabenspiegel;" while in the second part of his work "Der Salon" he vilely entreated the religious and philosophical thinkers of Germany, and in the cheerful

words of Gutzkow (himself more given to pipes and beard, than to soap and decency,) "celebrated a Walpurgis night in the old Cathedrals."

In his recently-published volumes of "Vermischte Schriften," Heine has printed the record of his observations and opinions on men and things, made during his long residence in Paris, from the Eastern Question and Mahomet Ali, to Le Prophète, and Carlotta Grisi. It is amusing to see the evident pleasure he takes in watching Thiers, whose political inconsistencies, doublings, and turnings manifold affect Heine's sense of the ludicrous in the keenest and subtlest way. Kakousch, the vizier of Saladin, has come, in some unaccountable manner, to be the Punchinello of Constantinople; Heine seems to have regarded the little minister of Louis Philippe as his private Kakousch.

Father Prout, that entertaining, but, I fear, somewhat disreputable gentleman, who professes to have been everywhere, and to have seen everybody, who ate pine-apples with Béranger in prison, and visited Victor Hugo in his bath, wrote an amusing sketch of Heine in the hey-day of his Parisian life, for Fraser's Magazine. I read it long ago, and retain only an image of a little man with a large head and quick-glancing eyes, standing in the door of a ball-room, and rubbing his yellow kids together with delight as the waltzers whirled by ever faster and faster.

Never more will the little man stand in ball-room doors!

In 1845, Heine published an essay on Ludwig Börne. Ludwig Börne was a Jew, born at Frankfort, in 1786. Do you know what it was to be born a Jew at Frankfort, sixty years ago?

Turn to the picture of the *Judengasse* in that imperial city, as depicted by the droll but faithful pencil of Doyle in his illustrations of the tour of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson:" see those lofty houses, toppling over so far that lovers, in the attics, might kiss across the narrow street, unseen of parents in the basements below; fancy them, as they are, seemingly built of pressed tobacco, and smelling of old boots in damp cellars; and then imagine the life of swarms of Israelites shut in that steaming gully; a nose to every window-pane of the little windows, and forbidden to stir into the city beyond, on pain of authoritative fines, and *ad libitum* kicks!

In such a life Börne grew up, as was not surprising, a somewhat serious person. He became a patriot, and nominally a Christian. He detested Goethe, and adored Jean Paul, but the kindly milk of Jean Paul's genius turned to acid in the hot desert of Börne's life, and Börne became the Azrael, as Jean Paul was the Gabriel, of German patriotism. He wrote with a pen of fire, and, in his wrath against all cumberers of the way, embraced Heine, whose *persiflage* and skepticism were hateful to him. Börne died in 1837. Eight years afterward, Heine, who had felt Börne's reproaches, perhaps, more deeply than he pretended, published his notions of Börne, and permitted himself to talk rather lightly of one Madame Wohl, a former friend of the Frankfort patriot. Madame Wohl, meanwhile, had married one Herr Straus; and the publication of the book on Börne was followed by the arrival, in Paris, of Herr Straus, and that again by a meeting in the Bois de Boulogne, from which Heine was carried away with a wound in the hip. After the duel, Heine publicly retracted his remarks about the lady, and gave orders that they should be omitted from the future editions of his works:

But the wound could not be "retracted." It brought on a paralysis of the lower limbs, which neither the attentions of Heine's wife (married by him when he was supposed to be dying, that she might inherit his property), nor the baths of Biarritz have availed to relieve.

For ten years the poet has been bedridden in Paris. His sufferings have been very great, his state often critical. Indeed, the Gentleman's Magazine killed him, and wrote his obituary in 1848. But his mind has been continually active. He had published, a year before his calamity, his "Deutschland, a Winter's Tale," a collection of brilliant trivialities and witticisms about his native land. In 1847 he gave a fresh development to his notions in "Atta Troll, a Midsummer Night's Dream," which he calls the "last free forest song of the Romantic." He has never ceased to write, and no living German author is so widely read as he.

Yet I think I was right when I said that his present physical state aptly symbolizes his mental condition. The powers of sensation and of expression

are keen, indeed, in his constitution, but the locomotive powers, never vigorous, have wasted away. He sees all things, and talks of them in the most vivid way. But he has made no progress in opinion—he goes nowhere and is no leader. "Why, then," you will ask, "does he command such attention?"

I answer your question by another—"should you like to take Rabelais, or Montaigne, or Lamb for a political guide, or to govern your conduct by the moral code of Sterne or Lucian?" But there is always a sceptre for the writer whose every phrase is suggestive, and whose every sentence a stimulus, be his opinions never so absurd.

Yet, pointed, brilliant, fanciful, and fascinating as is the prose style of Heine, I think you will find the most abiding charm of his genius in its fine lyrical qualities. In his own secret heart, I doubt not, he cherishes, most of all his works, those exquisite effusions which, collected in half-a-dozen series, from the "Lyrical Poems," published in 1822, to the "Romancero" (the saddest and poorest of them all), published in 1853, comprise some of the truest, and sweetest, and strongest lyric poetry of modern times. Somewhere, indeed, he sings:—

"I am a German poet,
In the land of Germans known;
When they number all their mighty
names,
Then number they my own,"

and though Gervinus (respectable Gervinus!) has thought fit to omit Heine from his very stupid history, so long as the German language shall live these songs will live, in which the German consonants have been wrought to melodies as delicate as were ever trilled through the vowels of Italy.

Here beside me lies the "Buch der Lieder," tempting to translation, and betraying to despair. Here, too, is the "Lyrisches Intermezzo," the "Locksley Hall" of Heine, but as unlike the English poet's condensed and passionate strain, as the melodies of Tennyson, which are too often "ditties of no tone," are to the sensuous flow of the music of Heine. Don't misunderstand me; no man, more heartily than myself, concedes to Tennyson the first rank among living poets, but, surely, the rhythm of his words is often impalpable till you have caught the rhythm of his

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thought, while the ideas of Heine, like those of a Greek sculptor, are completely incarnated. They enter the mind at the ear. I feel sure that Tennyson cannot sing four bars of an air correctly. To know how musical is the genius of Heine, ask the most accomplished lady singer of your acquaintance to sing you the best songs of that born lyrist Robert Franz; look over her shoulder, and you will see that his perfect music is married to the words of Heine. Heine's passion always rises "Auf Flugeln des Gesanges!"

I should like to catch up for you some of these pearls from an unstrung necklace, but I must forbear. Catch them up for yourself! Have you not, in Philadelphia, Weik the publisher, and Leland the translator?

Sail then, yourself, with the poet, over the Baltic deep, lit by weird and fitful boreal gleams; float with him in the moonlight on the Rhine; watch with him the wild waltzers in the *bal masqué* of modern life; and sigh, at last, to hear him envy old king Olaf lulled to sleep beneath the green seawaves by the Undine's kiss, and Lusignan, lover of Melusina, happiest of mortals in this, that his mistress was but half a serpent!

For me, here comes Fräulein Luise, mine host's wasp-waisted daughter, with pattering heels, and a crisp rustle of silken streamers, to tell me that the *Bröschen* is ready, and to beg me to stay another day, for the betrothal-card of her cousin Gretchen, long grown yellow over the chimney-piece, is taken down, and we shall have a wedding to-morrow!

The kindly German maiden!

And I rise and look from my window; and the yellow Ochsenturm is become a shining tower of gold, and every green leaf a lucent emerald rimmed with golden air, and the still river a floor of gleaming chrysoprase and opal, and a pulse of silvery light plays along the summits of the hills.

Ah! Henry Heine! *romantique défroqué*, as Nodier called thee, is thy gay, heartless Paris, "*plein d'or et de misère*," so much better, after all, than this peaceful, friendly, dullish land, where old romance is still religion? Answer, thyself!

"When of thee my spirit dreameth,
Dear and distant German land!
Dull, oh France! thy blue sky seemeth,
Weary all thy trifling band!"

THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

I.

ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD.

"I'M just back from the Virginia Springs."

"Impossible! and how do you get there?"

"You know the way across the Jersey ferry?"

"Yes."

"Good—exceedingly good. A traveler, rightly started, is already half way to the end of his journey."

"And for the rest?"

"Do not fear. I will lay you down such directions, that, by following them, together with his own nose, every man shall arrive safely at the White Sulphur."

In the first place, when the doors of the railway-station-house are opened, to admit the waiting crowd, let a man beware that he do not accidentally get into what is vulgarly called a "tight place." For there will be a push for the best seats in the "cars." "Forward" is the word on all sides, while the officials, within the door, with more or less force, resist the advance, and shout aloud, "Show your tickets! If you please, sir, your ticket!"

If you are the last person to pass through, there will be nobody behind to pick your pockets; and, besides, you will not have your ribs fractured, in a squeeze between a dozen men, women, and children, with canes, parasols, and sticks of candy—all struggling for precedence.

Of course, the fastest men and women get places in the hindmost carriages. You will be lucky to find a seat left in the forward one. Perhaps, however, fortune may favor you, as she often does the well-behaved, and may reserve for you an entire sofa in the very centre of a carriage. But no sooner do you succeed in getting well settled, and commence reading the evening journal, when some individual, a band-box in one hand, and his better half led by the other, comes up, and in the most quiet way in the world says:

"Sir, if you would be so good as to accommodate a lady?"

You turn round to look at the stranger, and, in doing so, your eye rests, by chance, upon a sofa entirely vacant, a

yard or two in the rear. This, to save yourself the unnecessary trouble of changing quarters, you politely point out to the unfortunate traveler, who has interrupted your enjoyment of the evening's "leader."

What, now, does the man do? Does he accept the proffered place with thanks? Not at all. He elevates his voice a full degree, and exclaims,

"That is over the wheel, sir; my wife can't sit over the wheel!"

This happened to me in the Jerseys. And the fellow actually looked amazed that I did not get up, and go and sit over the wheel. He evidently thought me no gentleman—a man destitute of all the chivalrous sentiments—a bachelor who showed no sort of respect for the rights of married men, traveling with their honest wives and band-boxes. For shame—a single man who wouldn't go and sit over a wheel to please a lady!

"Why didn't you go and sit over the wheel?" said I to myself, after the *pterfamilias* had left the carriage in indignation. "It would have been all the same to you, you know. Over the wheel, or astride the engine, you could have made yourself sufficiently comfortable; whereas this poor woman, who probably takes her hyson strong, could not sit still over the wheel a quarter of an hour, to save her life."

"But," I replied, "if the fellow had not been so very confident in the tone of his demand, which seemed to say, 'Do you, good sir, just get up, and go sit yonder over the wheel. My wife and I—we can't sit there; but this place suits us exactly.'"

Still, this special pleading did not answer the purpose. Nor could I, for the next quarter of an hour, get any relief from reading the newspaper. Indeed, I would then have gone after the lady, if it would have done any good—felt that I had failed in doing all that doth become a cavalier to do for the sex—and, finally, got no peace of mind until I had solemnly promised myself to make amends for this lack of gallantry by tendering proposals to the first unmarried lady I should meet with who "couldn't sit over a wheel."

If there is any choice of seats—I forgot to say—avoid taking one with the

man who wears his hat cocked on one side. He sports a heavy beard on cheeks and chin, beside dressing his locks with soap—*pommade de savon*. The seal ring on his little finger is as large as a German's; the brilliant (!) in his shirt-bosom would outweigh a Jew's; and yet, both together are not more conspicuous than is the ponderous anchor-chain which hangs from his fob. His cravat, too, is gay; and his waistcoat is a large check in warm colors; but his coat, beside being a little soiled, came originally from a haberdasher's. The patent leather of his boots is getting to be past shining; there is a well-marked circle of gray beginning to show itself around the crown of his black silk hat; and the color of his gloves will never be improved till they are put into the dyeing pot. Is he a wealthy dealer in groceries at wholesale? Probably. An entire sofa will not be too much for this man; for he will need a good deal of elbow-room, and will roll badly in his sleep. Beside, he chews tobacco. And should he, unluckily, have a "through ticket," as most likely he has, his pool will be apt to overflow that portion of the floor properly belonging to him, and will drown out your boot-heels, even if it do not flood your upper leather.

On reaching Alexandria, the next morning after leaving New York, I learned that I should have gone by the way of Richmond, as the railway from the former place to the mountains was not yet completed. This, however, was on my first visit to the Springs, two summers ago, when I was deceived by a mendacious "Railway Guide," which represented the whole state of Virginia to be a complete net of rails already laid down, and which proved a dear purchase at two shillings.

In order, then, to get upon the Virginia Central Railway, extending from Richmond to the foot of the mountains, at Staunton, I had to go by the Orange and Alexandria road as far as it was finished, and then travel some forty miles by stage-coach. Moreover, the iron horse having cast a shoe on the road, short as it was, and detained the train several hours, it was dark when I took my seat in the coach—a mishap of no little consequence, inasmuch as it prevented my fairly making out the features of the young lady directly opposite me

This was provoking, for I had not a doubt but that she was pretty. Her voice was a pure contralto—which is the best speaking voice—full and yet soft, the round sounds falling from the lips like drops from the honey-comb, and melting in the listener's ear like flute notes heard on the water. Why is it that one oftenest hears the most musical voices in the sunny south—those voices which attach you to the speaker as by the power of a charm—so mellow, with the ring of metal, and, like bird-notes, liquid? Why must we in the north so frequently squeak and whine through the nose? Let the schoolmaster see if he cannot do something to make boys and girls use the proper organs of speech; for it is partly his business.

Our conversation finally crossed the ocean, and ran on the pleasant themes of the European world. When discussing the topic of Nice, on our way into Italy, the fair unknown said to me:

"Didn't you, a couple of seasons ago, cross by steamer from Marseilles to Nice?"

"Yes."

"And don't you remember a beautiful evening, while sailing along the coast and making the capes of France—the Mediterranean moonlight—and—"

"And a young lady from Virginia with light hazel eyes? You, then, are Miss —!"

The next moment we were in each other's arms! The coach had gone straight over a Virginia rail-fence, as it seemed, or it might have been a stump in the road. Whatever it was, there were any number of similar obstacles on that cross-road, so that the jolting was as great as if there had never been such a man as Macadam in the world. Certainly he had never been in this part of Virginia. There were times when, for minutes together, the coach rolled like a ship in a heavy sea, with fearful inclinations to right and left, threatening certain break-down and overturn. Of course, we at once changed the theme of conversation from Nice to others less ticklish, and, at the same time, braced ourselves firmly in our places, holding on to straps and posts as best we could—I, for one, feeling all the while that another such embrace would prove fatal.

But the lady was to stop on the road. Her uncle was to meet her at a roadside inn, and conduct her to his home

near by. And, sure enough, there he was, the punctual old fellow, standing in the door-way as we drove up, and disconcerting all my hopes of having a chance of playing the gallant knight and protector of fair travelers. There he was, stick in hand, waiting for the arrival of his niece. But before he could hobble down the long flight of steps, the young lady had sprung from the coach at a bound, giving me her hand as she did so! The slight pressure of the fingers, I had not the vanity to suppose, was anything more than could not have well been helped in vaulting to the ground; nor would she probably have been in such a hurry to make the leap, but for her anxiety to impress a kiss on the cheek of the dear old uncle.

If the thing could have been done without harm to others, I would have bribed the driver to overturn us all at the very first corner; just for the sake of having a broken leg set and nursed under the roof of such a kind, hospitable-looking old gentleman as was the uncle. But fortune did not favor me, and we drove down the lane, and round the corner, in safety.

What a place, thought I, in which to set down so charming a lady—a blonde—with ringlets so soft and light, a zephyr could not pass without stopping to toy with and toss them on its wings—with a complexion many shades lighter, indeed, but harmonizing with the fair brown hair, almost more by resemblance than by contrast. And all this delicacy of beauty, this refinement of manners, this perfection of character, to be set down on a cross-road in the woods! It was almost as inexplicable as a *cosa de España*.

But herein, I afterwards observed, was one of the characteristics of Virginia travel, that let the coach stop at an inn, ever so humble in appearance, or the train be arrested at a station-house, scarcely better than a shed, you shall see beautiful ladies, and well-dressed gentlemen, waiting to take passage. The traveler from the North at first wonders how so much gentility can come out of the by-ways. But, on reflection, he remembers that here, as in England, the gentry, so to speak, live on their estates in the country, giving up the town to trades-people and mechanics.

And why, forsooth, should a man

who can appropriate to his own use a thousand acres of land, who, sitting on his piazza, shaded by ancient elms, can look down a lawn on which feed sheep and cattle, or can take his morning ride through growing fields of grain, and meadows in which the mower is swinging his scythe, who can bring up his sons and daughters in the midst of nature, every fair feature of which will afterwards be associated with the enjoyments of their early life—why should he cabin, crib, and confine himself in a brick house in town, with a twenty-foot front, and a prospect out of his windows of nothing but paving stones?

II.

CUSTOPOL.

I left the rail a few miles beyond Staunton; and in eight and thirty hours after my having crossed the Jersey ferry, a smart crack of the whip, under the belly of the off-leader, brought the coach handsomely round to the front door of the Warm Springs hotel. As I alighted, no sooner had my feet touched the ground than I was recognized by one of the black boys, who had waited on me two summers before at the White Sulphur, and was at once claimed by him as "his gentle'um." The fellow was, indeed, in a perfect ecstasy over the arrival of "his gentle'um from York;" while I, seeing no difference in his wool from that of a dozen other negroes standing by, had not the slightest recollection of ever having enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, and looked upon him simply as a "darkey" suddenly gone mad.

"Bery glad to see massa once more in de mount'ns," said he, rubbing his hands briskly, and grinning from ear to ear. "Do massa no remember Custopol ob de White Sulphur, two summers gone back?"

I looked again, and saw that it was, indeed, Custy! Could any other black boy in Virginia be so black as he? His nose was scarcely less flat than the pancakes he used to bring me at breakfast. His mouth was full half an inch in advance of it, and so large, that when he kissed any of the yellow girls, in going through the reel, the report was like that of a big pop-gun. Moreover, it was red; and I have always observed that, to make fun for white folks, there is none that can compare with

your red-lipped nigger. Custopol's teeth were grinders all round; and with his jaw-bone, a bold man could cut down as large a host of enemies as he could with that of an ass. But when it came to comparing foreheads, Custy was lacking there. In his brows there was no presence. The wool grew down over them; and cut ever so close, it would have sufficed to throw them into the shade, were they not already blacker than any shadow. Custy's phrenological developments were to be sought for elsewhere—even to his heels. Moreover, though his shoulders were broad, his back was hollow, and his waist a mere finger-bowl. So that when, on a Sunday, Custy drew his bands tight, and cocked his hat a little on one side of his head—in his bright yellow waistcoat, tall red cravat, and a gentleman's cast-off blue coat, set off with brass buttons, and cut with a broad roll in the collar—he was as jaunty a gallant as ever “pick-ed” a banjo.

Indeed, Custopol was my admiration for one whole summer, but, by the end of that time, his capacity for making me laugh was pretty well exhausted; and I must confess that I was not sorry when the servant afterwards assigned me by the landlord, turned out not to be my White Sulphur hero. One tires of the same black boy through two seasons.

III.

HOE-CAKES.

I went directly in to breakfast, being prepared for it by a drive outside the coach since daylight, and told Custopol to bring along his hoe-cakes.

“Nice ven’son steak, massa,” said Custy.

“Very well,” I replied, “hoe-cakes and venison steak.”

“Butter made in de house, massa!”

“Exactly—hoe-cakes, and venison steak, and fresh butter.”

“Hot milk?”

“No. Give me the cold cream. No such cream as this in York, Custy!”

“Me believe dat. People must come back to old Virginny for to see de right yaller milk.”

“And the yellow girls, too, Custy?”

“He! he! he! ha! ha! ha!” replied my colored Adonis, and wiped the water out of his mouth on the edge of his apron.

But when Custopol laughed, I made it a rule to stop the conversation. His grinning was all very fine, and brought out his ivory and the white of his eyes to admiration; but when it came to laughing, I was always afraid lest he might so far forget himself as to blow his steam-whistle, which would certainly bring down the whole house about my ears.

Venison steaks twice a day, and my black boy perpetually on the grin to see me eat them! Indeed, he would have been delighted to have served them as many times more; while his cakes, morning and evening, were as hot as the hearth from which they came. Bread, alone, answers a poor purpose; but on corn cakes, venison, and mountain air—with a drop of the dew now and then—a man, whose conscience is easy, will as surely thrive as cows on clover. From the very first day of this regimen, his ribs feel heavier; while on the piazza stand the scales, for the purpose of enabling him daily to note the happy progress he is making toward one hundred stone. The thin dyspeptic, on arriving in these mountains, no longer weighs his food, but himself, and, after every meal, kicks the beam one notch higher. If, then, at night, he will also give a boy a quarter to “pick” the banjo under his window, and sing “Going Over Jordan,” and “Jim Crack Corn,” he will end his day with perfect stomachic satisfaction, falling sound asleep in the very act of ha-ha-ing, and dreaming of nothing short of the Moor’s paradise, and a heaven carved in ebony.

By the way, this fondness for being weighed is universal at these springs; at each one of which there is a pair of balances standing not far from the front door of the hotel, and offering their convenience to the guests. Accordingly, every man and woman wishes to know how many pounds he or she has gained in the last twenty-four hours. Nine persons out of ten, here, can tell you their exact weight. Especially is it pleasing to see the eagerness of young mothers to know how fast their babies are growing; but I scarcely ever saw one who was strictly impartial at the trial. They were always disposed to give the little fellow credit for a half pound or so more than he was entitled to; would daily crowd up the beam; and sometimes make such announce-

ments that, let the baby be ever so fat, one could not refrain from believing he had, besides, a brick in his cap. Some infants would make no impression whatever upon the scales, and would have to be taken out until they were a week older, or, at least, had eaten their dinner. The mothers of others again were ashamed to have it known what they weighed. One thin, nervous gentleman, also, with a touch of the dyspepsia, could not be induced, by any amount of persuasion, to get into the scales, being apparently afraid to know how light he was. Ladies of a certain age, too, were rather shy of them. Once I saw a matron turned of forty, who, in a heedless moment, had ventured to take her seat under the beam, jump out of it, on the announcement of the number one hundred and ninety-nine, as if she had been shot. But some old gents, on the other hand, who used to sit about in easy, wide-bottomed chairs, were evidently well pleased at showing off the effect of their threescore years of good living—generally taking the opportunity of giving the name of the county in which they had been “raised,” and mentioning the weight of their fathers before them.

Still—to return to my muttons—it must be confessed that, since the arrival of the French cook in these hills, there is a notable falling off in the pleasures of the table. Sambo was a better spit-turner. An outcast from the Palais Royal, where he served dinners at two francs per head, the *artiste*, who arrives in the central regions of Virginia, brings with him only the knowledge of a few tricks for cheapening dishes. His grand invention is to put all meats into the pot. His roast beef is first boiled, and then roasted. So is his roast mutton. A thorough-going socialist at heart, he has even gone so far, at some of the springs, as to boil all his meats together in one cauldron; thereby reducing them all to an equality. The saddle of venison lies—alas! to think of it—cheek by jowl with ham, and a side of bacon. Beef must fraternize with veal, and exchange juices with it. Even the pig—little innocent—is put into water, and parboiled. Shade of Charles Lamb! that he should no more be roasted! But it has come to this in the progress of civilization, and the greedy water is allowed to suck out half the juices which made the Chinaman’s fingers so

savory when, by that happy accident, he pulled out the roasted pig from the burning house by the tail, and invented a dish, the memory of which, one would suppose, the latest posterity would not willingly let die.

I know the merits of the well-educated professor of the French kitchen; but the vagabond, who has found his way into the valleys of the Blue Ridge, has nothing of the professor about him, save his paper cap. He is homesick—*régrettant la patrie*—into the bargain; and, I have not a doubt, qualifies his soups with his tears. Let no man taste them. Certainly, he has either forgotten his French, or never knew it; for his daily bills of fare are printed after a fashion that would break the heart of a proof-reader, if there were any. The other day the landlord, proud of the outlandish look of his list of dishes, and thinking, perhaps, to pay me a compliment, in intimating that I was acquainted with the French language, said:

“You can read this, I suppose, sir?”

“No,” I was obliged to reply.

“Really—I am unable to do it.”

IV.

SULLY.

The landlord having shown me up to room No. 14, the appearance of which was satisfactory, said he would send a boy to wait on me. Straightway the fellow made his appearance, being about forty-five years of age, though still a boy in Southern parlance, and destined to remain such to the day of his death. He came with the official brush in hand, and, bowing, asked:

“Will Massa have his coat brushed?”

“You are to be my boy, then?” I inquired in return.

“Yes. And will Massa have his coat brushed?”

“What is your name?”

“They call me Sully.”

“Sully!” I exclaimed, taken suddenly with a fit of abstraction at hearing a name which had not saluted my ears since the days when, a sophomore, I was drilled in history by the college professor. “Sully! you then were once a prime minister of state! You were a duke! You were the favorite of one of the most heroic and the most amiable kings of modern times! You were his ambassador at the English court, in the days of the great Queen Bess. And

Sully, you rogue, repeat to me some of the fine things you whispered in the greedy ear of Her Majesty!"

The Sully before me, who stood still in his shoes, without moving a hair's breadth, nor scarcely so much as winking, opened his mouth for a reply—but all he could repeat was the question:

"Will Massa have his coat brushed?"

By this time, of course, I had become convinced that it was no use trying to teach "dis nigger" history, or to persuade him that he had ever been anybody else than the boy Sully, who was "raised" in Norfolk, and belonged to a citizen there who kept an oyster shop—

"O, raking 'mongst the oyster beds,
To me it was a trade"—

and who, when shell-fish were out of season, hired out his servant to wait and brush at the White Sulphur.

After getting this short narrative—and it was about all that the boy knew respecting his history—it remained only to reply to his so many times repeated interrogatory:

"Yes, Sully! you may brush my coat."

Sully, accordingly, brushed my coat, a task he continued to do daily. He brushed my shoes also, and performed the service of my room. When he had no other work on hand, it was his duty, and his pleasure, to look after me. He brought me a match to light my cigar, if, by chance, I wanted one. He brought me my hat, my gloves, my stick. And, finally, he stood over me at table, with a peacock's tail in his hand, to keep the flies off, when, as brushing was his favorite summer vocation, he sometimes, with the tip of his feathers, also brushed my tea and coffee.

As the song has it—

"When I was young, I had to wait
On massa's table, and hand de plate;
I pass de bottle when he's dry,
And brush away de blue-tail fly."

But, if Sully had few or no materials for the biographer, to the observer of men and things he presented a person of a size sufficient to awaken attention and justify description. He was constructed on the principle of the curve. With nothing angular about him, he was as round as an apple, and everywhere came full circle. He was, by all odds, the fat boy of the establishment. Of course, he had no waist, and was un-

der the natural necessity of wearing suspenders. His skin was so full, that, but for the perspiration which dropped from every pore the moment he put himself in motion, it was plain there would be a crack somewhere. He must have been in the habit of frequently opening his oyster and his mouth at the same point of time, otherwise, nature could never have attained to such fullness of form, and so universally brought all her lines round till they met. And then, what was gained in winter was not lost in summer; because, he coming up at the commencement of the warm season into the pure air of the mountains, the fat of the bivalve, which had once settled on his ribs, remained there the year round.

In regarding Sully's mouth, one could not fail of being reminded of the wonderful adaptations of nature, and the fitness of things. It illustrated and proved true the famous doctrine of the Swedenborgian correspondences—a homely argument, indeed, but one much more convincing than all the far-fetched and mystical analogies relied on in the books. For, to one comparing the proportions of a well-developed Norfolk oyster with those of the boy's mouth, that the two were in exact correspondence, and meant by nature to go together, was as plain as moonshine.

Sully had not the least particle of vanity in his composition; at least, in studying him carefully for a fortnight, I could see no sign of any. He, accordingly, did not imitate white folks. Probably his master, the Norfolk oyster-dealer, was a short, fat man, who, being tolerably well to do in the world, had long since ceased to open his own oysters, and did nothing but stolidly sit about, and overlook the slow activity of his servant. But whatever resemblance there was between the two must have been accidental, or the natural consequence of their mutual relations; for that the boy ever intentionally took any white man for a pattern is not credible, he being so entirely *sui generis*.

This utter lack of vanity showed itself not only in his manners, but also in his dress. His clothes were evidently all originally made to fit his own person, and were not the thrown-aside garments of a gentleman. They, consequently, were the furthest possible removed from *chique*. There was no dash in the cravat, no fashion in the coat,

and not so much as a bright red or yellow thread in his whole wardrobe. All was either plain white or black. Or, at least, if there were any warmer tints, they were so subdued, and ran so naturally into the two cold colors, that the prevailing tone of modest dullness was never marred. The boy's fancy seemed never to have risen higher than the simplest black and white check. This he always donned clean—in no sense could it be said that he sported it—on a Sunday.

Sully's dress corresponded with his disposition, which was not gay. I cannot conceive of his ever having danced the "break-down." If he had ever attempted it, it must have been when, on some great festal occasion, he so far departed from his usual sobriety as to take a little whisky. Nor could he touch the banjo. I don't believe he had ever been half a dozen times to a colored ball since he was a small boy; nor, except on rare occasions, was he ever seen looking in at the windows of the saloon in the hotel upon waltz or cotillion. If he could only go to bed early he wanted no other amusement, unless, indeed, it were to get up late. He, however, could doze tolerably well, even on his feet, and engaged in his ordinary avocations.

I never saw Sully make a gesture but once, and then it was entirely in keeping. It was not a pointed gesture. He did not lay his thumb against the end of his nose, with little finger projecting, nor, with extended index, count off his arguments on his digits. Much less was there any violence indicated in the motion; no doubling of the fist; no beating the breast; no rapping of the knuckles on a table. But Sully deliberately raised his hand, and deliberately brought it down again, in both instances describing a semi-circle. The movement was as round as himself.

And the occasion on which Sully made this gesture was, when I asked him a question respecting his wife.

"Sully," I inquired one day, "are you a married boy?"

"Yes, massa; 'tis now gone two years."

"Picked out a young girl for your wife, Sully?"

"No, I took an old gal—a free woman—born de same year dat was me."

"And how do you like it—the married life?"

"Right well."

"But suppose you and your wife should disagree?"

"Massa," said Sully, and it was then he made his gesture—"we should quit!"

V.

FIVE UNPROTECTED LADIES.

Five ladies, unattended by a gentleman, arrived at the Sweet Springs, in the same coach as myself. They were apparently all of the same age, and looked enough alike to be sisters. Two of them, certainly, had formerly accepted of husbands; the others probably not. Yet, being help-mates one of the other, they got on safely, and everywhere had their own way, spite of men and fate. Their very number gave them force, and great advantages over a single unprotected female.

On the road, they were, indeed, not a little anxious about their baggage, fearing lest it might be cut off from the coach by robbers, while the driver was thinking of something else; and whenever we stopped, one of them, at least, generally managed to get out, for the purpose of seeing that their trunks rode comfortably. All their hand-boxes were on the top of the coach, excepting one of considerable size containing caps, and another smaller one filled with homœopathic medicines, both of which were carefully carried in their laps. Whenever, therefore, the road was a little rough—and it was by no means always smooth—one eye was kept out of the window to see if, by chance, some of the boxes might not be tossed over the railing. The ladies, themselves, stood the jolting pretty well, their thoughts being mostly fixed on their valuables outside; and, indeed, the chief pleasure experienced on their travels seemed to be the satisfaction it gave them, at every stopping place, to learn from personal observation, confirmed by the testimony of the driver, that all their traveling effects were safe. That both they themselves, and all they had, should get unharmed to the end of their journey, was surely a cause for the very greatest satisfaction.

So it turned out. They were all delivered over to the landlord of the inn, which had been fixed upon, months before, as the spot where they would pass the summer, safe and sound, themselves, their trunks, and their boxes—even to

their umbrellas, parasols, and sticks. But I mistake—they had no sticks.

Once, however, on the journey, they had been pretty badly frightened. There was then running on the road a line of coaches in opposition to that of the mail; and, in consideration of a very considerable abatement in the price of passage, the ladies had ventured to take seats in one of the former. But the drivers sharing the spirit of rivalry between the proprietors, the Jehu of the "Lucy Dashwood"—in which the ladies had taken passage—had, from the start, made up his mind that he would take the snapper off the lash of the "old line" driver, before reaching the end of his journey. Accordingly, he managed to keep close behind his rival until they came to a place where there was room enough for a race. The main road itself, just there, was narrow, and had some sharp turns in it, so that quick driving over it required a pretty steady rein, and horses well in hand. But along its side ran a creek, the bed of which also furnished a track to a driver who, at the same time, was not a bad pilot. Therefore, on reaching this place, the hindmost whip determined that he would either tip over, or get the lead. Seeing that his opponent kept to the road which was dry, he boldly dashed into the wet one.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the ladies, all at once; and, but for being held fast, one or more of them would certainly have jumped out into the creek. Meanwhile, splash down through the torrent went coach and horses, making the water fly in at the windows as if it had been a violent rain-storm. The ladies dropped both cap-box and medicine-chest, in order to clasp their hands in consternation. But before they had time to wring them, the horses, with the lash around the ears of the leaders, sprang out of the creek at a bound. The small boulders in the road where it left the water leaped out of it as if they had been frogs; the good, stout vehicle shook in every timber, but came out unbroken; the harness held fast, and the horses, gaining once more the smooth terra firma, rattled down the hill, with tails in the wind, and their dull rivals far behind.

Immediately on being set down at the inn, the five ladies took possession of the landlord, and carried him off with them, to look at his rooms; and, accord-

ing to the account of the matter afterwards given to me, he did not get out of their hands without some rather hard usage. They did not like his accommodations. The rooms first offered them they scarcely deigned to look at; but, after going over the whole house, and holding a consultation upon every vacant chamber in it, they finally came back to those they had so disdainfully refused at first, but which, by that time, had been taken by another party. So they were obliged to go over the whole ground a second time. One of the sisters wanted to have a bed which no man had ever slept in! Another insisted on being settled in the new part of the building, lest there should be animalculæ in the walls of the old. In all the rooms they pulled up the bed-clothes, and peered anxiously, but knowingly, into the holes in the four posts. They demanded a rocking-chair, with a cushion to it, in each one of their chambers. And, finally, one thing was absolutely indispensable—the curtains at the windows were an insufficient protection; they must be reinforced by shutters, made by the carpenter.

"But, ladies," replied the good-natured landlord, "there is not a carpenter to be had in the mountains. If you think the curtains insufficient, you must pin up something."

"Indeed, we have nothing to pin up!" rejoined they all. Finally, however, seeing there was no remedy, this suggestion met with their approbation; and, either with or without what they wanted, or thought they wanted, the five ladies were, at last, all settled in their chambers.

But it was not more than ten minutes after they had taken possession of their apartments, before one of the ladies rang the landlord up again. Her chimney smoked.

"That can't be, Madam," said the host, "for there is no fire in it."

"So much the worse, if it smokes when there is no fire! What, then, will it do, when, on a rainy day, there are a couple of back-logs on, and I sit down to warm my feet by the fire?"

"But, Madam, I don't perceive that it does smoke."

"I do. I smell it. And when there are fires built all about the house, I am sure that this chimney will smoke violently. There are now several gentlemen with their cigars on the piazza,

and their smoke comes down through this fire-place. I smell it."

The landlord was a man of too much experience to argue long against the testimony of one of the seven senses—particularly in the case of a lady arrived at such years of discretion. He, therefore, quietly gave up his argument; the lady her chamber; and so the peace between them was not broken.

Only one thing remained to give them any uneasiness—and that was their traveling-bag. For, on the journey, some inconsiderate person had remarked that he believed one of the outside passengers was just recovering from an attack of the small-pox, caught at Staunton, where there had recently been several cases of it.

"O, our traveling-bag!" exclaimed she who seemed to be rather the bellwether of the party. "The man has been sitting on our traveling-bag!"

He had, in fact, been sitting, at one time, with his back against the unlucky piece of baggage; and it very naturally followed that he had given it the small-pox.

What was to be done? The bag contained a part of their several wardrobes, which could no more be dispensed with than shutters to the windows. What in the world was to be done?

"Have you ever been vaccinated?" first asked each of the other.

"Yes, I have been vaccinated," was the reply all round.

"Have you been revaccinated?"

"Yes, I have been revaccinated."

"Then let me see the scar."

The scars were, some of them, hard to find; but, when found, were all pronounced satisfactory. And after much debating of the point, it was finally decided that, if the bag should be well smoked, and then its contents washed, a globule from phial marked 44 being put in the tub, they would run very little, if any, risk of taking the contagion.

It is more than probable that they escaped this peril also; for there was some reason for believing that the traveler, who made the remark about the outside passenger having this disease, was an evil-disposed person, who could not resist the malicious pleasure of quizzing these respectable, but unprotected ladies. If so, he deserved the severest condemnation, and will no doubt

find his reward reserved for him in the future.

At the close of the bathing season, on returning to the inn at the "Sweet," I inquired of the major-domo if any of the "five ladies" had had the small-pox before leaving, and was glad to learn that, up to that time, the disease had not made its appearance among them. They had passed the summer, on the whole, to their satisfaction, though, on being weighed the morning of their departure, it was found that, after all their endeavors to the contrary, they had not gained a single pound. But if they had not gained, so had they not lost anything. And their dresses would not need altering.

A good many suggestions, the manager informed me, he had received from them, in the course of the summer, as to how the accommodations of his house might be improved against another season. They had, indeed, planned an entirely new cast of the whole establishment, adding an additional wing to the house, removing the stables, changing the fences, turning the current of the creek, and doing a good deal of painting and whitewashing, both in doors and out. They had, also, closely calculated, with slate and pencil, the value of the property—houses, lands, baths, and live stock—besides making an estimate of the gross and net receipts of the establishment; and, by their own showing, had run the proprietor in debt for betterments to full three times the value of his estate.

To all these suggested improvements, therefore, the inn-keeper had gravely shaken his head; and, in winding up his story, he further intimated to me that, in his opinion, persons, whose wants at a hotel were the most numerous and unreasonable, did not always live any better at home than those who were more easily pleased, and took things as they came.

"However," added he, "they were very worthy ladies; and, no doubt, had been accustomed to have their own way at home—everything pat—and just so. But our servants could not get along with them at all. Poor Polly's head—she's the maid—was turned before they had been in the house a week; and Sam, the small boy who waited on them at table, was fairly brought down, the day before their departure, with what is called here the 'break-bone fever.'"

[To be continued.]

THE SENSE OF SIGHT IN BIRDS.

AUDUBON has written an amusing book, I had almost said of fables, called Ornithological Biography. By a number of cruel experiments, he has proved to his own entire satisfaction, and that of many others, that vultures are led to their food by the sense of sight alone; the sense of smell, which they were supposed to possess in an exquisite degree, affording them not the slightest assistance. His experiments prove quite too much for his purpose, for they equally deprive the poor bird in question of both sight and smell. It is certain that this bird possesses both senses in great perfection, and equally certain that neither nor both are the sole means it employs for obtaining its food. Though the senses in animals are means of obtaining them food, they are not the sole means, as we very well know.

It is a most curious question, and well worth more attention than it has ever yet received. For want of a better explanation, we usually say there is an instinct that enables animals to find their food. Many go from great distances directly to it. Pigeons find out newly-sown fields immediately, and will frequently go several miles to a field the very first morning after it is sown. Wild ducks that feed at night, are equally quick in finding their food; and in this case, I would be glad to know what sense they employ. The red-deer invariably knows when the shepherd's patch of grain is fit for his food, and will frequently come down in such numbers as to eat up the entire crop in a single night. In fact, all birds, whatever their food may be, have an instinctive power of discovering it immediately, and that from such distances as no acuteness of either sight or smell will account for. Without allowing this, you cannot explain facts too numerous, and too well authenticated, to be doubted. It is precisely the same faculty, whatever it may be, that enables the carrier-pigeon to find its way home, take it what distance, and any way covered up, you will. Toss it up in the air, and, after circling for a few moments, it adopts its line of flight, without hesitation and without mistake. Audubon himself furnishes an instance of the exercise of this faculty, in his description of the razorbill.

"The instinct or sagacity which enables the razorbills, after being scattered in all directions, in quest of food, during the long night, often at great distances from each other, to congregate towards morning, previously to their alighting on a spot to rest, has appeared to me truly wonderful: and I have been tempted to believe that their place of rendezvous had been agreed upon the evening before."

In disputing about the comparative value of the senses of sight and smell in birds, authors notice a much more curious fact—the great power birds possess of altering the focal length of their eyes. To see equally well an object at a distance of many miles, and a minute seed or insect an inch from the bill, may well amaze us. Observe the first person of your acquaintance you meet, who happens to wear spectacles. If he looks at an object near him, he looks *through* his glasses: if at a more distant one, *over* them. Go to a practical optician and desire him to construct an instrument that will enable you to do what birds are constantly doing in this, and he will, most likely, tell you the thing is impossible.

Man probably surpasses birds in extent of vision, as much as birds surpass man in sharpness. Ross, in his voyage to Baffin's Bay, proved that a man, under favorable circumstances, could see over the surface of the sea 150 miles. It is not probable that any animal can equal this for extent. In sharpness of sight, on the other hand, birds greatly excel us. The eagle, soaring at such a height that he seems a mere speck, sees the grouse walking in the heather, which it so closely resembles in color as readily to escape the sportsman's eye. Schmidt threw to a considerable distance from a thrush a number of beetles, of a pale gray color, which the unassisted human eye failed to detect, yet the bird observed them immediately. Many birds readily perceive insects on branches where the sharpest sighted person can detect nothing.

The eyes of birds are remarkable for their great comparative size, the great convexity of the cornea, and for having the sclerotic coat formed anteriorly to a circle of bony plates. The optic nerves are very large, and unite so

intimately as to appear perfectly incorporated. The iris is exceedingly contractile—as all may have observed who have watched a bird dying. Birds do not expire with eyes open, as is the case with man and the lower animals, and when they are expiring, you may readily observe the great power they possess of dilating and contracting the pupil. The muscles, as in man, are six in number—four straight and two oblique. In many birds the eye-ball possesses very little mobility, and in some of the owls it is so closely fitted into the orbit as to be immovable.

How the eye adapts itself to near and distant objects is one of the most abstruse questions in physiology. Three explanations have been offered. 1. By bringing forward the crystalline lens

nearer to the cornea, without altering the form of the whole eye or the crystalline itself. 2. By changing the figure of the globe of the eye, so as to increase the distance between the cornea and retina, as you pull out the joints of a common spy-glass; and 3. Without altering the general form of the eye, by increasing the sphericity of the crystalline, and thus increasing its refractive power. The first was the opinion of Haller and the earlier physiologists. The second was adopted by Blumenbach and many able men. The third was the opinion of Lewenhoeck, Descartes, and Dr. Young, and is, perhaps, the true explanation. Sir Everard Home and Mr. Ramsden performed many experiments to elucidate the question, but they proved nothing.

FALL.

I HEARD a tree to its sole self complain,
Amid whose boughs of rust and scarlet stain
The solemn sunshine poured its golden rain.

Strange as the mournful sounds that steal through sleep,
As if a mist should strive in dew to weep,
The low, sad cadence past my sense did creep.

"Ah! little, tender, dancing leaves, that first
Out of my sere and wintry branches burst,
With mildest showers and April sunshine nurst;

"More verdant garlands, fresh with life and June,
Wherein the light winds played a fairy tune,
And set them glittering to the quiet moon;

"Then in their prime, the thick, green, summer leaves,
Lost in whose rustling depth the cricket grieves,
Or the quaint spider radiant tracery weaves;

"Swift ye forsake, slow fluttering to the ground,
These desolate boughs, no more with glory crowned,
Where every rain may breathe its sighing sound.

"One, and another, and another yet,
No time for grief to ripen to regret,
Full on my brow stands the sharp coronet.

"Did the cold terror, curdling at my heart,
Strike sudden death, and force your clasp apart,
I too were all too chill to feel ye part.

"But warm and fierce the vital torrent flows,
As keener thorns surround the brightest rose,
Death's bitterest draught life's ardor only knows."

NOTES IN SYRIA.

THE Syrians seemed to me an eminently social people, inquisitive, gay, good-natured, and, on the whole, amiable. Their failings are a large spice of envy, a plentiful peppering of lies, vanity, lack of moral courage, and a particular susceptibility to ridicule. They enjoy a long, late sitting with a party of friends, where the time is spent in coffee, conversation, and a reciprocity of nargeelehs, compliments, and stories. They abound in graceful gestures, are quick in repartee, delight in argument, and have a ready flow of talk. Their subjects of conversation were the crops, money-making, sectarian quarrels, politics, literature, and scandal. They made large use of innumerable current proverbs and quotations from favorite old poets. The women always began with a salutatory exordium of compliments, followed up fast with gossip and household matters, and closed with another shower of compliments, like the shaking of a fruitful apple-tree. Abu Mekheil talked literature, occasionally, and used to get into fragrant brown studies over his pipe and the Arabic books in the Hakeem's library. In general, the men were remarkably courteous and self-possessed in their manners, and, not seldom, polished, and even elegant. They are singularly forbearing towards a foreigner's mistakes in their language, and they greeted some initiatory steps of mine in it with extremely undeserved applause. The very women and children, though of course less accustomed to strangers, showed this same civility, this same command over their features. The boys in the mission schools would sit, without a smile on their small faces, listening to some new-fledged missionary, who, for the first time, perhaps, was lifting up his bill, and trying to chirrup in Arabic. He might commit blunders enough to make a comedy, he might talk a lingo which no human being understood but himself, without extracting a grin from their infantine gravity and self-possession.

This singular forbearance is not extended alone to verbal misfortunes. I remember once making a spectacle of myself in a bodily way, without exciting the most modest merriment among the oriental bystanders. I had spent

the night in one of the loftiest and least visited hamlets of the mountain, and was about to scale the back of my mule in presence of a crowd of curious villagers. Now a Syrian saddle is a broad, flat affair, extending, like an unstable table-land, from the animal's shoulders to his tail, utterly destitute of pommel, or any similar contrivance, to aid a mounter or steady a rider. Resolved to give the natives an exaggerated idea of American agility, I made a grand jump, with the intention of seating myself without the aid of the stirrups. But I jumped a fraction too far, and overshot the mark, coming down on the other side, like a diver, with my hands and nose in the dust, and my feet in the saddle. The mule stood perfectly still, not caring a shake of his ears for my evolutions; and there I remained a moment, while my coat-skirts rolled over my head, as if to veil me mercifully from the ridicule of mankind. There was a general grunt of sympathy from the spectators; they rushed forward, and helped me back to my natural uprightness, with as much tenderness as if I had been the sole offspring of every one of them. Not a smirk could I discover in all those faces, ranging from first to second childhood; and only when I set the example of laughing, did they reply by a temperate, well-bred smile; nor did even that seem to arise from anything more than a polite sympathy with my amusement. Now, if the Slicks, and the Downings, and their neighbors, should see a Turk take a flying leap over his quadruped, and get stuck, upside down, with his proboscis in a rut and his feet in the saddle, it is my impression that the Slicks, and the Downings, and their neighbors, would smile rather intemperately on the occasion.

This instinct of courtesy, together with a poetic love of figures and hyperbole, has produced a language of conversation absolutely ponderous with salutations and compliments. I asked my linguistic friend, the Hakeem, to give me a sample of Syrian talk, and he obliged me with the following dialogue, translated from the honeyed lips of some children of the East. The parties are supposed to be acquaintances, meeting by hazard, and exchanging the ordinary chit-chat of the country.

They are called Zeid and Omr, citizens, most probably, of Beirut. They put their right hands to their breasts, and take their pipes from their lips as they speak.

Zeid. May God bless your morning.

Omr. May he bless yours also.

Zeid. What is your condition to-day?

Omr. God give you peace. How are you?

Zeid. God prolong your life. I am well, by your favor.

Omr. By the favor of God.

Zeid. Are the cherished sons well?

Omr. They kiss your hands. Your sons are well?

Zeid. They inquire for your pleasure.

Omr. What news to-day?

Zeid. You are better informed. You must have heard something.

Omr. God knows. News has reached me that the Queen of England sends her fleet to take possession of our country and drive out the Turks. The vessels are not yet arrived, but the Pasha is in great fear.

Zeid. What has God wrought?

Omr. He is all-powerful.

Zeid. Do you go to the city to-day?

Omr. If God wills [i. e. perhaps]. When do you go?

Zeid. When God wills [i. e., it is uncertain].

[Enter a Mountaineer.]

Mountaineer. Healths! I hope you are all satiated.

Zeid. God satisfy you with mercy.

[Enter Yusef, surnamed Abu Fares.]

Zeid. Praise to God for your safety.

Yusef. I give thanks for your ascription of praise on my account.

Zeid. You have prolonged your absence. We have longed for you.

Yusef. May mercy never forsake you. I have had excessive desire to see you, and intended to come sooner.

Zeid. I hope the hindrance was prosperity.

Yusef. God increase your prosperity. There has been sickness in my house.

Omr. Has the mother of Fares been ill?

Yusef. No. It is my daughter (saving your presence). I must go for the Hakeem, and, as I am a stranger at his house, I rely upon your intercession

with him. I beg you to do me the favor when you have finished your business I have found the sight of you pleasant. I bid you farewell.

Zeid. Go in the keeping of God. May he preserve us during your lifetime. Go in peace.

It is now supposed that Zeid and Omr finish their private conversation, and march after Yusef to back his petition for medical aid. The three enter the Hakeem's door, without knock or other signal, leave their shoes at the threshold, and walk with bare feet over the coarse reed matting. The Hakeem is sitting on a divan at the further end of the hall, discussing with Abu Mekheil the mysteries of Arabic grammar. The three worthies approach, and, putting their hands to their bosoms, salute him with a trio of blessings on his morning. "Welcome! welcome!" he replies. "May God also prosper your morning." They sit down at his invitation, and then comes the inevitable coffee and tobacco, and the equally inevitable thrusting and parrying of compliments. After a while, suspecting that some one is ill, and wishing to finish the conversation, the Hakeem urges vehemently his inquiries about health. One of the parties then comes to the point after the following fashion.

Zeid. Khowajah Yusef has a favor to ask. He was diffident about it, but we assured him that your excellency delighted in doing good to all.

Omr. His child, a girl (saving your presence), is ill; and he, poor man! has tried many doctors; but our people know nothing, and he wishes now to leave those ignoramuses and apply to a son of a school.

Yusef. Your excellency's celebrity as a lover of all, a doer of good, and as a successful doctor, would have induced me to come to you at first; but I was ashamed, and so employed children of the Arabs; but how can a son of an Arab know anything! So finding my child growing worse, I ventured to trouble my friends, Haji Omr and Howajah Zeid, to intercede with you for me.

Hakeem. I am doubtful whether the time permits me to go.

Omr. Oh, consider it just a walk for pleasure, and so call in, and gain mercy by a good work.

Hakeem. I have no road that way just now.

Zeid. Khowajah Yusef would not have ventured to annoy you, but he knew that you, like Jesus, went about doing good.

Yusef. I hope that you will consent, in honor of the Lord, and of my two interceding friends.

Zeid. (In an audible aside.) There is nobody like these Franks. There is even no other one of them like him. A gentle nature! Yes, and education has results! All his patients recover. Yes, God blesses his hands in all that they do; and may God reward him!

Yusef. I kiss your shoes. I pray you. I came no one but God and you. I came a day's journey, seeking God and you.

Omr. Khowajah Yusef, do not press him too much. These Frank gentlemen always do good, and need no urging. He will see your child, and God will heal her by his hands.

The Hakeem surrenders. Yusef tries to kiss his miraculous fingers. Zeid and Omr thank him for accepting their intercession.

"And now," says the Hakeem to me, "let us have a few commentaries. Abu Fares means Father of Fares; the individual named Fares being his oldest son. When Abu Fares is questioned concerning the causes of his prolix absence from the longing eyes of Zeid and Omr, he replies, indefinitely, that there has been sickness in the house. This means that a wife or daughter was sick. If it had been a son, he would have mentioned the name. It is not considered genteel in Syria to obtrude the existence of your female relations on the notice of masculine friends. There is a phrase, which I have twice translated, *saving your preseng*. It means literally, *may you be elevated above it*. It is about the same as if a man should say: I beg your pardon for mentioning such a thing. These civil folk use it in speaking of any mean objects, such as asses, hogs, Jews, and women. It is in this courteous spirit toward the lords of humanity that Abu Fares observes: My daughter (*saving your presence*) is sick. But this phrase is now confined to the mountains and interior. A friend of mine, in Syria, passed a pretty fair joke on one of our intelligent Arab acquaintance. 'Abu Habeeb,' said he, 'it is reported that the Queen of England (*saving your presence*) intends to visit the King of France.'

"And how did Abu Habeeb take the observation? As a matter of course?"

"No; he saw the joke:—rather nettled by it than flattered. As for another phrase, in *sha allah*, which I have translated, *if God please*, it is an expression of wide meaning, a sort of omnibus of ideas, but generally implies doubt. They use it where we would say, *perhaps so*, or *I hope so*. I remember a grammar, compiled by some Arab scholar, in which it is introduced in a very curious way. Speaking of a certain verb, of which the first and second voices are regular and the third irregular, the grammarian observes: 'The first form of this verb is conjugated thus (giving the terminations); and the second form is conjugated thus; and the third form is conjugated as *God pleases*. That is, it has no rule.'"

In reference to the disinclination of the Arabs to speak of women, I will mention, before passing to other subjects, the visit of a young Druze Sheikh to the Hakeem, for the purpose of obtaining advice and medicine, for some invalid member of his own family. He began stating the case in the formal, indefinite style of a man who wishes to relate an affair without hitting on some unpleasant circumstance in it. "There is one among us," said he, "who is sick; and he has a pain in his side, and spasms in his left arm; he has now been ill for two or three weeks; but these symptoms which I have mentioned have only occurred within a few days."

Hakeem. Is the person you speak of old or young?

Sheikh. (With grave politeness.) The person of whom I speak (and may you be exalted above her) is a woman, and is young.

I noticed that the men in Syria often sported, in conversation, not only the inevitable pipe, but a string of large beads like a rosary. I thought at first that everybody was saying his prayers, or getting ready to say them on a moment's notice. But the only object of the trinket was to fill up the chinks in the conversation, and relieve the embarrassed idleness of unoccupied fingers. In fact, the people tumbled and manipulated their beads just in the same way that a Yankee whittles, or puts his hands in his pockets. The moment a conversation commenced, out would come the beads, and be counted, and slid, and rat-

fled, and tied up, and untied, until the parting words were said and over. If a man lost his string of beads, he seemed to lose the thread of his ideas. I have seen, exactly in this predicament, a very wrathful sub-official of the Sultan, who had been grievously disturbed in the execution of his duties by a cunning mountaineer. He was one of the Howaleh, or irregular cavalry of Syria, a trooper in war, and a policeman in peace. The scene of fortune's disagreement with him was a small village in Lebanon, to the northeast of Beirut. The Hakeem and I were sitting on a bank near a number of Arabs engaged in low, earnest conversation. It seems that an inhabitant of the village had got scandalously into debt to somebody, and that the creditor, as usual in hopeless cases, had applied to the government to collect his money. The Syrian way of punishing a debtor, rough as it is, is far preferable to our contemptible idea of sending a man to prison, where he cannot work even to support his family. The pasha dragoons the defaulter into honesty by quartering one or two, or more, sometimes twenty of the Howaleh upon him. These cavaliers ride up to the door, and give themselves the trouble of dismounting and walking in; after which they are delicately tended and fed until the money is forthcoming. They must have lodgings; they must have breakfast, and dinner, and lunch; they would die without their pipes and coffee; their beasts must be cared for as themselves; in the words of Harold Skimpole, all they want is to live; but that is a good deal out of the pocket of the behind-handed proprietor. They are a pest to the women, who are obliged to keep themselves always veiled in their presence, no matter what urgent or delicate business is on hand, no matter if the household fat is in the fire ever so extensively. But all this time the annoyed debtor is free; he can work, and he usually does so with a will. In fact, the system is an effective one, and I respectfully recommend it to the consideration of our legislators.

But, in the case mentioned, the defaulter was a wily, desperate fellow, one of the worst characters in the mountain, with the stains of blood, as well as the corrosion of gold, on his tattered conscience. Hearing that two horsemen were to be quartered on him, he broke up house-keeping with marvelous celerity, dispersed his family and

effects among his neighbors, locked the door of his empty dwelling, and vanished into some unknown refuge. The Howaleh came just in time to wish that they had come before. As these errant righters of wrongs, and guardians of Syrian peace, usually have short purses, or none at all, our friends found themselves in a deplorable situation. No bed, no dinner, no coffee, nobody's pipes but their own, and nobody's barley for their horses. The group before us consisted of one of these gentlemen and two or three villagers, who were feeding the hungry individual with consolatory morsels of sympathy and advice. He was a man of about forty, short, dark, and grave, with a look of vicious cunning peeping out like a spider from his web of already deep wrinkles. At this moment the other Howaleh dashed up, and flung himself furiously out of his saddle. Somewhat younger than his comrade, he had a bolder, more reckless air on his swarthy aquiline features. He had apparently been on some scouting expedition, and had evidently returned unsuccessful. He was bubbling over with passion, and stammered hopelessly on the threshold of his story. He began again; broke up, as the horse-characters phrase it; clutched eagerly and uselessly at his own girdle, and at last snatched the string of beads out of his companion's fingers. Now the words came; now his tongue was loosened; the beads rattled, and slid, and twirled; the story spun furiously out, like a deep sea-line; the clamorous peroration came in at full speed; the parts of speech were fairly in a huddle, lapping each other, neck and neck; the narration was over, and the beads, having performed their duty, were handed back to the owner.

It used to seem to me that nothing was ever so voluminous and windy as Arab conversation, unless it was Arab breeches. On the afternoon of a washing day, the blue cotton nether garments of Yusef and Jurjus used to swing, in awkward bagginess, on the drying-lines in the court-yard, disrespectfully tumbled by the waggish mountain breezes, which used to flap them like sails, and blow them up like balloons, or dash them, with sudden pettishness, into some gaping angle of the surrounding fence. Diedrich Knickerbocker's idea of covering Manhattan Island with one man's

unmentionables, looked possible as you contemplated their puffy enormity. Yet they were nothing in superficies, compared with the trowers of a true Syrian dandy. A dressy Maronite Emir of Mount Lebanon actually came to his death by the bigness of his small clothes. He wore trowers of that magnificence, that they took up a piece of cloth a yard in breadth by nine yards in length. In the war of 1840, he was engaged in a battle against the Druzes, when his own men took to their heels immediately on getting sight of the enemy. He had, of course, a magnificent start, but he was so encumbered by his breeches, that the Druzes caught him before he had waddled half a mile. Little quarter is shown in Mount Lebanon wars, and the unlucky dandy was massacred in his fatal trowers; thus affording another awful warning to the infatuated votaries of fashion.

The Arabs despise our trowers as much as we can possibly despise theirs. They consider them embarrassing, from their tightness; ugly, and, above all, indecent. I have heard this last epithet applied to my own modest pants, as well as to those of the Sagamore, and worse still, of our esteemed Doctor, and the well seeming Chaplain of her most Christian Majesty's frigate. O disreputable representative of the apostolic succession! what a whited sepulcher wert thou, to outrage Arab moralities by wearing inexpressibles less than nine yards wide!

The same fellow who is responsible for the above charge against our peculiar nether institution, also indulged in some unpleasant insinuations concerning the state of my hair. Observing my somewhat lengthy locks, as I stood, hatless, in the shade of a tree, he turned to a comrade and remarked: "In the name of God, what a mess that fellow's head must be in!" His own hair was shaved clean under his turban; and, no doubt, it crawled and bit him insufferably, even then. Shaving the head is almost universal, as far as Syrian caputs are concerned, and is a very curious and comical operation to behold. Lounging in the hall one day, I heard a mysterious scraping and rasping at the foot of the stairs, in the court-yard. I looked over the railing, and saw Jurjus, the Jack of all work, now very hard at work indeed in holding his head on, while another man shaved it with a dull razor. The barber had the devoted cranium in

a tight place between his knees, and scraped at it as energetically as a Yankee farmer, with the edge of his steel candlestick, at the pellicle of a slaughtered pig. Jurjus was all in a perspiration, and grinned hideously, of course out of the wrong corner of his mouth. I thought of the delight with which one of our Indians would have accepted the job, and how rapidly he would have relieved Jurjus of his hair, and of all apprehension of having any in future, without, perhaps, giving him a great deal more pain than he suffered by the present half-way operation. Fashions change, however, even in old Phenicia, and young Syria wears long hair.

But more than narrow pants, more than prolix capillaries, do the Syrians, at least the Moslems, hate and despise a hat. Not so much a wide-awake, with its flexible texture and its shadowy flaps, as the beaver, the dress hat, the hat of polite society. Its awkward profile, its unyielding fabric, its somber, monotonous complexion, its useless enormity in the crown, and its narrow, niggardly affectation of a brim, are, in their eyes, the ultimatum of ugliness and unreason. I believe that it was partly contempt for this ungraceful head-piece, which led some Dick Turpins of the desert to play the following satirical practical joke on a couple of unlucky Frank travelers. The said nefarious nomads managed to capture a Frenchman and an Englishman who were carrying out the *entente cordiale*, by luxuriating together among the ruins and fleas of the Bukaa. They spared their lives, but they took everything else that belonged to them, horses, money, coats, shirts, boots, even to the very indecency of their pantaloons: in fact, they handed the abashed tourists back to the bosom of nature, without so much as a dicky or a pair of spurs. Blushing to the tips of their toes, the poor fellows begged piteously for at least a tatter of their late garments. What did the roguish Arabs concede? They gave the Englishman his hat, and the Frenchman his spectacles. Not an article beside; not even a string whereby to suspend a fig-leaf. And, in this ludicrous caricature of our primitive innocence, the *entente cordiale* had to travel until it could beg or borrow some of the tags and bobtails of civilization.

But there is one article of fashionable costume in Mount Lebanon, more useless and very near as ugly as a

beaver. On her bridal night, a girl of the mountain is cumbrously harnessed with something that, for want of a better name, may be called a horn. To take a horn on such an occasion is no great novelty to be sure; but the oddity of it here consists in its being put upon instead of into the head. It is a monstrous tube, about sixteen inches in length, rudely chased and fretted, usually of silver, but sometimes of brass, or even dried dough, and sometimes, too, of gold, set with rubies. It is fastened to the upper part of the forehead by means of a small cushion, and a number of silk cords, which pass under the chin and interlace with the hair. It projects forward at an angle of about sixty degrees, and its fatiguing weight is balanced by three or four huge tassels of silk and silver, which pendulate behind. A veil is thrown over its pinnacle, and hangs there, to use a comparison of the Slick family, like a shirt on a bean-pole. Wherever she goes, whatever she does, the matron of Mount Lebanon must wear her horn. She visits in it, works in it, and, worst of all, sleeps in it. This last circumstance is terrifying, and leads me to hope that my own countrywomen will never adopt the fashion. What an unpleasant circumstance to be bruised and gored in one's slumbers by the antler of a restless wife! How a man would be surprised, to wake up for the first time with the end of one of these ponderous cones in his eye! It is a wonder to me that any Syrian babies survive sleeping with their mothers. Perhaps, indeed, this is the reason why Arab infancy is so cautiously swathed and guarded by a seven-fold armor of bandages. In point of fact, the men often grumble, and seek to divest their spouses of such a costly and annoying decoration. The war of 1840 helped them wonderfully to this end, although in a way that was very disturbing to their nerves and purses. As the Druzes whipped the Maronites in almost every battle, they had large opportunities for plundering the Maronite districts, which they improved with great zeal and faithfulness. And wherever they met a married woman, they would have her horn as a souvenir of the interview. In short, horns became such uncertain property, that most people put them into concealment, and only enjoyed them in private, as toppers enjoy theirs under the pressure of the

Maine Law. A sort of interregnum thus ensued, and continued so long that the traditional influence of the custom became sadly dilapidated. At the end of the war, horns went up again, like stocks, but diminished in number, and much weakened in popularity.

Three kinds of them may be noticed in the mountain; in agricultural parlance, there are long horns and short horns. The first species, which I have just described, is to be found in the districts back of Beirut. Another, reminding one by its shape of an enormous thimble, and worn on the apex of the head but without any balance weight of tasseling, is peculiar to the still loftier villages behind Tripoli, around Ehden and the locality of the cedars. In a lower part of the mountain, called the Kesarawan, exists a second variety of the short horn, modeled something like an unequal hour-glass, bound firmly to the right temple, and projecting laterally from the head.

I remember, with some admiration, the face of a handsome mountaineeress, who carried on perpetual war with her spouse, about this matronly appendage. She insisted upon wearing it; he held as obstinately to the contrary policy. When the husband was out, the horn went on in triumph; when the husband got home, the horn came off in an ignominious hurry. And so matters continued, the horn exalted and abased by turns, up to the date of my departure.

This little piece of scandal brings me to oriental family matters in general. The authority of Syrian husbands is despotic in appearance, and sometimes so in reality. It depends, however, as in other countries, very much on the respective characters of husband and wife. The Syrian houri is often a tremendous scold, capable of making an astonishing verbal disturbance in defense of what she considers woman's rights, and if this fails, she often carries her point by diplomacy, or perseverance in downright teasing. But, in general, education and public opinion, not to mention physical strength, give an overpowering advantage to the man. The girls are usually married very young, and, therefore, come under the yoke with less resistance. From the want of instruction, they always remain children, just as a slave always remains a "boy." Like children, they are pet-

tish and unreasonable, and, like them, they are governed to a considerable degree by manual suasion. Whipping wives is no uncommon performance in Syria; and, in point of fact, the women are very apt to deserve it. Spare the rod and spoil the wife. Men, sometimes, as well as women, are engaged, and even married very young. They are, occasionally, betrothed in mere childhood, and, at sixteen or seventeen, walk the plank of matrimony. As the Hakeem and I were riding one day in the Bukaa, we met one of the magnates of our village, who had come down to secure his lowland harvests. He invited us so earnestly to stop that we accompanied him to the house of one of his relatives. There he introduced to us a nephew, a very handsome boy of fourteen, with glorious black eyes, and a rich color in his girlish cheeks. The old man seemed extremely fond of the youth, and hugged and petted him like an infant. "Yes," said he, "he is a blessing, an honor; we must get him a wife soon; yes, he must be married before long." In speechless confusion, the pretty boy drooped his eyes and crimsoned to his forehead at this rude desecration of his modesty.

Marriage takes place so early and so generally in Syria, and the women are so well guarded, that there is little chance for open immorality, especially in the the country towns. There is no class of vicious bachelors, of men about town, who, having no wives of their own, illegally covet their neighbors'. But, although physical chastity is almost universal, moral chastity is, I suspect, very little appreciated. Conversation is sufficiently coarse, and the language is positively luxuriant with foul double-meanings. The natives, necessarily, have a very poor idea of the purity of Frank women, from seeing them constantly unveiled, and familiarly sociable with men. I was sitting one evening in the tent of an American gentleman, who, with his wife, was my companion in a tour through the northern portion of Syria. Rude, inquisitive villagers lounged without, expressing their opinions of our appearance and manners, unrestrained by a fear of being overheard. "God!" said a voice, "what fools are these Franks! How can a Howadji like that burden himself with the company of a wife!"

"Doubtless," responded another,

"he is afraid to leave her at home. Doubtless he wants to keep an eye on her."

"God!" resumed the first speaker, "why does he not put a veil on her shameless face?"

Syrian intellects were fast getting into a muddled state, when I was in the country, by reason of the vagaries of a certain neuralgic Pasha, who reigned at Beirut. This remarkable ruler's character seemed to consist of one monstrous oddity, which had swallowed up every other of his mental peculiarities, as Aaron's rod swallowed its brother switches. The Pasha hated noise; hated it with the hatred of a madman. Everything that was constitutionally, or by accident, of a noisy nature, came in for a share of his aversion. With this sensibility of nerves, it is no wonder that he entertained a mortal antipathy to babies. Now, close by the gubernatorial palace was the cabin of a poor widow, who had what she considered the good fortune of possessing a baby of her own. As the said widow was a washerwoman, and in moderate circumstances at that, she was obliged to be absent from home much of the time, leaving her offspring to the care of good luck and his own instincts. The consequence was, that the poor urchin hung himself, and drowned himself, and chopped his fingers and toes off every day of his blessed little existence. And, after every one of these misfortunes, there being no other consolation nigh, he lifted up his voice and wept until the Pasha raved and blasphemed in the innermost recesses of his palace. In vain did the janissaries thunder the indignation of their master in the ears of the washerwoman and the washerwoman's baby. This unprotected female was, indeed, terribly frightened, and did all she could to abate the clamorous nuisance. But she was unable to be at home all the time, and the child almost always got into trouble just while she was gone, and invariably concluded that his griefs demanded an immediate and astounding uproar. Finally, a guard of soldiers assaulted the house, ejected the vociferous garrison, and held it against the return of the garrison's mother. Lamentable outcries, tearings of hair, complaints, public and private, on the part of the dispossessed widow. But the oppressor was relentless, and continued to hold

the house up to my departure from the country. So much for being a Pasha, and so much for having a baby. Lucky thing for mothers that all old bachelors are not Pashas or Pharaohs!

The above annoyance having been suppressed, the government turned its attention to another. There were some trees in the palace garden, where a number of birds used to collect and sing, whenever they felt so disposed. The Pasha set his janissaries to drive the feathered serenaders away. The janissaries commenced a leisurely fire of musketry upon them, but the Pasha soon found that the guns made more noise than the birds. He put a stop to the firing, and the aerial choir, being no longer put out by the irreverent whistling of bullets, resumed its psalmody at the old place. The Pasha was furious; he had the trees cut down. This circumstance amazed all Beirut, as the reverence of an oriental for a tree is only second to his reverence for a fountain.

On occasion of one of the Pasha's abrupt apparitions in the streets of the city, an unlucky butcher lost several cents' worth of mutton, through the characteristic infirmity of the Pasha. I will relate the circumstance: it will serve as a warning to the butchers of America; it will induce them to die rather than see their country subjugated by the Turks; and will, no doubt, give all their sympathies to the Czar, in his present struggle against those unreasonable enemies. The Pasha was stalking through the market, when he observed a lean cat mewing, with clamorous perseverance, about a meat-stall. He stopped, and eyed the owner of the stall with stern reproof, which gradually deepened into fierce indignation. The object of that terrible gaze trembled in his bloody breeches with fright, ignorant of his offense, but expecting every moment to feel his head hop off from his shoulders. The Pasha grew blacker and blacker at the supposed obstinacy of the butcher, and, arrived at the acme of his rage, thundered out: "In the name of God, why do you not feed that cat."

"I beg your excellency's pardon," stammered the butcher. "I did not see the cat."

"But you see him now!"

"I do, your Excellency."

"Well, feed him!" roared the Pasha.

"I will," said the butcher. "I beg God's forgiveness and your Excellency's for having neglected the animal." And he commenced cutting off generous slices of meat for grimalkin, highly contented that the said slices did not come from his own ears. The Pasha stood gravely by, and saw the rations served out, until the voracious animal could positively hold no more mutton. "Now," said he to the butcher, "never let me hear any more cats mewing about your stall for want of something to eat. And, as for this beast," he continued, turning to his janissaries, "I will not have him caterwauling about my city. Put him on board a ship going to some other country. Give him a sufficiency of meat for the voyage; charge the captain to take care of him, and in God's name let him not return!"

This order was actually obeyed, and the cat was shipped to Cyprus in an Arab coaster, since which it has fortunately not been heard of in Beirut.

The Pasha was also disturbed by the braying of a certain donkey, whose nasal clamor he got rid of by banishing the animal and its master to Tyre. But, perhaps, the most abominable of all the disturbers of his nerves, were some loud-voiced frogs that inhabited a ditch beneath the walls of the city. The janissaries were sent against them, as they had been against the birds, and soon captured numbers of the amphibious croakers. "O, your Excellency," said they to the Pasha, "we have taken the frogs; what shall be done with them?"

"Hang them," replied the Pasha; "let them be hung after the manner of malefactors, among the Franks." And, accordingly, from the trees of the garden soon depended a score or so of the green-doubled troubadours, swinging at the end of long strings, and kicking out their agonies with incomparable vivacity and duration.

But, speaking of the sins of Turkish Pashas in general, I may say that they are more of omission than of commission. The great complaint against them is usually for a deficiency of vigor in their administration. In remote districts, too, they may sometimes pillage their subjects a little, although this is more likely to be done by the underlings of office. But everywhere in Turkey, and among all ranks of officials, speculation in government funds is a most prevailing sin.

LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.

[Continued from page 381.]

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, }
Feb., 1853. }

I HAVE just heard a story of that wonderful saint, Parley Pratt, which, told anywhere else, or of anybody else, I would not credit for a moment. Here, however, where the ordinary rules of religion and morality are reversed—where roguery is commendable, and prostitution a virtue—I am justified in believing anything.

Some two years and a half ago, the redoubtable Parley was appointed to a mission in Chili; and though, on such occasions, they pretend to go without purse or scrip, as commanded in apostolic times, yet these are only pretenses for the uninitiated, and a pretext for the universal beggary which they practice. It happened in this emergency, that Parley's money market was in a crisis: but this was not the worst of it; he had borrowed so often, forgetting to pay, that his exceedingly bland manner had lost its influence. He was in a fair way of starting on his mission in a far more apostolic fashion than suited his inclinations.

But Parley is a man of resources under difficulties. His house was somewhat over-stocked with wives, and as they are a species of property here, having a marketable value, it occurred to him that he might drive a good bargain with Walker, the Indian chief, who, with a band of Utes, was holding a talk with the authorities of the city. He accordingly proposed to the chief to "swap" one of his white squaws for ten horses, a proposition which was at once accepted.

Martha, a good-natured English girl, was the inmate of his harem chosen for this exchange, and the heartless wretch informed her of the transaction, and bade her prepare for this new phase in her eventful life, with the smiling aspect with which he would have invited her to visit their next-door neighbor. The poor thing was greatly shocked. She had lived long enough with the brute to learn that he concealed, under a friendly garb, a heart of supreme indifference to the feelings and happiness of others; yet, to be spared such a fate, she pros-

trated herself before him in agonizing entreaty, though in vain.

A few days, however, intervened before the "swap" could be finally consummated, and these few days did the work of years upon the poor crushed woman. Her cheeks became sunken and pallid; her countenance exhibited the deep-drawn lines of unmistakable agony; and finally, when she was brought face to face with Walker, with eyes red and swollen with weeping, the savage turned his back with disgust, saying, "*me no want old white squaw.*" The bargain fell through, and there is enough of secrecy hanging over the affair to enable the rascal, liar as he is, to deny that it ever had existence.

This notable expedient having failed, Parley was again in trouble; but just then he heard of a female friend, who had lately received a sum of money from some source, and from her he procured the requisite supplies, and proceeded to his post. His mission, however, proved unsuccessful. The Chilians turned a deaf ear, alike to the merits of Joseph Smith and the eloquence of the great Parley. His means finally melted away, and, in wandering back, he found himself at San Bernardino, in a state of great destitution. While waiting at this point, a train came in from Salt Lake; and the wagon-master, who had gathered a few hundred dollars of hard earnings, was wheedled to place them in the itching palm of the wily hypocrite. With this timely supply, the baffled missionary purchased mules, and returned to his harem, the forgiving Martha ready and willing to draw the veil over her past trials. It is needless to say that the wagon-master has made unavailing efforts to obtain a repayment of his money.

A few evenings ago we were invited by Mrs. Snow to spend an evening with them, at Parley's house, and hear him read from a manuscript work on theology, which he was preparing for the press. This was too good an opportunity, to look into a Mormon harem, to be neglected. We were ushered into a large room, received by him with much suavity of manner, and introduced to five Mrs. Pratts in succession; one of

whom assumed the office of mistress of ceremonies, taking our shawls, and inviting us to seats near the fire. The rest remained demurely seated after the ceremony of introduction, busily plied their knitting, and were as whist as mice while the cat is foraging for supplies. The mistress of the house was a Boston divorcee, who had left her husband and home for conscience sake. Three of the bevy I judged to be English, and one was a fair-looking American girl. What a spectacle, and that, too, in our own country!

Parley seated himself at a candle-stand, in the centre of the room, and entertained us for some time with conversation in regard to the Chilians; some incidents of his journey; the peculiarities of the Spanish language, and so forth. He gave us a graphic description of a pass in the Sierra Nevada. The man has a very even flow of language, and converses with great ease. He read from his manuscript for nearly or quite half an hour, and certainly until I got heartily tired of it. The style was much like his conversation; but the matter was devoid of vitality, consisting of the most external and lifeless misapplication of scripture texts to the support of his peculiar notions. If mankind were bodies of flesh, without souls, and like the beasts that perish, the Mormon scheme would be as well adapted to their government as any other.

I must not forget a notable incident of this notable interview. As we got up to go, and partly to busy myself about something while the ceremony of leave-taking was going on, I turned to the wall to look at a garish-looking daub, intended to represent human beings. Parley immediately came up with the light, and said it was a family group, and proceeded to point out that such a figure was such a mother, then present in the room, with her brood around her, and thus going through with the whole collection. His own burly figure was in the midst, and could be distinguished without the aid of the Dutchman's expedient. We were compelled, of course, to give the same degree of polite attention that would have been expected by a farmer at the East, in exhibiting a favorite flock of Shanghais, or litter of pigs.

On returning, Mrs. S., who is so far fortunate that, as yet, she is the sole wife in the family, and her sister, who was also of the party, were anxious that

I should view Parley's females in the same light as married women in the States. I asked Mrs. S. if she, as a wife and mother, was willing that her own home should become the receptacle of such inmates, simply because they were called wives? Leaving her to reflect upon this question, which she was not prepared to answer, we soon bade good evening to our friends and threaded our way to our home.

The city was hushed into the stillness of repose; its mud-colored huts, and its spreading plain and the towering heights, were silvered over with the soft light of the moon; and as we stood in our porch, and gazed upon the "Twin Peaks," glittering like huge diamonds in the sky, our thoughts rose far, far above the gross and filthy sphere of sensuality with which we had been surrounded.

10th. In the curious gathering from the four winds, which forms the population of this sequestered region, not the least interesting are a few families from Denmark. Any one, visiting a menagerie, naturally desires to get the worth of his money, and see all that is dear-bought and far-fetched. Yesterday I visited a Danish family, and partly from them, and partly from others, I have learned enough of their history to feel a strong sympathy for them. Of course they are victims of the numberless impositions practiced by the Mormon missionaries to induce credulous people to take up their abode in this den of iniquity.

Erastus Snow, a brother of Judge Snow, is the privateer who claims the honor of making this Danish prize. He is of the twelve, lives in one of the larger sized dwellings, having grounds tastefully arranged, and a few shade trees, which always attract our eyes in this treeless valley; has one wife in fact, and four women whom he calls wives; is a preacher of the genus Boanerges, ranting and roaring with great apparent zeal; and is as precious a scamp as any in the gang. He returned last fall from a successful foray in Norway and Denmark.

This Danish family, in their own country, were in good circumstances, and above the common order in education and refinement; but, like many people in the north of Europe, had a great admiration for the institutions of this country, coupled with a growing

discontent with those of their own, and were easily persuaded to emigrate. The wily missionary wormed himself completely into the confidence of the worthy Dane. He gave him a glowing account of the climate and fertility of the valley of the Great Salt Lake, of the flourishing condition of the Mormons, of the rigid purity of their morals, of the opportunity for building up a great fortune by investing his property in the church; but not a word about polygamy. He lived for months in his family, enjoyed his generous hospitality, drank his wines, and used his horses and his purse with all the freedom of long-established friendship. The simple Northman was no match for the unscrupulous cunning of the yankee follower of Joseph Smith. He made up his mind that the new religion was as good as any of the contradictory systems with which the world is perplexed, sold his estate, placed \$10,000 in the hands of Elder Snow, to be invested in church property, collected together his household goods, and turned his back upon his native land, and his face towards the new world.

On going aboard the steamer, his family were turned with the common herd into the steerage, jostled to and fro in the general rush and scramble which belong to such occasions. As soon as he could, he sought out, and found, the Mormon Elder upon deck, and accosted him somewhat angrily:

"You certainly could not have purchased steerage tickets for myself and family, with the money I gave you?"

"Surely not; you are merely put there temporarily till we sail, which will be this evening—the emigration fund will not allow any better accommodations for the rest of the saints, and they would grumble if we made any distinction."

This seemed plausible, and, with a bewildered air, he seated himself upon his luggage in the midst of his wife and children, whose *abandon* of grief, at parting from home and friends, made all parts of the vessel alike to them.

After the ship got under weigh, he went to the purser to get the number of their state-rooms. That important official looked over the list, and shook his head: "Sir, your name is not here."

"It must be there."

"No it is not. Whom did you purchase your ticket of?"

"I gave Elder Snow the money, with directions to procure two state-rooms."

"Well, all I can say is, you are in the steerage, and the Elder has the best state-room in the ship for himself—please to make room for others."

He made another effort to see the saintly Elder, but it was difficult crossing the absolute line of demarcation between cabin and steerage, and he did not find him for some days. He was then told there was some mistake about it, which should be rectified, and in this way was put off from time to time, and finally lectured on the necessity of bearing patiently these minor inconveniences, in reference to the glorious consummation in prospect. Compelled to submit, they were landed in St. Louis, dissatisfied with their treatment; but they were utter strangers, and ignorant of the language, and were carried along in the stream of emigration to Salt Lake.

Here they are lodged in a wretched hut, which, they are assured, will be exchanged for a large and comfortable mansion in the ensuing summer. When I saw them yesterday, they looked the very picture of discomfort, and, I may add, despair. They were all huddled together, evidently unused to such extreme domestic emergencies. The table exhibited the remains of a scanty dinner; a splendid harp stood in the corner, with a sack of flour leaning against it for support, *vis-à-vis* with a valuable painting. They have made some disagreeable discoveries. They have discovered that the money which the husband placed in Snow's hands is the beginning of his tithing, and belongs to the church; that a house is to be built for him, if he wants it, for which he will be in debt to the church; that their daughter is approaching a marriageable age, and will soon be needed in Elder Snow's harem; that their hands are in the lion's mouth, and will remain there for some time.

The mother pointed to a fair, sweet looking, flaxen-haired girl of sixteen, and made me understand, in her broken English, that their neighbor, a great burly Briton, had made proposals to her to be his sixth wife, the five favored mortals already under his roof being, at the same time, in a state bordering on starvation. The young thing exhibited a look of disgust and terror at the prospect before her; but the crushing weight of persecution will be brought to bear

upon them, and there is too much reason to fear that the poor girl is destined to a life of shame.

The Englishman alluded to is a very fair comic actor at their saturnalian theatre, and is, withal, a mechanic of more than ordinary ingenuity. It would be difficult to describe the huts in which his real and sealed wives are kept. On the boards, full of beef, beer, and fat, he acted the good-natured, rollicking Paddy to the life, and you would suppose his disposition all sunshine, and his life all charity to his race. But, like the rest here, he is fairly embarked upon the Styx, and as Charon has charge of the boat, it is quite easy to perceive his final landing-place.

This reminds me of another conspicuous John Bull, who rejoices in the name of Bullock, and is the private secretary of his Mormon majesty, the great Brigham. He, too, is sleek and well-fed; looks as if he lived near the tithing office, where good things are stored away for the benefit of the knowing ones. This man is short, round, dapper, and bustling, reminding one of a fussy, noisy little humble-bee, which proclaims to all the world that he is engaged in the important business of gathering honey. This little man has some rhetorical pretensions, which smack of cockneyism, and makes quite an oration when he calls at our quarters on business. He puts me in mind of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, immortalized by Scott, who, though small in stature, was ambitious of great things. The saints think he has something in him worth cherishing. At the party at Social Hall, his wife had such an unhappy look, mingled with an assumed appearance of gayety, while he was dancing with a second he had lately taken in, that it attracted my attention. Her plumes and gay pink head-dress fairly trembled like the aspen, with suppressed agitation—I expected every moment to hear her shriek wildly and despairingly in the violence of her emotions.

Feb. 21st. Yesterday morning we were invited by our acquaintance, Colborn, to attend the wedding of his daughter to a man by the name of Pomeroy, who already has a wife. The affair was to come off at two o'clock, and we went, of course, with the expectation of witnessing the ceremonies on such occasions; but in this we were cheated—it proved to be the wedding feast, the mar-

riage ceremony having been performed in the forenoon. It would be difficult to imagine a scene exhibiting deeper evidence of depravity, folly, and wretchedness.

We had some difficulty in finding Colborn's house. It was over a mile south from Mr. Farnham's, and though the day was fair, yet the ground was soft and spongy, and the numerous water-courses had broken over their bounds, and, in some places, flooded the streets. On reaching the house, we were directed across the way, to the residence of Colborn's new son-in-law, where the company were to assemble, previous to the feast. Here we found Brigham Young, with his first wife, and some eight or ten other persons; and, among the rest, the creature whose gaze through the window troubled me so much, soon after our arrival in the city.

This was, without exception, the strangest party it was ever my fortune to attend, and the chief point of interest was the real wife of the man who had just been married to another. It is difficult to give you an idea of the emotions of this suffering woman. Her face was as white as chalk—her eyes were as black as jet, and glittered with an unearthly lustre. She tried to exhibit a cheerful expression, and had evidently nerved herself up, like the Indian at the stake, to endure the torture of her situation. The nervous twitching of the muscles of her mouth betrayed a degree of internal agony which it was, to me, painful to contemplate. That face will, I fear, haunt me in my dreams—the intensity of her suffering had made it rigid. The cords of her life must soon snap asunder—the sooner the better. This wedding was evidently the funeral of all her hopes.

The husband is manifestly a shallow-pate, made up of animal and man, and the latter a small fraction. His new wife, poor, silly thing, cuddled down by him, and he manifested a boorish pleasure, mingled with that kind of shamefacedness common, I suppose, to hen-roost thieves. But Brigham was there to keep him in countenance in the profane presence of us two gentiles, who had a difficult task to suppress the scorn and contempt which we felt.

How shall I describe Mrs. Young? She was richly though not fashionably or tastefully dressed, and wrapped herself up in a cold reserve, conversing in

monosyllables, which came out painfully under the merciless cross-examination in which I felt at liberty to indulge. But "yes" and "no" furnish but small data to judge of human character, and about all I can say of her is, that she is rather large in size, and good-looking for her age. The woman, evidently, has little refinement, but she does not lack sense, and felt oppressed with the idea that we despised the whole concern. Brigham had his share of the same degree of constraint; but he put on a "you can't help yourself" sort of bearing, and conversed with some degree of fluency.

Colborn, who is a species of detard harlequin, was anxious that the occasion should be a joyous one, and skipped about like an overgrown ourang-outang, making all sorts of nonsensical observations, some of which, I could see, Brigham did not like at all. He tried hard to get up a dance, and, although there was a fiddler present, every one's heels seemed to be glued to the floor. He al-

leged, however, that it would not do to have a wedding without dancing; so he set the fiddle to sawing, and danced a jig himself, all alone. What a pitiable spectacle of degradation and shame! Here was the head-impostor and bashaw of fifty wives and upwards—here was a poor wife suffering agonies too great to be endured—and here was a father, dancing a merry jig over the prostitution of his own daughter; and all this, too, in a city constituting a part and portion of our beloved country.

The dinner came off at the house of this delectable father-in-law, at the time appointed, and was good enough. Not to be laid under obligation by such people, my husband paid him what he supposed a fair compensation for the entertainment, which was greedily accepted; and we had the good fortune to get back to our comfortable quarters before night, fully satisfied with our further initiation into the mysteries of Mormonism.

[To be concluded.]

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

Children—An Interrupted Discourse—Mrs. Sparrowgrass makes a Brilliant Remark—Philadelphia Phrases—Another Interruption—Quakers—A few Quakeristic—A Quaker Baby—The Early Quakers—John Woolman—Thomas Luring—Broadbrims in a Cathedral—And a Friendly Suggestion.

CHILDREN, God bless them! Who can help loving them? Children, God bless them! are the only beings for whom we have no "imperfect sympathies." We love them through and through. There is nothing conventional in the hearty laugh of a child. The smile of a child is unsuspectable of artifice. I once corrected one of my little ones, and put him to bed, for having been stubborn at his letters. Then I waited until he fell asleep, and then I watched beside him until he slumbered out his sorrows. When he opened his eyes, he stretched out his little arms, smiled up in my face, and forgave me. The Lord forgive me for the whaling I gave him! I owe him an apology which I intend to make as soon as he is old enough to understand it. There is nothing so odious to the mind of a child as injustice, and young married people are prone to expect too much, and exact too much of their eldest born. If, then, we are unjustly severe, from our want of experience, it seems to me there

is something due, some reparation on our part, due to the individual whose feelings we have injured. If we lose temper with a gentleman six feet high, and call him hard names, we often find it convenient to apologise. It seems to me that three feet of wounded sensibility is, at least, entitled to respectful consideration. What do you think of that, Mrs. Sparrowgrass? Mrs. Sparrowgrass said, she thought it was true. "How much," I continued, reflectively, "children occupy the father's mind." "Yes," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "and the mother's." "Children," said I, "are to the father as weights are to the clock—they keep him steady and they keep him busy." Mrs. Sparrowgrass looked up from the plaid patch of new gingham she was needleing into the breast of a faded gingham apron, and nodded significantly; "true," said she, "you are the hour hand, but I am the minute hand." As this was the most brilliant remark Mrs. S. had made for months, I was silent for some time.

"My dear," said I, after a pause, "speaking of children, I wish you would not teach the young ones so many of your Philadelphia phrases." Mrs. Sparrowgrass looked surprised. "You know, my dear," I continued, "how proud I am this year, and justly proud, too, of our musk-melons?" "Well?" "And when uncle Sourgrass was here the other day, what should Ivanhoe do but ask him to go out to look at the cantelopes?" "Well, what of that?" said Mrs. S. "Cantelope," said I, "in this part of the world, is the name of a very inferior species of melon, and I would not have had uncle Sourgrass think we had nothing but cantelopes in the garden, upon any account." "You wouldn't?" "No! You call *all* kinds of melons 'cantelopes' in Philadelphia, but permit me to say that it is a local error, which should not be transplanted and trained in juvenile minds on the banks of the Hudson." Mrs. Sparrowgrass was much impressed by this horticultural figure. "Then, when visitors come, you always will take them to see that patch of 'Queen Margarets,' and everybody gets disappointed to find they are only China-asters." "Well?" "And there is another thing, too, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, next Christmas Santa Claus, if you please—no, Kriss Kringle. Santa Claus is the patron saint, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, of the New Netherlands, and the ancient Dorp of Yonkers; he it is who fills the fireside stockings; he only can come down Westchester chimneys, and I would much prefer not to have the children's minds and the flue occupied with his Pennsylvania prototype. And, since I must speak of it, why will you always call a quail a partridge? All you Philadelphians will call a quail a partridge. Did you ever read Audubon?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she never had. "Wilson?" "Never." "Charles Bonaparte?" (a dead silence). "Nor any other work on ornithology?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said there was a little bundle of remnants and patches in the upper part of the closet, which she wished I would reach down. "A quail," I continued, as I reached down the bundle, "is not a partridge, my dear." Mrs. Sparrowgrass said the next time we had partridges she would call them all quails, as she supposed I knew which was correct better than she did. With that she unrolled the bundle

and drew therefrom a long, triangular piece of faded mouse-colored silk.

There are moments when I feel as if I would like to launch into a little sea of language, and spread a nautilus sail in delicate air. The great, three-deckers of thought, the noble orators and splendid statesmen, require the broader and more turbulent ocean for their ponderous movements. But for me, who have seen something of the eloquent world, from the magnates of the senate, in palmy days, down to the present windy representatives of the great metropolis in Common Council assembled, there seems to be a more captivating charm in those lighter crafts that float in safety over the shallows of polite conversation, and venture securely amid the rocks and whirlpools of social argument. Who has not felt as if he would like to preach for half an hour or so upon some favorite text or topic? Who has not, in some auspicious instant, been so fortified in argument as to absolutely suffer for the stimulant of opposition, to enable him to unload his mind and be comfortable? Mrs. Sparrowgrass, by an ill-timed, brilliant remark, had broken the thread of my discourse upon children, and she had put an end to my argument against local phrases, by requesting me to reach down a piebald bundle of patches. But from that roll of remnants she had drawn forth a long, triangular piece of mouse-colored silk. The tint was suggestive. It was a text, a thesis, that would bear amplifying. So I at once started off. "My dear, do you know I have long felt as if I would like to be one of the society called 'Friends?'" Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied she did not know I had contemplated so serious a department from the rules of propriety. "My dear," I said, "no person has a greater feeling of respect and regard than I have for the sect that so unjustly bears the name of

QUAKERS.

There is something, in the very aspect of a 'Friend,' suggestive of peace and good will. Verily, if it were not for the broad-brimmed hat, and the straight coat, which the world's people call 'shad,' I would be a Quaker. But for the life of me I cannot resist the effect of the grotesque and the odd. I must smile, oftenest at myself. I could not keep within drab garments and the

bounds of propriety. Incongruity would read me out of meeting. To be reined in under a plain hat would be impossible. Besides, I doubt whether any one accustomed to the world's pleasures could be a Quaker. Who, once familiar with Shakespeare and the opera, could resist a favorite air on a hand organ, or pass, undisturbed, 'Hamlet!' in capital letters on a play bill? To be a Quaker, one must be a Quaker born. In spite of Sydney Smith, there is such a thing as a Quaker baby. In fact, I have seen the diminutive demurity, a stiff-plait in the bud. It had round blue eyes, and a face that expressed resignation in spite of the stomach-ache. It had no lace on its baby-cap, no embroidered nonsense on its petticoat. It had no beads, no ribbons, no rattle, no bells, no coral. Its plain garments were innocent of inserting and edging; its socks were not of the color of the world's people's baby. It was as punctiliously silent as a silent meeting, and sat up rigidly in its mother's lap, cutting its teeth without a gum-ring. It never cried, nor clapped its hands, and would not have said 'papa' if it had been tied to the stake. When it went to sleep it was hushed without a song, and they laid it in a drab-colored cradle without a rocker. Don't interrupt me, I have seen it, Mrs. Sparrowgrass! Something I have observed, too, remarkably, strikingly quakeristic. The young maidens and the young men never seem inclined to be fat. Such a thing as a maiden lady, nineteen years of age, with a pound of superfluous flesh, is not known among Friends. The young men sometimes grow outside the limits of a straight coat, and when they do, they quietly change into the habits of ordinary men. It seems as if they lose their hold when they get too round and too ripe, and just drop off. Remarkably quakeristic, too, is an exemption the Friends appear to enjoy from diseases and complaints peculiar to other people. Who ever saw a Quaker marked with the small-pox, or a Quaker with the face-ache? Who ever saw a cross-eyed Quaker, or a decided case of the mumps under a broad-brimmed hat? Nobody. Mrs. Sparrowgrass, don't interrupt me. Doubtless much of this is owing to their cleanliness, duplex cleanliness, purity of body and soul. I saw a face in the cars, not long since—a face that had calmly endured the storms of seventy

yearly meetings. It was a hot, dry day, the windows were all open; dust was pouring into the cars; eye-brows, eyelashes, ends of hair, mustaches, wigs, coat-collars, sleeves, waistcoats, and trousers of the world's people, were touched with a fine tawny color. Their faces had a general appearance of humidity in streaks, now and then tattooed with a black cinder; but there, within a satin bonnet (Turk's satin), a bonnet made after the fashion of Professor Espy's patent ventilator, was a face of seventy years, calm as a summer morning, smooth as an infant's, without one speck or stain of dust, without one touch of perspiration, or exasperation, Mrs. S. No, nor was there, on the cross-pinned kerchief, nor in the elaborately plain dress, one atom of earthy contact; the very air did seem to respect that aged Quakeress. Mrs. Sparrowgrass, don't interrupt me. Did you ever, my dear, 'get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers,' as beloved Charles Lamb recommends? No? Then let me advise you to read the book, and learn something of one who had felt the efficacy of that power, which, as he says, 'prepares the creature to stand like a trumpet, through which the Lord speaks to his people.' Here is a little story of his early childhood, which I want you to read to the children now and then.

"Once going to a neighbor's house, I saw, on the way, a *Robin* sitting on her nest, and, as I came near, she went off; but, having young ones, flew about, and, with many cries, expressed her concern for them. I stood and threw stones at her, till, one striking her, she fell down dead. At first, I was pleased with the exploit; but, after a few minutes, was seized with horror, as having, in a sportive way, killed an innocent creature while she was careful of her young. I beheld her lying dead, and thought those young ones, for which she was so careful, must now perish for the want of their dam to nourish them; and, after some painful considerations on the subject, I climbed up the tree, took all the young birds, and killed them, supposing that better than to leave them to pine away and die miserably; and believed, in this case, that scripture proverb was fulfilled, 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' I then went on my errand; but, for some hours, could think of nothing else but the cruelties I

had committed, and was much troubled. Thus He, whose 'tender mercies are above all his works, hath placed a principle in the human mind, which incites to exercise goodness toward every living creature; and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing; but being frequently and totally rejected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition.' Don't interrupt me, my dear. And Thomas Lurting, too; his adventures are well worth reading to the children. A Quaker sailor, the mate of a Quakership, manned with a Quaker crew, every one of which had a straight collar to his pea-jacket, and a tarpaulin, with at least three feet diameter of brim. Thomas Lurting, whose ship was captured by Algerine pirates after a hard chase, and who welcomed them on board as if they had been brothers. Then, when the Quaker vessel and the Algerine were separated by a storm, how friendly those salt-water non-resistants were to their captors on board; with what alacrity did they go aloft to take in sail, or to shake out a reef, until those heathen pirates left the handling of the ship entirely to their broad-brimmed brethren, and went to sleep in the cabin; and then, what did the Quakers do but first shut the cabin doors, and fasten them so that the Turks could not get out again? And then, fearless of danger, they steered for the Barbary coast, and made those fierce, mustached pirates get into a small boat (they had been forever locked up else), and rowed them to the shore; and when the Turks found themselves in a small boat with but a small crew of broad-brims, and gave signs of mutiny, what did the brave Thomas Lurting? Lay violent hands on them. Draw a cutlass, or cock a pistol? No, he merely struck the leader 'a pretty heavy blow with a boat-hook, telling him to sit still and be quiet,' as he says himself, 'thinking it was better to stun a man than to kill him.' And so he got the pirates on shore, and in their own country. Brave Thomas Lurting! True? Of course, it is true.

"The most singular spectacle I ever witnessed was the burial-service over a Quaker, in a Catholic cathedral. He had formerly been the rigidest of his sect—a man who had believed the mitre and crozier to be little better than the horns and tail of the evil one—a man who had looked upon church music and

polygamy with equal abhorrence, and who would rather have been burnt himself than burn a Roman candle on the anniversary of the national jubilee. Yet by one of those inexplicable inconsistencies, peculiar to mere men, but rare among Quakers, he had seceded from the faith of his fathers, and become one of the most zealous of papists. The grand altar was radiant with wax tapers; the priests on either side, in glittering dresses, were chanting responses; the censor boys, in red and white garments, swung the smoke of myrrh and frankincense into the air, and as the fragrant mist rolled up and hung in rosy clouds under the lofty, stained-glass windows, the great organ panted forth the requiem. Marvelously contrasted with this pomp and display appeared the crowd of broad-brims and stiff-plaits, the friends and relatives of the deceased. Never, perhaps, had such an audience been gathered in such a place in the world before. The scene, to the priests themselves, must have been novel and striking. Instead of the usual display of reverence, instead of the customary show of bare heads and bended knees, every Quaker stood stoutly on his legs, with his broad-brimmed hat clinging to his head as strongly as his faith to his heart. Disciplined as they had been in many a silent meeting, during the entire mass not one of the broad-brims moved an inch until the service was over. Then the coffin was opened, and solemnly, silently, decorously, the brethren and sisters moved towards it to look, for the last time, upon the face of the seceder. Then silently, solemnly, decorously, they moved from the Popish temple. 'I saw,' said one of the sisters, 'that he (meaning the departed ex-Quaker) had on worked slippers with silver soles, what does thee think that was for?' The person spoken to wore a hat with a goodly brim. Without moving his head, he rolled around, sideways, two Quakeristic eyes, large blue eyes, with little inky dots of pupils, like small black islands in oceans of buttermilk, and said, awfully—"I suppose they was to walk through Purgatory with."

"I do not believe it," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass. "Nevertheless, my dear, it is true," I replied; "true, every word of it. You have not seen all the world yet, my dear; it is a very large place—a very large place, indeed, Mrs. Sparrowgrass."

THE LONDON POST OFFICE.

AS a post establishment, the office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, is the first in the world. The Postmaster General and his staff are at the head of an army of over 20,000 persons; and such is the concentration of business, that in this office is performed about one-fourth of all the postal business of the kingdom. The number of letters passing through it in a year is eight times as great as the number passing through New York, and nearly as great as the entire number in the United States. The number of letters received for delivery in London, in the year 1854, was 103,377,728, and the number sent out, 97,645,106. This gives a total of over 200,000,000 letters in a single year.

To an outside spectator, there is little to be seen except a plain, substantial stone building, some 400 feet by 130, supported by Ionic pillars, and having a large hall for the accommodation of the public. But during a late visit to London, we were permitted, by the courtesy of Mr. Rowland Hill, to see all the arrangements, and inspect the machinery by which this immense establishment is kept in motion. In the "Inland Office," where the mails are made up for the country, there is a comparative lull in the middle of the day, the letters and papers coming in so slowly that but few clerks and sorters are on duty. There are employed, in London, 3,035 persons in the mail service. Of these, 498 are letter-receivers—keepers of the small sub-offices—located in all parts of the metropolis for the convenience of mailing letters. There are, in London, 1385 letter carriers, and there are rooms in the post-office building for many of these carriers to sort and arrange their letters. Then there are 1152 other persons employed in the London post office; but of these, 160 money-order clerks have quarters in another building. There are 253 in the general post office, and 739 clerks, stampers, sorters, and sub-sorters, engaged in the reception, delivery, and dispatch of the mails. The mails are so arranged that all letters leave London—no matter what direction they are going—at the same hours; at nine in the morning, and nine in the evening. Men on foot, on horseback, and in carts, are constantly engaged, during the day, in collecting letters from

the various sub-offices and receiving-houses in all parts of the "twelve-mile circle;" a circle having a radius of twelve miles. To induce publishers of newspapers to get their papers ready early in the day, the post-office sends the mail-carts, at certain hours, to the publishing houses, to transport all the papers, then ready, to the central office. This saves trouble both to the publishers and to the post office department. There being about 150,000 newspapers passing through the London post office daily, and these forming nearly four-fifths of the bulk of the mails, there is an immense labor in sorting and packing them. Unless some such plan were adopted, it would be almost impossible to get off all of the evening mail; for the bulk of the sorting, stamping, and dispatch of letters is done in the last two hours—from six to eight o'clock.

A good joke is told of a porter employed to carry to the post-office several large bags of circulars, all of which he emptied on a table in the office. He then touched his cap respectfully, and said he should like to see "the gentleman at the head." Supposing he had some special business with a high functionary of the department, he was conducted to the Secretary. "Sir," says he, touching his cap again, "I've brought you down a large number of letters, and should like to drink your health." But "the gentleman at the head" told him he should be very much obliged to him if he would never again bring him such a quantity; or, even if he would carry these away with him. The poor fellow left, thinking "the gentleman at the head" of Her Majesty's post office, very ungrateful for the "favor" of the letters.

As the hour of 6 P. M. approaches, the number of persons to deposit letters begins to increase. Faster and faster gathers the crowd; and, instead of dropping their letters leisurely, they rush up to the box, and, with a nervous twitch, dash them in, and then stand back and give room for others. Many stay and look on, while the scene grows "fast and furious." About a quarter before six, men, bearing bags, come staggering in, and, by tapping at a wooden slide, a whole window is opened by a clerk, who receives the bag,

empties it, and throws it out. Boys with hands full of papers, a woman bearing a letter, and a penny to pay the postage, rough-looking mechanics, with brawny arms, and honest faces, come with letters, generally stamped, and, struggling through the crowd, they drop them through the slit in the window, prepared to receive them. In the inside there is also a busy scene, but no hurry nor confusion. At first there are separate letters dropping, one after another, then a handful; then thicker and faster they patter in as if the elements without were charged with letters, and they were, by a sudden tempest, showered into the post office. The hand of the clock keeps moving towards the figure, and the crowd without and the shower within increase. The clerk at the open window is nearly inundated with parcels of letters and sacks of newspapers, and a fellow-clerk comes to his relief, and opens another window. It lacks but three minutes of six. Boys no longer walk up to the boxes to mail their papers, but stand back, and throw them at the open windows. Faster, faster, and faster they come—it lacks only a minute and a half—the crushing, furious crowd; men, women, and boys, many holding their arms aloft, with letter and penny tightly grasped, are trying to get to the place of delivery. A spectator would naturally suppose they were each striving to obstruct one another as much as possible. It lacks but thirty seconds, and still the crowd collects. A seedy-looking man, looking at the clock, very deliberately ties his two letters and newspaper together, with a piece of twine, and throws them directly at the clerk in the window. Amidst the rush of the crowd, comes a faint scream from some poor “squeezed” mortal who can’t get her letter in; and now the hammer comes down, one, two, three—all the clerks at the window get ready—four, five, six, *bang* go the windows down, with one simultaneous slide. Several letters and one paper are caught in it; but they, like those outside, cannot go by this mail, *because they are too late*. There is a very good regulation, which enables the tardy public to get their letters off; but they have to pay a fine for their tardiness. One letter-box is left open, labeled “Late Letter-box.” “All letters that are dropped in this box, before half past six, with the postage paid in full in stamps, and having

one additional stamp, will be sent by the mail now being made up.” Then there are other boxes open, labeled “for letters not intended to go by this mail.”

Now let us present our pass at the back door, and see what is going on within. At a high desk, overlooking the scene, sits the Superintending President. The lower floor of the inland department is occupied by the sorters and stampers of letters; nearly 500 in number. Across the broad hall, where the public have been jostling and crowding in to get their letters mailed, is the London district office, and, to keep up a communication between this office and the inland department, there is a passage beneath the floor, a sort of “underground railroad,” where baskets of letters and papers are sent back and forth, by steam. While this railway is constantly at work, the same engine operates a “draw,” that sends all the newspapers from the lower floor to the second story of the inland department, where they are sorted and bagged separately from the letters. One of the superintending presidents, deputed to the office of showing us all the business that was going on, asked us to step with him on to the “draw,” and up we went to the newspaper room. Here, many hundred bushels of papers were being rapidly diminished in numbers, by several score of sorters. A great many break open every day, and their wrappers come off, and there are several clerks who are engaged in tying them on. A good old pious lady, in Cheltenham, is waiting for her religious paper, and is horrified on the arrival of the mail, when she pulls off the well-known wrapper, and finds “Bell’s Life in London,” with all the “fights to come,” the last set-to of Tom Spring and Ben Caunt, and the doings on “the Turf,” and how much “Lady Jane” was beaten by “Flying Childers.” The “fast” man at Brighton looks for his “Bell’s Life,” and finds that it has very mysteriously been changed into a “Church and State Gazette.” An old tory gets Reynolds’s newspaper, and a good churchman gets “that rascally Dispatch.”

But let us descend the way we came up, going through the London post office, as the letters and papers do, by steam. At the back door, a little after six, several small red carts are driven up by men in red coats, and these are emptied of thousands of letters and

papers, from the various receiving houses. Each letter goes through from ten to fourteen processes, and the wonder is, how 500 men can take 200,000 letters, and "put them through" the various motions with so little confusion, and so few mistakes. From baskets, they are first emptied on a very large table, and here they are poured till the table is several feet thick with letters. Fifteen or twenty men with red coats are round this table, facing the letters. The letters are all "faced" one way, and with the superscriptions right side up. Large letters, and those that are unpaid, are thrown aside into a basket to be treated separately. As fast as they are faced, they are put into long grooves, similar to a printer's "galley," and men are constantly carrying these off to the stampers. The letters are next stamped. It is astonishing with what rapidity an experienced stamper will pass the letters under his stamp, and give each one a legible impression. The active stampers will stamp seven or eight thousand in an hour. They use light wooden stamps, as they fatigue the hand less, and carry ink better than metal stamps. A good wooden stamp will take ink enough from the black-ball, at one impression, to stamp legibly ten letters. Each stamper counts his letters, and at every hundred he strikes his stamp once on a sheet of paper before him. The cushion on which the stamping is done consists of several thicknesses of woollen cloth, covering the entire surface of the table. The stamp, which gives the month, day of the month, and year, is put on the back of the letter. There is, also, a private mark, composed of letters, or letters and figures, that is altered every day, and this stamp is registered in a book and kept, so that for years there are no two days that letters, mailed at the London office, bear the same stamp. This is of great utility in detecting attempts at fraud, as it is impossible for any person, out of the London post office, to know the exact stamp of the letters that were mailed at any particular day of any previous year, unless a letter could be found that was mailed in London on that day. This is almost a certain means of detecting a forged stamp, as letters, bearing mail-stamps and marks, are not unfrequently forged to get up fraudulent testimony in important trials. After being stamped and

counted, the letters are passed to clerks, whose business it is to see if they have "Queen's heads" (postage stamps) enough to pay the postage in full. By running them over, with surprising rapidity, they detect the light ones, weigh, and consign to their merited punishment—a doubling of all unpaid letters—the delinquent missives. All that are found correct are sent to stamping tables, where the stamps are obliterated, the neat Queen's heads, in neat red and white, being changed, by one blow, to a mass of lamp-black, oil, and composition, in sable cross-bars, like the prison dress of a penitentiary convict.

The process or rather processes of sorting come next, and the "sub-sorters" receive the letters at long tables, which are divided into apartments, each labeled with an appropriate title, usually that of some railway. We could see "Great Western," "Eastern Counties," "South-eastern," "London and Northwestern," "London and Brighton," and the like. One apartment is marked "Scotch," another "Irish," one "Foreign," and one "Blind." The "blind" letters are taken to the "Blind Man," the title of a clerk whose vision is so sharp that hieroglyphics, which would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer, or a professor of the Black Art, are generally straightened out, and the exact meaning written legibly over or under the original superscription. The correspondent, who directed a letter to "Sromfredevi," was not supposed to know the exact name, style, and title of "Sir Humphrey Davy." The man that wrote "dandy" for Dundee, "Emboro" for Edinburgh, "Dufferlin" for Dunfermline, was, probably, not exceedingly well versed in Scottish geography. It was supposed to be a fresh student of phonetics that addressed a letter to "jonameetne Wcasal pin Tin" instead of John Smith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The letter that was addressed, "Cally Phorni Togow the Niggeraunger Rought," was evidently penned by some one who had a brother in the mines. All these the "Blind Man" decipherers, or nearly all of them, for some directions are stone blind, and defy the powers of our hieroglyphic reader. Sometimes the "blind man" is seen eying a letter intensely, and humming an air, when suddenly, as if by inspiration, down comes his pen, and the full superscription is at once made plain. When "blind letters" are addressed to clergy-

men, at their "vicarages" or "parsonages" or to Doctors at their country seats or town-houses, without any name of post town on the letter, a reference is made to a list of the clergy, or to a medical list—volumes that the "blind man" always keeps by him—and the correct locality is very readily ascertained. Letters addressed "Mr. Smith, London," are sometimes somewhat difficult to deliver to the right "party," but, if taken as good-naturedly as were the mistakes of one James Smith, there will be very little anger at a letter being opened and read by the wrong person. James Smith, he of the "Rejected Addresses," was lodging in a house in London, when another James Smith came and took rooms in the same house. Some ludicrous mistakes were made in the wrong delivery of notes and letters, the wrong James getting dispatches intended for the other, until our James remonstrated. He said to the other: "you must leave, and I can prove to you that you must; prove it by historical precedent." "How," said the other. "Why, I've been here longest; I came first; you are James II., and you've got to abdicate."

From one set of sub-sorters the letters are carried to another; the first putting them in certain great general divisions, the next dividing down to smaller districts on the same line. For instance, the letters for the Great Western railway are given to a set of sorters, who put together all the letters that go on the Didcot and Oxford branch, and the Bath and Bristol letters separately from those for Exeter, Plymouth, and Cornwall. Finally, the sorting gets down to the towns, and for each large place, like Birmingham, Liverpool, Bath, Leeds, Leicester, and Norwich, there is a distinct bag. By having the few unpaid letters separated from the paid, and the large and official letters taken away from those of ordinary size, they are all handled with greater celerity, though eventually those directed to the same place all go together. As the hour of eight approaches, there is increased activity, for at that hour the "vans" must start to the railway stations. One of the last processes consists in tying up the letters in packages of a convenient number, together, without way-bills or wrappers. Packages are not made up in London for the small sub-offices, they being all

sent to the chief post town, and there sorted for the small neighboring offices. The old way-bill, with three or four columns of figures, is now disused. When there are letters that are not prepaid, the amount of the postage is put upon a piece of paper, accompanying the package, and that is the sum with which the receiving post-master charges himself. Registered letters, of course, are accompanied by a registry bill, and this is on the same piece of paper, with the amount of the postage of unpaid letters. The bags are usually made of sheep-skin, soft and pliable, and not of very large size. They are sealed up, with sealing wax, on the twine that is tied round the top, the wax bearing the official seal of the post-office. This is thought to be more secure than a lock. Bags that are to go a very long and rough way, like those that go to Shetland through Scotland, then by steamer, are generally locked. Porters are constantly carrying the bags to the vans. When the clock strikes eight, the president's hammer comes down, and the last bags must be ready to go out, for the time is up. Sometimes as many as seventeen vans are filled with the letters and papers going by the evening mail. These vans are technically called "Accelerators." They are large omnibuses, and in the morning serve to carry the mails to the railways, and the letter-carriers from the post-office to the commencement of their walks. The number of letters sent off by the evening mail, the night we witnessed the operation, was stated by the superintending president as 216,457. The average weight of the evening mail, from London, is now about fourteen tons, made up of these proportions:

Papers,	11 tons	00 cwt.	or 79 per ct. of the whole.
Letters,	1	" 7	" 10 " "
Books,	0	" 6	" 2 " "
Bags,	1	" 7	" 9 " "

So that the letters only form one-tenth of the weight of the entire mail; newspapers eight-tenths; books one-fiftieth; and the mail bags almost one-tenth. The book parcels sent through the London office in a year are estimated at 296,436, and for the kingdom just double this number, 592,872, at a gross postage of \$81,870. The newspapers sent from London, in 1854, were estimated at 53,000,000, and twice that number

for the whole kingdom. The postage on these 106,000,000 newspapers, at one penny each, is—reckoning five dollars to the pound sterling—\$2,208,334. The morning mail from London is only about one-fourth as large as the evening mail, weighing about three and a half tons. The average number of letters sent from London daily, is 267,521; and received in London, 283,225.

When Mr. Rowland Hill's cheap postage system went into operation, the size, style, and contents of the various articles sent were very various. One letter that came to the dead letter office, had, for contents, as officially described, "three dozen birds' eyes!" A letter from Hull to London contained "one boiled lobster." From Norwich to Cheltenham, a live black-bird, which was actually transported, kept, and fed, and safely delivered to the address. An affectionate mother sent to her son a pottle of strawberries. This was reduced to a *jam* on the way, and, out of pure sympathy, it jammed its next neighbor, whose original contents consisted of a quantity of valuable lace, and its prospective owner—the person addressed—was the late Queen Dowager. A black bottle, with no wrapper, only a label, addressed, "Tim M——,"—"a wee drop o' the crater," was mailed at Dublin, for Bradford, in Yorkshire. From Perth to Berwick, a salmon. Not unfrequently, bank-notes are sent in the mail, without any envelope or covering, merely by fastening the two ends of the note together with wafers, and then addressing it. Notes as large as £50 have been sent in this way. From Aberdeen to Ayr, two hares and a grouse; from Wootton Bassett to Sawbridgeworth, six packages of wedding-cake and one plum-pudding, in the same mail. Live leeches have been sent in bladders, and the bladders bursting, the leeches have been found investigating and exploring the interior of Her Majesty's

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mails. A live mouse, a cork-screw, a paper of shoe-nails, a roast pheasant to Mrs. ———, Brighton; part of a human limb sent for dissection (detected by the smell), rolls of cigars, lucifer matches, detonating powder, prussic acid, a pistol, loaded to the muzzle, a poodle dog, a sailor's jacket, bottles of perfumery, a sheath knife, a full suit for an infant, to Lady J——, "with love;" a jar of pickles, a pocket-book, a porcelain tea-set, a box full of live spiders, a young alligator, or horned lizard—alive—"to Master J—— H——, to assist him in his natural history studies;" a case of dentist's instruments, daguerreotype portraits, and a live frog, are among the multifarious articles that are sometimes sent as letters. There is a regulation that requires all glass, edged tools, pyrotechnics, liquids, and whatever is liable to injure the mail, to be stopped, but many of these things travel, unobserved, to their journey's end.

Sometimes newspapers are made to carry brief messages, the sender supposing there can be no harm in sending "just a word." Here are samples of writing attempted to be concealed in a newspaper, with the penalty attached—double-letter postage—fourpence for every ounce:—

"With my love,"	1s. 4d.
"All well,"	1 0
"My dearest,"	0 8
"Pray come soon,"	1 4
"Baby well,"	1 0
"Now, postman, don't you steal this paper,"	1 4
"Send your daguerreotype,"	1 4
"I leave to-morrow,"	1 4

Most of these singular packages are prepaid, but if the person to whom they are addressed will not take the letter or package, it may be returned, and the sender compelled, by summary process, to pay the full amount of postage, being double the sum it would have been if paid in advance

CHASTILLON.

"But he would not turn back, and, crying his war-cry, 'Chastillon, Chevalier!' rode furiously against the Turks."—JOINVILLE.

I.

"*OUR Burgundian wine is famous,
Comrade, it will make
All within you warm and hearty,
Though your old bones ache.*

"*So! another blessed bumper!
Now, I pray thee, tell me more
Of the deeds of our good soldiers
On the holy Syrian shore."*

II.

"Alas! there were small pleasure
In hearing of those days,
Had we fought for earthly glory,
And not for heavenly praise.

"Still the Soldan sways the sceptre
Of Baldwin and of Guy;
Still the misbeliever triumphs
Where the Saviour stooped to die!

"But I know that saintly Louis
A heavenly blazon won,
When the lilies of his banner
Drooped in the Lybian sun.

"And they conquered when they perished,
The knights whose scattered bones
Are less white, on the white desert,
Than their souls upon the thrones.

"Ah! the witnesses were many,
And comrade, there was none
Better, braver in his dying,
Than your Lord of Chastillon.

"It was hard by hateful Kazel,
By Kazel, where we lay
At the mercy of the Soldan,
So many a weary day.

"The Turks had fled before us,
But, turning in their flight,
With a whirlwind of hot arrows,
Made a sudden deadly night.

"Ah! the bravest blanched beneath it,
There was no shield could stay
That pestilence of iron;
Knights and barons led the way;

"Knights and barons! yes, believe it!
Were it better I should lie?
And we thought of wives and children,
And we turned ourselves to fly.

"But your bold Burgundian baron
Never checked his bridle rein,
Thinking palms of Heaven fairer
Than the chestnuts of the Seine.

"When the very charger quivered,
He spurred him to the fray,
In his stirrups rose and shouted—
'Chastillon! Chevalier!'

"But his voice no vassal heeded;
And no vassal saw him more,
For he rode with fear behind him,
And with martyrdom before.

"Oh! the hateful town of Kazel!
Oh! the hateful market-place!
Where the Christian army waited
The haughty Soldan's grace;

"A Turkish noble fretted
His war-horse, where I stood;
It was the horse of Chastillon,
The bridle was brown with blood."

A NIGHT NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

IN the winter of the year 18—, business of an important and peculiar nature obliged me to leave home, and travel into the western part of Virginia. Roads were bad, and as to stage-coaches, the probability is they had never been dreamed of. In that good old time everybody rode his own horse. Mine was the exact counterpart of Rosinante, as he is depicted in the Penny Magazine, but without that extraordinary length of tail which the genius of Cervantes has ascribed to that famous charger. Yet, he was a faithful beast, and carried me many a rough mile on very short commons. Peace be with his memory!

It was a period of unexampled cold, though unaccompanied by snow.

Owing to quite a singular conjunction of circumstances, there was less travel than usual, this year, through the mountains. I recollect that the northern papers, which were rarer in those days than the London journals are now, were filled with dreadful accounts of extreme weather in the interior of New York and Ohio: canals and rivers frozen up;

men found dead in the road; heart-rending suffering in the cities.

It was a very chilly evening in the latter part of February. A freezing wind shook the dry leaves that still clung in some places to the oak trees, and swept the little dust that lay along the road-side in fantastic circles round my head. The sun was low, and partially obscured by a mass of black cloud that lowered on the horizon. I had given the reins to my horse, and fallen into a brown study, as was very much my habit. A sharper gust than usual restored me to perfect consciousness, and I began to look around me in some alarm. I had wandered on without taking note of passing objects, and now everything was new to me. Before me lay a waste, desolate tract of thinly-scattered pines, and in the distance (an unusual sight in the back woods), an old frame house. This, in some degree, relieved my apprehensions. For, somehow or other, all the stories I had ever read of lost travelers, robbers, murders, or ghosts, seemed to come up before me unbidden, and would not down. But

the sight of human habitation, the blue smoke curling from the chimneys, and the cheerful crow of the cock, speedily reassured me, and brought me back to common sense.

As I approached the house and began to examine it closely, I remarked an air of dilapidation and extreme age about it, not at all calculated to allay the slight tremor which I still felt, in stopping for a night in a country I knew nothing about, and especially in such a desolate wilderness as this.

As the shadows of the night began to brood over the earth, my old terrors returned. I thought of Audubon's adventure, one night, with an old hag, in just such a place as this. But Audubon was always scrupulously armed, and, upon the occasion in question, saved his life only by a timely resort to his double-barrel gun. I now sincerely regretted my folly in not having provided myself with a brace of pistols. As it was, I had nothing but a stout hunting-knife, with which to defend myself in case of danger.

As I looked up from these reflections upon the scene that was spread around me, I could not fail to see that a storm was brewing, and that, too, of no common character. Notwithstanding the season of the year, the air was surcharged with electricity. A short time before, the sun had gone down under a cloud, with a sort of lurid and unnatural splendor. A portentous rack was now coursing furiously through the fields of air. In the west was a billowy pile voluminously massed up, big with thunder, and black as Acheron. The far-off pines, which looked preternaturally dark to me, shook with the distant premonition of the tempest.

There was always something peculiarly awful to me in a distant storm. To stand in temporary safety and look out upon the horizon, darkened by descending rain—to see the battle from a safe height, and to brave the brunt of the engagement, are two different things. But there is a situation still more impressive than either. It is to be for the present removed from the field of conflict, but in close proximity to it, and in momentary expectation of becoming an actor in the bloody scene. The excitement of action conquers fear. But suspense is horrible. We endure imaginary tortures ten-fold more poignant than the extremities of war. Besides, we

see and hear what we could not, of the horrors of the battle, were we actively engaged ourselves. The upturned faces of the dying; the mingled groans of agony and execration; the demoniac howl of victory; the indiscriminate slaughter; the shriek of despair; the gory heaps of slain and wounded; the cruel clang of trumpets and the din of drums—these things, in the cool composure of inaction, ring in the ear and cause the eye to blench that would else be unmoved.

I stood for a moment, and gazed around me in every direction. The silence was unbroken save by the swift rush of the wind as it sighed through the pines, and shook down the last red leaves from the oak at my side. Occasionally the cloud in the west would part and suddenly fly asunder, disclosing a blaze of intense light, then as suddenly flash back again, leaving the world around me blacker than before. I listened in vain, as yet, for the sound of the thunder. The silence was almost insupportable. I felt that it must inevitably come at last, and I could not bear to wait. I shuddered. The awfulness of the night and the mystery of the place appalled me.

Just then a flash of lightning showed me that the door of the house was ajar; a moment after I heard the first mutterings of distant thunder. A red light, apparently from the hearth, streamed through the opening, and threw a weird glare over the bare patch in front of the building. There was no fence—nothing grew there. The space was covered with stones and scrubby bushes. I thought, also, that I saw the outlines of a dog moving over it; but just then the door was shut, and I was left again in the dark. This glimpse of life gave me new courage, and I proceeded in the direction of the house, which was now not far off. The nearer I got, the older and grayer did it appear. The very configuration of its mouldy boards had an air of antiquity about it. I could just see that there was moss among its black shingles, when the door was reopened from within, and I entered. I found no one inside but a decrepit woman and a child. For an instant I thought of Audubon, but I beat back the reflection, and sturdily asked for a night's lodging. I found the old crone very deaf, but, as soon as she comprehended my question, she readily consented to give me a sup-

per and bed. Her countenance at once disarmed my fears; for, though she was old and shriveled, there was nothing harsh about her physiognomy. She was a very lean, withered old woman, in a faded calico gown, and an old-fashioned white cap. There was nothing very singular about her appearance, except her extraordinary height; which I remember well. The boy was one of remarkable beauty. She said he was her grandson, and that his father was dead. The woman, after a little bending over a roaring wood fire in the chimney-place, set before me a savory dish of venison, with a plate of hot corn hoe-cakes. My appetite, always good, was sharpened by a long ride and an equally long fast; and my native hardihood having now completely passed out of its brief eclipse, I did full justice to the old woman's smoking viands. I had risen early that day, and had taken very little rest on the road, and, being comparatively unused to long journeys in the saddle, felt considerably fatigued, and retired early to bed. I was conducted up a very wide and somewhat rickety staircase into a large, unfurnished room overhead. The floor was unplanned, and the cracks gaped so, that I could see the old woman walking nervously about in the lower apartment, apparently scouring some kitchen utensil. The same cracks afforded a partial entrance to the broad glare of the fire, which illuminated the room with a strange and fitful light. There was but one window, and many of the panes were cracked. As I looked out, I saw that the storm was rapidly coming up, and would soon be upon us, in all probability, with tremendous power. There was nothing in the room but a plain bedstead of antique figure, two rush-bottom chairs, and a long, narrow hair-trunk. I love to dwell upon the most trifling particulars of that night—a night that will haunt my dreams forever.

And now, in the dimness and silence of my chamber, a strange fear came over me. I could not account for it. I tried to shake it off. It still clung to me, or rather overshadowed me—like a chill, dark shadow.

I am a believer in presentiments. I am firmly convinced that a great crime or a great sorrow sometimes anticipates its coming, and shows its dread disk above the horizon before it has actually risen upon us. I am fully persuaded that I had

that night, in the horror that preceded sleep, a faint adumbration of the horror that was to succeed. I flung myself into bed and wrapped the covering around me, with a determination to reason myself into sense again. Reason seemed for the time palsied. But what reason was powerless to do, fatigue accomplished. I fell asleep.

And as I lay there sleeping, I had a dream. I thought that the loneliness of the house was increased ten-fold. I thought that I was alone in it, owing to some strange, fantastic whim of fortune, such as only exists in dreams. And I thought that I was lying in the same queer, quaint old bed, with its four tall spectral posts, listening to a dog that was howling outside, and going round and round the house. It must have been a confusion of the dog I thought I had seen in the bright patch before the door, and the dog Mephistopheles pointed out to Faust, coursing the meadow in mysterious circles. And I thought that this dog troubled me exceedingly, so that I could not sleep. There was something unearthly in its wail; and sometimes I thought there was blended with it another sound, a sound as of one in the extremity of mortal anguish. At last I could stand it no longer, and thought I descended to the door and opened it.

I had scarcely touched the latch when a female figure fell into my arms, and, as I thought, no tongue could describe the expression of her face. It was an expression of the most fearful amazement, mingled with one of the most poignant suffering. She had the face of a person who had suddenly had a glimpse through the little gate in the side of the hill, which was opened for Christian and Hopeful, and had seen her dearest friends in torment. And I thought that her fearful gaze was directed towards an obscure corner of the room, which had escaped my eye. And as I turned to look in the direction indicated, the figure of a man rose suddenly before me, out of the corner, with every limb and lineament of his body in a bright burning blaze. He seemed to me perfectly transparent, and, from the crown of his head to the soul of his foot, he was pure flaming fire. I stepped back aghast, as this appalling vision burst upon me, and was sinking away in a fainting-fit, when the apparition suddenly seized the woman in his blaze.

ing arms, and vanished through the roof with a shriek and a terrific clap of thunder which awoke me.

My eyes opened upon a spectacle never to be forgotten. I knew instantly that the house was struck by lightning. The luminous fluid was darting down the wall, just opposite to my bed, and the room was in a blinding blaze of light. In the twinkling of an eye all was dark again.

I was terribly jarred, but otherwise unhurt. As soon as I could recover from the shock, I called to the old woman.

There was no answer. The thunder was still roaring overhead.

I called again with a louder voice, in a great alarm, but with no better success.

I then got up, slipped on my clothes, and crept down stairs.

By my watch it was a quarter past one. The lightning had passed down very near the chimney, and had left a blackened track behind. There were a few half-smothered coals on the hearth below, which served to give me a little light. I looked around at first, in vain, for the woman. I tried to call, but the sound stuck in my throat. At last, attracted by the scorched boards, I drew near the corner of the room opposite the door, and beheld with horror the object of my search. She was a blackened corpse. The boy was bending over her—stark blind.

ABOUT TREES.

SOME people say that whatever has the stamp of antiquity is credible, and that if great and good people in the past have believed a thing to be true, then that is a reason why great and good people in the present (like the readers of "Putnam") should also believe it, and this is called the "authority of antiquity." If this be so (and I will not pretend to say that it is,) then trees have souls, and are worthy of salvation, which, after a sort, I am to preach. For in the dim-lighted past every tree had a spirit lurking in its recesses; in the winter, down below the iron grasp of the frost king, it manipulated the delicate spongiose roots; in the summer it whispered in every leaf, blushed in every blossom, and in the autumn, rounded its delicious blood into plump or perfect fruit. This it was very good of those spirits to do, and for it they deserve and shall have my heart-felt thanks, whatever other folks may conclude to do about it.

The authority for this belief can be found in Pigott's Scandinavian Mythology, which any infidel may consult. But further than this, do we not *know* how one of those wicked ancients shut up a real and beautiful goddess in a tree, where she talked, and moaned, and sang, for many centuries, till one of those days a hero came along and split her

out? She was, for a time, the inhabitant and spirit of that tree, and this proves that trees may have spirits, though they are not always foreigners and melancholy as she was.

This belief, at least, gave an individuality and meaning to the beauty and grandeur of trees, and a reality to the mystery of growth, which commonplace folk, having cast it away as heathenish, and not having accepted a belief in the universal presence of God in nature in its place, cannot understand. They look upon trees as so much undeveloped boards or oven-wood, which man is to bring into shape and sell.

Since the day of pious Plato, that singular god, PAN (a Universalist rather than a Calvinist, I should say), has not been heartily revered; while to-day, Waldo Emerson, and that kind of people who talk of setting up their altars in the green shadows of the trees, out in the soft summer air, are in danger of losing their church privileges, and have been called Pantheists. Now, how far this is becoming and right—first, the calling them names, and second, the fraternizing with them—it is for every religious-minded person to consider.

Mr. Bryant has said:

"The groves were God's first temples."

For the present I stand by him, and am

inclined to believe, if I can find sufficient authority, that they will be his last, long after the noble architectures of the Freemasons, which are an inspiration, and the beauty of France and Belgium shall have crumbled down to dust. Let us heartily admire, then, the works of man, but not the less love the works of God. Why not? Those who do not believe Mr. Bryant should certainly go out, from time to time, and spend a day in the solemn solitude of the great forests around the Moosehead lake, or in the mountains of the Adirondack; or on the banks of the Monongahela or Altamaha; the stately trunks, crowned with perennial glory, with silent voices, will tell him that repose in harmony with unceasing motion, is a character of God as it should be of man.

It may be rash to do it, but I will assert that no man is required, when in the country, to go fishing every day, and that no woman will be "damned to everlasting redemption," if, from time to time, she ceases the production of those astonishing worsted articles (which somebody has to receive, and stand and hold, not knowing what to do with them), to resign herself with equal assiduity to a walk in the woods.

So far as I know (and I am not an ignorant person), the Druids, of all religious people, yielded themselves most to the sacred influences of trees and forests. Their holy tree was the branching oak (*Quercus robur*), and in the depth of the primeval forests they set up those giant altars, which still stand, as at Stonehenge, a wonder to men. Lucan gives a sad-colored account of their ritual; but much allowance must be made, as he did not belong to their church.

"Not far away, for ages past has stood
An old, unviolated, sacred wood,
Whose gloomy boughs, that interwoven,
made
A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade;
There, not the rustic gods nor satyr's sport,
Nor fauns and sylvans with the nymphs
resort,
But barb'rous priests some dreadful power
adore."*

These barbarous priests also taught that a mystic virtue lurked in green, bunchy mistletoe, which in the winter perfects its snow-white berries; and on the tenth day of March they kept

"High Festival, and went in procession—priests, people, and two white bulls—to gather the tufted boughs: in white robes, the priest cut them with the golden knife, and then they returned to sacrifices and to feasting." I freely admit that it is a hopeless task to attempt to galvanize old religions into life, and, therefore, shall not urge the claims of the Druidical church upon those who so resolutely set their faces backwards, and sternly refuse to be comforted; who find the Anglican church such an infant that they hurry back to Rome. Neither will I ask Mr. Messenger,* who so "loves the old" that he says "give it to me," many times in verses, to include it among his wine and women. I only will ask these, and all kindly, genial people to consider with themselves, and then to take their wives, and their children, and their household gods, not borrowing jewels of silver and gold, which they intend not to return—as those "Ebrew jews" did—and on the first day of June, in every year, go forth into the woods to worship. This day, sacred to trees and those wonderful works of the Lord, shall henceforth be a red-letter day in my calendar, and by me and my people shall be called nature's holy-day, or "*Mother's day*," in honor of the great mother, so prolific of beauty, whose conception I now pronounce immaculate.

Let me hope and believe that, so soon as the Day is inaugurated, whole towns and villages will, for one pleasant day in the year, lay aside their ambitions and their schemes, their tasks and their conventionalities, and abandon themselves to the sweet influences of the time, and, in the most beautiful grove of the neighborhood, renew their youth. For my own part—now an ancient man—I could well enough enjoy the joke (which I know the mischief-loving children would enjoy) of being crowned with oak leaves, or having my coat-tail made into a "buck-tail," with a handkerchief pinned to it: I could well enough enjoy the love-making of the youngsters, or, should others fail, take a hand at it myself, old as I am: I could gossip with my peers about Crimea, and crops, and not do a very foolish thing, under the spreading shades.

* See Eve. Post, March 28.

I say, let us, then, do it, fearing nothing, not even those prudent Mrs. Grundys who will stay at home till they come to a better mind.

The trees must have their "Saints' day"—who will begin it?

One cannot but have a fellow-feeling for those Peripatetics—philandering Greeks, who walked in the groves, and discoursed some wise and much foolish philosophy, in those "good old times." One does not respect them much, for philosophy, then as now, was believed to be the art of putting words together into good phrases, which it is not, rather than the art of living, which it is. A philosopher may know how to put his truths into words (theory), or into action (life), one or both, but the last is the best: and John Stone, my coadjutor, who had thirteen acres of land, and thirteen plates, and three hundred dollars out upon interest, and never wanted for a clear head, an open heart, a good digestion, a cheerful welcome, a fat hen, a mended coat, and a weekly paper, was a completer philosopher than Hegel or Swedenborg—as I now think.

Perhaps I spoke unkindly of "boards and oven-wood"—I repent it, and to make the *amende*, I now say that in their way what can be better? Whoever keeps a sharp plane and a few tools (and what good man does not?) will luxuriate in a straight-grained, soft, white pine board, and will proceed to put up shelves, and to make very nice boxes, to his wife's content; and she will not go off with the soldiers, but will stand by such a man to the bitter end. In this place, therefore, I indulge in this subtle aphorism—whoever helps his wife, helps himself.

When I was up in Potter county (Pa.), and went on to the pine hills, and heard the cheery axes of the choppers, among those giants, I enjoyed it; and when the great trees came thundering down, and with a great groan gave up their ghost, then, for a moment, I was sorrowful: but I soon forgot it when the teams hauled the lengths down to the tram-road, and I, seated on the stomach of one of these kings, went bowling down to the mill through the open valley, and saw the breathing engine clutch them, one after another, with his iron claws, and devour them with

his iron teeth, and digest them into beautiful boards, why I enjoyed that too. They could well be spared from that forest, and I saw in them other uses than to cast their shade where it was not needed: future homes for happy mothers, future barns for future children, future ships for honest sailors,* lay hidden in those piles of lumber—yet I could see them: so I said, everything is good in its place, and great is God and great is man. Thus I could enjoy my mind. But when Lot Benton came out of his house, on a bright June mid-day—when we, farmers and boys, were out among the potatoes, at first hoeing—and cut away at the heart of the great elm, standing on the green, which could not resist, which had been growing for centuries, which was a glory, and a shelter, and a shade to us boys and the cattle—and only because he thought the ox-teams brought flies there—and when we came home at night, and saw the desolation, I said, though I was but a boy—I said without hesitation, "Lot Benton is a humbug!" and I say so now!

But I bethink myself that his wife *fried* his meat, and so, as he was a dyspeptic, perhaps I ought to pardon him—hard as it is.

Sometimes I go to Berkshire, where I wish rich, snobbish women would not go, for, are there not places provided for them, Newport, and Saratoga, and Nahant, and Cape May? Can they not be content? Sometimes I go there, and then I do not regret that the mountains have yielded such rich stores of dried split-wood, which stands

"Row after row, in many a rank,
Rising toward Heaven,"

and when I am taken into the kitchen to see the great loaves of bread, and when I eat of them, and when I carry away with me to my home a stalwart loaf, then I thank God for the oven-wood he has given us. All the long afternoon there, while the snow is whirling, and the wind is having a regular "blow-out," I sit by the blazing fire and imbibe the wit and the wisdom of "Putnam," and the kindly heat penetrates and thaws me: after supper is my time, when that most genial of friends, C. S., comes to me, and piles on the logs,

* It requires 40 acres of timber for a 70 gun ship.

whose heat, and light, and sparkle, are only surpassed by that which radiates from him; then I do not regret the trees which have grown up to be cut down into logs for my pleasure; then we re-read "Moosehead Lake" and grow genial, yes, jolly, without punch; we consider again "how they manage in Europe" and curse the aristocracies and conservatives; we go over "our new President" and say "Oh Pierce—what will you have to remember when you get to Alabama, but your 'Greytown,' your 'Cuba schemes,' your 'Soulé and Ostend,' your 'Nebraska bill'! Oh Pierce!"

This talk will never do; B. knows it, and without words she quietly puts us down with an inspiration of Mendelssohn's; we lapse into reverie and gaze into the fire. Those are good days, good nights, good fires, and good people.

Surely every one should think with himself how many long years a tree has been growing—how cunningly layer after layer is added to its concentric rings, how much sunshine it has assimilated, how many storms breasted, how responsive it has been to the first promise of spring and has sent up its winter sap, its blood, to burst into buds and blossoms, for the delight of the birds and beasts who have sheltered in or under its branches, for the benefit of man and the glory of God; he should think of these things, and then lay it low, if it must be, because, by so doing, it will most benefit and bless mankind.

The Jesuit D'Acosta, in his History of India, tells of a tree, by name Thacocharaya, which was nine fathoms within and sixteen without. We know no more of it; but the wide-spreading banyan of India is better known than the Ganges, and is pictured in every primer. On the rocky heights of Mt. Lebanon still stand a few of those cedars, while the temple which Solomon built with them is gone to dust. A fine specimen of the *Cedrus Libani* is growing in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, another at Chatsworth, and two small ones, now some twenty-five feet high, on Bruce's grounds at Flushing, will no doubt give place to demands for new streets and new shops.

Almost coeval with the mountain is the great chestnut at Etna, whose stem, made up of five shoots, is 204 feet in circumference.

In England, the Hatfield Oak—worth

for timber, in hard gold, two hundred guineas—is famous; so is the Swilcar Oak in Needwood forest; so are thousands more.

In America the forests are more superb than the single trees; for they are made up of single trees, which, standing alone in an English Park, would be prized before gold. The first necessity in a new and wooded country is to cut clean. Trees are a nuisance; and time must pass before a people can come again to love and value them—such has been our experience. But now we know and prize the noble elms, which have been planted in many quarters, at New Haven, at Windsor, at Cambridge, at Boston:—the superb balm of Gilead, at Newburg; the Charter Oak, at Hartford; the North Branford Oak; the magnificent sycamores of the Scioto, Miami, and Illinois bottoms; the stately tulip trees and feathery beeches of the West; the magnolias and the live-oaks of Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana. Moreover, we have heard of and seen the shell of the tall cypresses of California and Oregon—three hundred feet, straight as an arrow, toward the sky; we have heard, too, of that oak on the table land of America, which, by fair estimate, is 6000 years old—as old as the sun and the moon, and, perhaps, a little older, if it had been safe to count the rings.

The great trees of America would make an interesting catalogue, and I hope that genial men and women will do "Putnam" the favor to send short and careful descriptions of them; this will do much toward their preservation, for when the North Branford Oak was in danger, the good clergyman (I wish I knew his name) preached a sermon about the town and the tree, and saved the tree, perhaps the town.

My advice is, that each man should plant at least one tree; they are grateful children, and will grow, if they are decently treated. And I am sure that their increase may be as satisfactory as the increase of one's unnecessary capital. It is a very pleasant thing, when a child is born, that a tree should be planted, so that they may grow together. And, if I were in the habit of having twins, as I am not (may God be praised!) I would plant twin trees, two in the same hole; for I like them, the trees, not the twins. Above all, plant good and delicious fruit-trees, of any kind

except plums, which will infest you with curculio, do you no good, and much harm. Most people do not know with what safety large trees may be replanted. Within the last few years I know of many trees, elms, oaks, even hickories, from six to fourteen inches in diameter, which have been removed and planted, with perfect success, and without extravagant expenditure. Plant deciduous trees in the autumn, when you can choose your time, and evergreens in the spring; but plant them!

As I said, we have so long warred against trees, and we are so very busy in accumulating wealth, that we have hardly come to a full enjoyment of trees and forests. These latter are to be reached in every quarter. And, for myself, I like to take my family out for a summer day in the open glades of the wide wood; there we ramble at will, and enjoy our pic-nic. Among the most beautiful of our forests, are those of Kentucky, where the under-brush was browsed away by the buffaloes a hundred years ago, and where, now, the blue-grass grows into good pastures for the herds of spotted Durhams, which we eat, in turn. But we cannot yet make of forests classic ground; while in Europe, a wealth of tradition, history, and poetry, hangs around them.

The Caledonian forest was the retreat of the Picts and Scots; the Hyrcynian forest extended along Germany, Poland, and Hungary, in Cæsar's day. The Black forest in Würtemberg is full of beeches, mines, and story. In England there were four principal forests, where open glades, and dark shadows, alternated with cultivated fields and rangers' cottages—these were New, Sherwood, Dean, and Windsor. New Forest was made by William, the Norman; thirty miles in extent being laid waste, and the inhabitants moved; their houses, and some thirty churches destroyed, so that the deer might have a good place to be hunted in, and the king a good place to hunt them. The old Britons lived mostly by the chase, and these forests were intended to secure to the king and the courtiers the pleasures of the hunt. I suppose the chase, for sport only, cannot be defend-

ed, and I should be sorry to depend for my pleasures upon another's pain; so when I go for fish or quail, I do it because I want them to eat, while I get health, sunshine, and exhilaration, in their pursuit—that's the way I deal with my conscience. But hunters and husbandmen do not often enjoy trees, or learn their secret beauty.

What boy has not read, with delight, of Sherwood forest, and Robin Hood and his merry men, robbers though they were? They lived a free, hearty, generous life; they stole, to be sure, but they stole from the rich (the Normans, who had stolen from them), and gave to the poor, and seem not to have been chicaners. They kept their chaplain, Friar Tuck, and there is reason to hope that they were as pious as the Wall street speculators who keep theirs. The charm of their life does not consist in its lawlessness and riot, but in its being free, and frank, and open. It was not encumbered, as ours is, by unbounded ambitions, by greedy desires for wealth, by trivial conventionalities, and pusillanimous fears of public opinion. The veriest slaves of these tyrants respond, in their hearts, to the charms of fields and forests, to the freedom from carking cries of the hunter and the herdsman; and this explains how each one of them, while he labors to get rich, till dyspepsia kills him, ever looks forward to the time when he will enjoy the serenity and beauty of God, as it is found in nature.

The ages roll on, and probably will continue to roll, and mankind will work at the problem of self-culture and development—often blindly; but the movement is always FORWARD, from the grand, unconscious, old patriarchs, through struggle, and work, and selfishness, and materialism, through the tyranny of priesthoods, the despotism of dynasties, and the misery of unwise wants—toward self-knowledge and self-government. Then each one will sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, with none to make him afraid: and then all men will think as I do about Trees and Forests.

Let us wait awhile for that "good-time-coming," to come.

THE ATTORNEY'S REVENGE.

TWENTY years ago, Sam Saunders and I were reading law together with old Squire Littleton, of Pleasant Valley. That is to say, we both read, or professed to read, at the same time in his office; but to own the truth, that *together* must be taken in a very metaphorical sense.

Sam, indeed, read patiently and ploddingly. He went at Blackstone, as he approached every other new acquaintance, somewhat timorously at first: but after a little he clung to him, as he clung to every one of his few friends, with a vice-like tenacity. Many a clear, crisp October day, when the hills around Pleasant Valley were echoing the quick reports of my fowling-piece, the dingy office walls only echoed Sam's droning voice, as he toiled through contingent remainders and executory devises, reading aloud as if in hopes that the intricate meaning which eluded his eyesight might, perchance, creep in by the ears. On warm summer afternoons, as, with my feet on the window-sill, I watched the fumes of an after-dinner cigar, those same measured cadences would lull me to sleep. In winter evenings, when Bessie Littleton and I were going home from singing school, we used to peep in at the window and see Sam poring over his task. That, as I have said, was twenty years ago: Sam is quoted now with great respect, in the Reports, as Saunders, J.; he non-suited me, last week, on one of the very points that I first drilled into his skull, twenty years ago! That skull had such a happy thickness that no idea, once lodged, ever made its escape. But I am wandering from my story.

When Sam first came into old Littleton's office, we all thought him an incorrigible dunce. As such, he was made the subject of numerous tricks. Practical jokes of all descriptions he bore with immovable gravity. Tom Littleton, the Squire's nephew, the wit of the office and the village, spent his shafts upon him in vain. Scott, our managing clerk, delivered long lectures to him, replete with such law as never had entered the head of mortal man: and when, our gravity exhausted, Tom and I rushed out to give our laughter vent, Sam would gravely reach down his vast common-place book, and trea-

sure up Scott's mendacious maxims and apocryphal authorities with the most painful diligence.

But these things soon grew tiresome, even to ourselves. Sam was too easy a victim to afford lasting sport, and after the first month or two we left him to plod on his way alone. By and by the impression gradually grew on us that Sam was not a man to be despised after all. Slow and plodding he certainly was; but there was a world of good feeling under his great ungainly exterior. We began to see that Sam had in him the material of a warm, steadfast friend: and once in a while, when I heard him express his few dislikes, the conviction came over me that I would not much like to have Sam Saunders for an enemy.

Bessie Littleton was the belle of Pleasant Valley. She claimed that title on a variety of grounds. She was the only child of the old Squire: and the old Squire was a great man, even throughout the country. Moreover, Bessie, in her own right, was a bright-eyed, brown-haired, red-lipped little beauty; and to crown all, she was the most artful and bewitching little coquette that ever proved, in a village church, how much a natural genius for flirting can surpass the studied art of city belles. Every one of the Squire's students fell in love with her before they had finished the first chapter in Blackstone; every one except Sam Saunders. And every one had some sweet treasured reminiscence—some particular word, or look, or smile, upon which he built particular hopes. To be sure, if any one of them had examined the subject in connection with Phillips on Evidence, or any other good work on that branch of his studies, he might have known that there was hardly a *prima facie* case in his favor. But perhaps this is a process hardly to be expected of lovers.

If the truth must be told, I flatter myself that I could give a shrewd guess at the true state of Bessie's feelings. It would hardly be proper for me to speak very plainly on such a matter, even at this late period: and as Mrs. Quidam is of a slightly jealous turn, I do not like to commit myself. Suffice it to say, that although Miss Littleton

never exactly expressed herself to me in so many words, yet I have always been convinced that certain little marks of attention to your humble servant were not without their meaning. But this is not to my present purpose.

Lazily smoking one July afternoon, in the position I have described before, a rustling of gauze upon the walk struck my ear. My eyes opened just in time to catch a glimpse of Bessie as she passed the open door. Something white fluttered to the ground as she vanished. Bessie had dropped her handkerchief.

Now, I do not mean to say that Bessie intended to drop her handkerchief, or was cognizant of the loss. I am aware that handkerchiefs are often dropped by young ladies in situations which entirely preclude the suspicion of any ulterior purpose. I am even prepared to admit that (except on the stage) handkerchiefs are more often dropped accidentally than otherwise.

But yet, in the present instance, it was singular that she should have dropped her handkerchief in that very place. She might have been aware that I was at that time particularly disengaged, so far as office business was concerned. Indeed, if the reader will remember the position I was occupying, she could hardly have passed the window without having her attention called to that fact. These reflections, to a mind accustomed, as that of a student at law in his second year must be, to the weighing of evidence, led to an irresistible conclusion. It was clearly my duty to restore the handkerchief to its fair owner.

Rapidly as this train of argument had passed through my mind, it yet occupied some seconds: and still more were required to gather myself up and proceed to the execution of my mission, with such deliberation as its importance and the heat of the weather demanded. These few seconds were of vast importance in the life of Samuel Saunders.

I reached the doorway just in time to see his huge figure bending to pick up the delicate fabric, which he handled as gingerly as if it had been one of the cobwebs of the law. Chagrined as I was to be thus forestalled, I could not help smiling at what I flattered myself would be Bessie's disappointment. But if I expected it to be visible in her face, it was because I did not fully know Miss

Bessie Littleton, or young-lady nature in general. She never had given even me a sweeter smile than that with which she rewarded my fellow-student's clumsy politeness, when his long strides had overtaken her; and Sam returned blushing like one of his father's blood-red beets. Two or three evenings after, I met him in unusual array. To see him away from the office at that time was a wonder; but imagine my astonishment when he told me he was going to call at 'Squire Littleton's! That evening sealed his fate. The little flirt had played her cards well: she had trumped Sam's heart.

The poor fellow was strangely affected at first by his novel sensations. He dreamed over unopened books; he scribbled many things which he afterwards carefully destroyed, reducing the paper to the minutest fractions of which his big fingers could render it susceptible; he took long solitary rambles; he committed all the follies which from time immemorial have been the signs of first love. But this stage did not last long, for it was not in accordance with his earnest, serious nature. After a week or two, he came back to his books with redoubled energy. I thought he had escaped from the toils.

But one day Miss Bessie came to the office to look for her father. She might have recollected, had she taken the pains, that he was gone to try a case at N——. But it so happened that she did not; and only Sam and I were in the office when she entered. There was nothing in her manner which gave me a chance to guess at the true state of affairs; she was to both of us the same bewitching little gipsy as ever. But when I glanced at Sam, I could read his heart like an open book. His broad face lit up with a smile that made it almost handsome; and from out his great eyes there gleamed such tenderness as if his whole heart were flowing through them toward the beautiful girl.

With a smile and a gay word, she flitted away, and Sam turned back to his desk, and his eye grew dull and his lips compressed once more over Chitty. I watched him with strange interest, for I had just caught a new glimpse into his character. He loved Bessie Littleton with all the power of his deep, slow nature, and he had set himself down to win her by the only means he knew—patient, plodding labor. And the next

time I saw her I gazed at her with an odd mixture of admiration and pity; for I felt that she had chosen a most unfit subject for her arts if she were but flirting—and if she were not, that Sam Saunders and Bessie Littleton would make a very odd couple!

A year and more passed without making much change in Pleasant Valley. Sam studied, and I smoked, and Bessie flirted, sometimes with Sam, sometimes with me, often with any new-comer that relieved the monotony of village society. She danced before my comrade's eyes like a will of the wisp, or the tempting mirage towards which the laden caravan toils its weary way, always sustained by seeing it just ahead, yet never diminishing the distance that still remains to be passed.

Our admission to the bar came at last, and we separated, I to build air-castles and blow smoke-wreaths from a fourth story window in Wall street, and Sam to open an office in his native village, some ten miles from Pleasant Valley. Amid the novel excitements of city life, our village scenes, and interests, and friendships, soon grew dim and distant. I began to think of them as of a different sphere, with which I had lost my connection; and I even found myself speaking and thinking of the fascinating Bessie as a pretty little girl whom I once knew in the country.

It was some time in the third summer of my professional life—I can hardly say of my *practice*—that I strolled into the rooms of Mr. Flourish, the eminent counsel, whose office was two floors below me. I had got into a habit of doing this, for it was pleasant to see clients even if they were not my own, and to see that fees and retainers still existed, and were not, as my own experience had almost led me to believe, traditions derived from a by-gone age.

"Quidam," said my learned brother Flourish to me, "you studied law in Pleasant Valley, did you not?"

I nodded.

"Wouldn't you like to take a turn up there next week? I am going up to try a case."

I could not help expressing my wonder that any case should arise there of sufficient importance to call from the city a counsel so eminent as Flourish.

"It is a queer case," he said, "a breach of promise; and the queerest

part of it is that the plaintiff is of our own profession."

Taking up the bundle of papers which he drew from the great heap on his desk, the first one which met my eyes was the following "declaration."

SUPREME COURT.

SAMUEL SAUNDERS
vs.
ELIZABETH LITTLETON.

Oudamon County, ss.: Elizabeth Littleton was attached to answer Samuel Saunders of a plea of trespass on the case upon promises; and thereupon the said Samuel Saunders in his own proper person complains. For that whereas heretofore, to wit, on the first day of April, in the year —, at the town of Pleasant Valley, in the County of Oudamon aforesaid, in consideration that the said Samuel Saunders, being then and there unmarried, at the like special instance and request of the said Elizabeth Littleton, had then and there undertaken and faithfully promised the said Elizabeth Littleton to marry her the said Elizabeth Littleton, she the said Elizabeth Littleton undertook and then and there faithfully promised the said Samuel Saunders to marry him, the said Samuel Saunders, in a reasonable time then next following. And the said Samuel Saunders avers that he, confiding in the said promise and undertaking, hath always hitherto remained and continued and still is sole and unmarried, and hath been and still is ready and willing to marry the said Elizabeth Littleton; and although a reasonable time for the said Elizabeth Littleton to marry him, the said Samuel Saunders, hath elapsed since the making of the said last-mentioned promise and undertaking, yet the said Elizabeth Littleton, notwithstanding her said last-mentioned promise and undertaking, but contriving and fraudulently intending craftily and subtly to deceive and injure the said Samuel Saunders in this behalf, did not nor would within such reasonable time as aforesaid, or at any time afterwards, marry him the said Samuel Saunders, but hath hitherto wholly neglected and refused so to do, to wit, at the town of Pleasant Valley aforesaid, in the county aforesaid. Wherefore the said Samuel Saunders saith that he is injured and hath sustained damage to the amount of five thousand dollars, and therefore he brings his suit.

CHAPTER II.

From time immemorial, court-week had been a period of high festival in Pleasant Valley; but I could not help fancying, as we reached the inn, that a more than ordinary interest attended the term which was to decide the great case of Saunders *vs.* Littleton.

Having casually remarked that I had come up in company with the distinguished Mr. Flourish to try that case on the part of the plaintiff, I speedily found

myself the object of almost as much curiosity as that eloquent counsel himself. That the very ingenious efforts made to acquire information respecting the private affairs of my former fellow-student and Miss Bessie failed, was owing partly to my natural discretion, and partly to the fact, that, of all which had transpired since I left the village, I was even more ignorant than my inquisitors themselves.

The next morning after our arrival the case was called, and, in the presence of a more crowded auditory than Oudamon County Court House had ever before contained, Mr. Flourish opened for the plaintiff.

The evidence was brief, but decidedly to the point. It consisted chiefly of a series of letters from the defendant, which established, very conclusively, the following facts: first, that after a long and assiduous courtship, on his part, she had given the plaintiff an unequivocal promise of her hand and heart; and second, that some time after, and when Sam had already commenced his arrangements for their union, she had dismissed him in a manner equally decisive, and had ever since persisted in treating the whole matter as a tiresome jest, which none but the very dullest of suitors would ever have considered earnest.

Here the plaintiff rested. Evidence for the defense there was none, for the nature of the case rendered it impossible. Miss Bessie could hardly deny her own delicate handwriting; and it was in vain to attempt showing anything in the life or conduct of the staid, sober, prosperous lawyer, which would justify the breaking of a solemn engagement.

'Squire Littleton, therefore, who was his daughter's only counsel, addressed himself at once to the jury. He spoke to them not so much as an advocate, as in the manner which became an old man reasoning with his neighbors. All that the plaintiff had shown, he said, was undoubtedly true. It was his hard lot to stand there, in his old age, and confess that his darling child had done much to grieve a fond parent's heart. She had committed what, in his own eyes, seemed a grievous sin; for she had broken her word. But this, he argued, was not the place or the manner to punish such offenses. The law of contracts never was intended to be a substitute for the tribunal of conscience.

If the plaintiff could show that he was pecuniarily the loser by her fickleness, the jury might compensate him. If he could show that any more advantageous match had been lost, any prospect of advantage blighted, any outward loss or suffering entailed upon him, these were matters of which they might properly take cognizance. But of this there was no pretense. The injury inflicted had spent itself in the inmost heart. That it was an injury, a deep and galling one, he most humbly confessed; but it was one which could not be estimated in dollars and cents. The highest verdict claimed would not mend the plaintiff's heart one whit; the lowest possible would more than compensate his pocket.

All this seemed to me very good sense; and yet I was convinced that it would have but little weight with the jury. In private life those twelve men would each probably have reasoned in the same manner; but in the jury-box they felt it their solemn duty to compensate, with pecuniary damages, all the sufferings and evils of the world.

Flourish knew well this idiosyncrasy of jurymen, for it is one by no means confined to the panel of Oudamon county; and he framed his reply accordingly. Under the charm of his fervid eloquence, Sam (who, in rugged health, and with a bag full of briefs, sat just behind him) became the most dejected, the most blighted, the most broken-hearted of sufferers. Bessie (who sat on the other side, with that same bewitching smile as of old, rendered only still more fascinating by a puzzled look, as hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry,) grew into the most artful and dangerous of foes to human happiness, whose power for ill those intelligent jurymen were called upon to destroy, by the all-powerful spell of exemplary damages.

Mr. Flourish wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat down; and the jury were charged in the most approved manner.

If the gentlemen of the jury were convinced, said his Honor, that the plaintiff should have a verdict, they would, of course, give him one, unless, in the exercise of a sound discretion, and upon a careful review of all the facts in the case, they thought fit to find for the defendant. As for the measure of damages, that, of course, was

entirely within their province; yet, at the same time, he might be allowed to suggest that if they took one view of the case, those damages might be estimated at a high rate; while if, on the contrary, they took a different view, it would be highly proper not to give so large a verdict.

With these lucid instructions, the jury retired, just as the tavern bell over the way rang for dinner. Scarcely, however, had we reached the outer door when we saw them filing back to the court-room. Back returned the judge, with anything but satisfaction on his face, and back crowded lawyers, clients, and audience, to learn the result.

I had not judged wrongly as to the relative effects of the two speeches on the jury; but I own I was somewhat astounded when the foreman, after declaring that they found for the plaintiff, added, in a clear and distinct voice, "with damages, five thousand dollars!"

"You have got a stunning verdict," said I to Sam, as we walked over to dinner, "but how much will you realize from it?"

"Nothing, now."

"I see," was my rejoinder, "Bessie will be an heiress one of these days."

"Squire Littleton's property would not pay his own debts, if he died to-morrow," replied Sam. "People here think he is rich; I know him to be insolvent."

"In the name of wonder, then," I exclaimed, "how do you ever expect to be compensated for the time and money spent in getting this verdict?"

"Do you remember the 443d page of the first volume of Blackstone?"

Of course I could not acknowledge to my old fellow-student that I didn't; but, as I found it impossible to recall the precise doctrine taught on that particular page, I discreetly dropped the subject.

When 'Squire Littleton died, not six months after the trial, all Pleasant Valley was astounded by discovering what only Sam and a few intimate friends had known before; namely, that his only child, the supposed heiress, would be left nearly penniless. Mingled with the expressions of pity for her, elicited by this intelligence, were many sly cuts and shrewd jokes at the supposed failure of Sam's deep-laid scheme. The loungers at the tavern, and the knot of

evening gossipers in the grocery and variety store reckoned up the items of his expenditure in that famous case, and chuckled at the thought that the wily lawyer's speculation would foot up so largely on the wrong side. They were a little surprised, afterwards, to find that he made no effort to repay himself out of the few hundreds saved for Bessie from the wreck of her father's estate. One of the more charitable among them even suggested, upon one occasion, that Sam, though a lawyer, had some little generosity left. But this notion was so instantly and generally scouted by his wiser companions, that it never was broached again; and the only theory that at all satisfied their minds was, that in this, as in everything else connected with Bessie Littleton, Sam was fairly *non compos*.

Bessie, with all her acknowledged faults, had been a favorite, and when her father's fine old house was sold under the hammer, the homeless girl would have been a welcome guest beneath many a roof in the village. But she could not be a dependant where she had almost reigned a queen; and, after a few weeks of restless flitting from place to place, she accepted a situation as teacher in a distant city, and left Pleasant Valley, as she then thought, forever.

But a young lady can change her mind many times in the course of two years; and two years brought her back. She had gone in orphan's weeds, and with eyes dimmed by sorrow. She came back, more like the bright, bewitching Bessie of her earlier days; and it soon came to be whispered around that there was good cause for her renewed spirits—that she was going to make an excellent match.

These rumors soon were reduced to certainty; for on Saturday afternoon a sprucely-dressed gentleman was seen at the door of the tavern, and the next morning that same sprucely-dressed gentleman walked into the village church with Bessie on his arm. Oddly enough it happened, that Sam Saunders had ridden over that morning to hear an old schoolfellow preach. The comparison between the two lovers, as to the outward man, was decidedly in the newcomer's favor. Grim old bachelorhood had settled down prematurely on Sam, and stamped its mark on his careless attire, and his bushy hair; and hard

work, in a hard profession, had not improved a face which never was handsome. The stranger, on the contrary, was eminently a handsome man, and no little of a dandy. His face was a perennial smile, and when he smiled he showed a set of beautiful teeth that you could not help noticing. They seemed to be a sort of white paling, set up for the express purpose of preventing you from looking any deeper, to see whether so beautiful a smile really came from the heart or not.

During the week that followed, Bessie was the gayest of the gay. Innumerable were the parties of pleasure executed or projected for the amusement of her lover and herself. It speedily became known, through the half dozen confidential friends, to whom she had whispered the secret, that she would not return to the city till Mr. Nicherly could make the arrangements for their union. Mr. Nicherly was a prosperous merchant, and of course must prepare a fine house for his intended bride.

How Mr. Nicherly and lawyer Saunders became acquainted, I cannot say, but one afternoon, in the latter part of the week, they were seen walking down the street together, in earnest consultation. Stopping at Squire Littleton's office, (where Tom, his nephew, still clung to a remnant of the old man's business,) they were a long while closeted there. When Mr. Nicherly walked away, it was with a very quick and nervous tread, as of a man who had just escaped a great calamity; and when Tom Littleton came in, he found Sam in a brown study, his finger resting on an open book. It was the first volume of Blackstone, open at the four hundred and forty-third page.

Bessie Littleton's fine match was broken off. Mr. Nicherly left the village in great haste, after writing her an elaborate and neatly-folded letter. These facts were speedily known and carefully discussed through Pleasant Valley. Some people said it was just what she deserved, while the more kindly-hearted grieved at what they thought must be her disappointment.

But if they expected to see that disappointment shown outwardly, they were mistaken. There might have been a tone sharper in Bessie's voice, after that, and a less frequent smile upon her face; but then Bessie would

never see four-and-twenty again, and such changes were natural. Beside, she had now sought a home at her cousin's, and Mrs. Tom Littleton's temper, it was whispered, was none of the sweetest.

So Bessie was generally allowed to have come out of this, as out of some other broken engagements, heart-whole, and though younger girls, who, when I knew Pleasant Valley, were running about in pantalets, now disputed her belledom, yet Bessie was a dangerous rival for the youngest and prettiest of them still. Still she was the one indispensable participant in every project of gayety; and if you peeped in upon a ball or pic-nic, you were sure to find the beaux clustering thickest wherever Bessie was.

Thus far her success was complete; but beyond that there seemed to be an invisible barrier, which none of her admirers could or would pass. One by one her younger friends dropped from the circle to become wives, and little girls whom she had held in her lap came to fill their places; and once or twice, when she dropped a careless remark about "forward chits," she started to hear "old maid" whispered as a repartee.

These matters, of course, were all duly talked over at the tavern, and in the grocery and variety store. The opinion, at first doubtfully whispered, at length spread wide, that Sam Saunders must be in some way connected with this. Old Uncle Ben, the man of all work at the tavern, claimed to be the first who had made the discovery. "He had said all along that there was some witchery about that judgment; for his part, he did'n't know much about law, but he knewed that there was something about all such matters which the lawyers kept mighty clust to themselves, and folks might depend that was at the bottom of it." These surmises, uttered with profound head-shaking, soon invested the case of Saunders *vs.* Littleton with mysterious importance among the less enlightened of Uncle Ben's hearers. Vague rumors crept about, that, whenever any of Bessie's admirers became marked in his attentions, Sam Saunders was sure to be seen reading to him out of a very old book, after which, as the story went, the spell was upon him, and he approached the lady no more.

The landlord, like the store-keeper and the other village magnates, for a long while treated these rumors with great contempt. But one day, when Tom Littleton happened to be in the bar-room alone with him, the host ventured, after much preliminary conversation, to express his wonder that Miss Littleton had never married. Tom turned with the gravest possible face, and in an impressive tone said:

"That, sir, is in consequence of the common law of England!"

After this, the landlord's incredulity vanished, and he and his cronies listened with wonder and attention to Uncle Benny's explanations of his theory of the spell. The consequence was, that 'Squire Saunders began to be looked upon in all that region with great respect, as a man of tremendous and mysterious powers; and, as he possessed a wonderful faculty of shaking his head, and looking wise, whenever any question of law was propounded to him, his practice increased immensely.

CHAPTER III.

Some three miles from Pleasant Valley, on the road to Edge-hill, where 'Squire Saunders lived, is the Foster Farm. By that title it is known in all the country round, for five generations of Fosters have owned it in life, and now lie in the little grave-yard by the corner of the orchard. A comely, tall, sinewy race they were, frank of speech, honest of purpose, and not afraid of hard work. Well it was for them that they possessed the latter virtue, for all that they could wring, by hardest labor, out of their scanty patrimony had been a comfortable living, and the satisfaction of handing down the homestead, from father to son, unburdened by debt.

The present occupant of the place had, in his boyhood, been one of Bessie Littleton's most devoted admirers, though he contented himself with thinking of the charmer as he followed the plough, and never dared to give his love a tongue.

She knew it well enough, the little gipsy, for all that; she had read it in his face a hundred times, and laughed over it, in private, as often.

When Bessie came back from the city, David Foster's father was dead, and his widowed mother and he were

living at the farm together. People spoke of him as a likely young man, and when they saw that he never lingered at the door to chat with the girls after meeting, they said that he was wise enough to avoid his forefathers' errors. For one great cause that had kept the Fosters poor was, the number of white-headed little olive-branches that always had clustered around their table. David himself was the first only child in the annals of the family.

But when it became known that Bessie's city match was broken off, and that the race for her hand was again open, he suddenly discovered that there were many things in the settlement of his father's estate—a simple job it was, heaven knows—requiring legal advice, and his boyish friendship with Tom Littleton was renewed, and strengthened with bonds of silver. In the cold winter Sundays, too, when his mother could not come to meeting, Tom rarely missed him at tea-time.

And while other suitors came and went, lured on by Bessie's fascinations, and then discouraged by her scorn, or else awed under Sam Saunders' terrible spell, David made slow and sure progress. It was more than a year before he found courage to put to Bessie the tremendous question, and when he had done it, he sat like one who had spoken with an oracle, and waited to hear his fate from inspired lips.

Bessie had it in her heart to answer him a frank yes: for, in that year of intimate friendship, the young farmer's manly truth and honest, warm feeling had won upon the best part of her nature, more than she would have liked to confess. But old habits of flirting, as of anything else, are hard to eradicate. Yield without a struggle, she could not. Say no, she dared not, lest the youth, unversed in woman's wiles, should believe she meant it. She had not even that great resort of young ladies in her predicament, a father to refer to. And so, finally, as the best thing she could do, she said that David must broach the matter to her cousin Tom, and she would be governed by his advice.

Tom was at the office that evening, but the ardent lover could brook no delay. Away he went, his heart beating rapidly, and his face flushed with excitement, striding along with such steps as men can only take when traveling toward happiness, or away from danger;

and when he reached the office, he flung back the door with a crash, that started from profound deliberations not only its owner, but the gentleman with whom he was conversing—his learned professional brother, 'Squire Samuel Saunders.

The great errand on which he had come, sank unuttered from David's lips, when he saw the terrible 'Squire. The glow fled from his face, but, not before it had been noticed, and its import guessed, by one of the party. He got no chance to open his heart to Tom that evening; and when 'Squire Saunders, rising to go, proposed to set him down at home as he passed Foster Farm, David followed him unresistingly, as if the terrible spell were on him already.

Their conversation as they rode along was very interesting: so much so, that next morning David rode over to Edgehill to finish it.

"That you may see," said the lawyer, in his dry, argumentative way, "that I am only telling you the exact truth, I will read you a few lines from the greatest authority in the law. This book is Blackstone's Commentaries, and I read from the four hundred and forty third page of the first volume."

"*If the wife be indebted before marriage, the husband is bound afterwards to pay the debt; for he has adopted her and her circumstances together.*"

The lawyer glanced stealthily at his companion as he closed the book. But David had buried his face in his hands and appeared to be in profound thought.

"Suppose it comes to this," said he, at length, "can you take away my mother's right in the farm?"

"Of course not," was the reply; "your mother's thirds for her own life will be left untouched. But the execution will certainly sweep away all the rest."

"Then my mind's made up," said the young man, rising. "If Bessie knows this, and will be my wife, thank God I've a pair of strong hands and an honest heart! Your execution cannot take them, 'Squire Saunders!"

Saying this, he marched out of the room, without even a look at his opponent's face. Had he taken one, he would have read there an expression, not, indeed, happy, but far different from the angry one he imagined.

That same afternoon Bessie Littleton was astonished by the announcement

that 'Squire Saunders was in the parlor and wished to see her.

She turned deadly pale at the mention of his name, and her heart sank as she conjectured the purpose of his visit. Often as this implacable enemy had crossed her path of late, he never before had come to wage the conflict or enjoy his revenge in her presence.

"The conflict? The thought flashed across her mind that there never had been any conflict before. His plans had worked secretly, and she had known them only by their certain effect. There must be some fault in them this time, or he would not be forced to appear in person on the field!

The blood rushed back to her face as this exultant thought rose in her mind. She was about to meet her foe face to face, and she entered the parlor resolved on a terrible struggle. The first glance she cast on Sam was intended to make him quail. She might as well have tried with such a frown to stay an impending avalanche, or awe into quiescence a granite column that tottered over her head. Not a muscle of that broad, deep-lined face would change for her frown or smile, *now!*

He lost but few minutes in coming to the subject which had occasioned his visit.

"Miss Littleton," he said, "you have accepted David Foster."

"No, sir, I have not," was the reply, in tones meant to cut the impertinent querist through like knives.

"Well, you have not, but you will. That I know. Do *you* know what will be the consequence of your union?"

"I do."

"And you are prepared to meet it?"

"Yes, Samuel Saunders, I am! I have borne long and patiently the effect of your machinations. I will bear them no longer. If David Foster loves me well enough to go out and earn bread for us by daily toil, I can share that bread with him more joyfully than I could share with you the wealth they say you are acquiring."

"Bessie, if you think I came here with one thought of asking aught for myself, you are mistaken. That time has passed with me forever! But with regard to David Foster. You are willing to share poverty with him: I do not blame you for it. Are you willing to bring that poverty upon him? Will it be a happy thought, when you see his

fathers' home in a stranger's possession, that but for you he might still have dwelt upon his own inheritance? Will no blush of shame mantle on your cheek, when you remember that ruin and beggary were your bridal dowry?"

The unequal conflict was over. Sam had uttered these bitter words as calmly as he would have enunciated a proposition of law, but they had crushed his opponent. Bessie's eyes, which she had intended to use with such terrible effect, were swimming in tears.

"Not that, not that!" she cried. "I cannot bear that! I can endure all your revenge myself. I have deserved it—earned it; but I cannot and will not bring it on the head of him who loves me and whom—I love!"

She hid her face in her hands and sobbed violently.

Sam bent over her with that same strange expression which had followed David Foster out of the office at Edgehill.

"Bessie," said he, at length, "you love that man as you *never* loved before."

He had to repeat the words a second time before she replied. Then, rising, and looking him steadily in the face:

"Yes, Samuel, I do! Shameful confession as it is—most shameful before you, of all others—I love David Foster as I never loved any other man, for I love him unselfishly."

If Samuel Saunders had been a man given to emotion, it might have been thought, from the trembling of his lips, that some words were struggling for utterance there which could not find a voice. As it was, he only stretched out his great palm and took Bessie's hand in it.

"Bessie," said he, at length, "we have both done much that needs forgiveness. That my own sin has not grown beyond its power is due to One wiser than we are. If what I plotted in human malice has been made, as I now believe it has, the means of saving you for a truer happiness than otherwise you might have known, let His mercy teach us

both to be more merciful to each other's faults."

With one pressure of her hand, he was gone. Five minutes after he stalked into the old office were years before he had read law, and dreamed love dreams.

"Tom, my good fellow," said he "give me a sheet of paper."

When David Foster came into the village that evening, the first place he entered was Tom Littleton's office. Not with the quick step, the glowing face of the night before, but slowly, and with compressed lip, like a man who is keeping up his courage. When he came out, as he did five minutes after, the glow and the excitement had appeared again. He bore them strait into the presence of Bessie Littleton, and with them a very formidable document, signed, sealed, and, delivered by Samuel Saunders, of the town of Edgehill, in the county of Oudamon, Esquire, which, after setting forth with great verbosity a former action, in which the said Samuel Saunders was plaintiff and one Elizabeth Littleton, etc., etc., spinster, was defendant, and a recovery had therein by the said plaintiff against the said defendant, and a judgment thereon entered, went on to say that the said Samuel Saunders, for divers good and valuable considerations moving him thereto, remised, released, and forever discharged the said Elizabeth Littleton, not only from the judgment aforesaid (which seemed to David and Bessie to be all that was requisite), but "of and from all and all manner of other actions, causes of action, judgments, suits, controversies, trespasses, debts, dues, damages, accmpts, reckonings and demands whatsoever, from the beginning of the world to the day of the date of these presents."

Samuel Saunders, Esquire, danced for the first and only time in his life at the wedding of David Foster and Bessie Littleton.

The last time I visited Pleasant Valley I saw a little white-headed boy, who told me his name was "Thammy Thunderth Fother!"

THE USE AND ABUSE OF STIMULANTS.

"In what thou eat'st and drinkest, seek from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
So thou may'st live till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature."

I. THEIR USE IS UNIVERSAL.

THE business of life is to live. From the earliest infant hour, until the latest breath, we struggle to resist that inevitable decay which is the common lot of our race. To provide against the tendency of our bodies to oxydation—to use the language of one of the latest chemical theorists—has required all the time, and labor, and talent of a very large class in every country and in every age.

God has furnished us with those instincts necessary to seek out and select the class of articles best adapted to human sustenance, and the ingenuity to appropriate them to our necessities. From the earliest ages of which we have any record, stimulants, as well as food, have been regarded as necessary to animal life, and the development of its mental and physical ability.

Quotations are not necessary to remind any, who are at all accustomed to read the Scriptures, that, in the Old Testament, wine is associated with milk and oil—with fatness and abundance. Nowhere, however, is there the slightest intimation that its use can be dispensed with. The modern theories, with regard to the alleged ancient practice of suspended fermentation and "drugging," cannot be sustained; nor is there, any doubt that the wine which "cheered the heart of man" would intoxicate, if used to excess.

Its temperate use is everywhere enjoined, and is alluded to as one of the virtues that distinguishes the true Christian; from the striking denunciations of Solomon down to the injunction of the Apostle:—"Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance." All nations, however barbarous, every people, however isolated, have discovered a mode of procuring some sort of stimulant. Almost all known vegetable substances, as well as many animal, have been employed for this purpose. Probably a list of more than one hundred articles could be furnished, frequently of the most incongruous description, from

which an intoxicating element has been procured. Unless there is some constitutional necessity to be supplied, it is very difficult to account for this instinctive ingenuity.

We may safely calculate, then, that, while the constitution of man remains unchanged, there will ever be manifested a desire for stimulants, and that they will be required until a more perfect physical organization is attained. While it is unquestionably true that no person in health can safely employ any article that intoxicates, still, while we live so fast as now—while we burn the candle at both ends—while the mind and body are taxed to their utmost capacities, for a considerable period of time—there are, frequently, conditions which require the temporary use of a stimulant tonic.

II. STIMULANTS ARE NECESSARY.

A medical writer, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* of 1855, in an article directed to students, says: "In the present state of public sentiment, there is little danger of the abuse of stimulants by educated men who desire to set an example of temperance; we are not sure, that, as far as the health of the individual is concerned, the error is not on the other side."

And again the same writer observes: "We acknowledge that, with most physicians, we feel very often a reluctance to advise the use of stimulants, for fear of the possible formation of a bad habit. But we have too often seen their good effects, when ordered by a practitioner, bolder or less scrupulous than the greater number of the physicians of the present day, not to feel strongly persuaded that there are many in our community who would be better for an occasional stimulant. It is true that one in perfect health does not need it—cannot be made better, and cannot but be made worse by it. *But this is the condition of not so large a number as is generally supposed.*"

That very many persons require stimulants as well as food—that, while often

injurious, they are frequently beneficial, and even necessary, cannot be denied.

III. BY WHOM STIMULANTS ARE NEEDED.

While it is true that no person in health requires stimulants, still, in the present state of society, there are so many causes operating to disturb the equilibrium of health, that a pathological state—often temporary—may occur, needing a remedy of a stimulant character; even in cases when there is not present a condition that would be regarded as one of illness, requiring medicine or a physician.

Foreigners say of us, that we are a short-lived, consumptive, lanky, pale-faced, physic-taking race. With regard to the two first points, statistics show that they have nothing to boast over us; and the successful sale of quack medicines in England shows that we come honestly by our physic-taking propensities. That we are lean and pale-faced must be very apparent to one accustomed to look upon the ruddy faces of Englishmen, and to observe the fine color which distinguishes the countenances of English women, even up to an age which we regard as advanced. We are, to a remarkable degree, an overworked people. Our physical and mental energies are constantly taxed to the utmost. The first impression made upon the mind of a foreigner is, that we are always in a hurry. Our ambition induces us to undertake too much, and we are not content with moderate accumulation. We grudge the moments devoted to eating and, rest, and spare little time for relaxation or holidays. Thus a large number of our middle-aged people are invalids. They have accumulated money and retired rich, and devote themselves to the business of nursing an overworked and debilitated frame.

The results of medical investigation and the progress of science cause fewer diseases to terminate fatally, and protect the lives of the constitutionally feeble. We have, therefore, more invalids than in the days of simpler habits, when the community was made up of the *sick and well*. A very large number belong to a class who are neither sick nor well. It is difficult, therefore, to define a condition of health. The majority of mankind go on their way, complaining, from the cradle to the

grave. How few there are who have no malady, acquired or inherited, which exposes them to illness. How few there are whose stomach and brain bear the labor which is rolled upon them, without furnishing evidence of uneasiness? Stand at the corner in some crowded thoroughfare; inquire of one, who knows every passer by, how many enjoy perfect health; and if you are able to collect the statistics, the result will surprise you, unless you have been accustomed to look in this direction. Step into the gallery of the church in which you worship; run your eye along the pews; examine each countenance, and you will find, alas! very few upon whom the cares of life do not wear heavily, or who do not secretly suffer under some of the many ills "which flesh is heir to." In the period of youth, all the functions of the body are usually well performed. He now scarcely knows he has a stomach, who, during most of the years of his life, afterwards, perhaps, must consider carefully with regard to every dietetic indulgence. Who has not looked back with wonder to the period of his boyhood, when a hatful of apples, or pears, or plums, frequently disappeared under the apron, especially when visiting forbidden ground, or when a whole afternoon was too short to satisfy the love of boisterous games, a quarter-hour of which would now exhaust all the physical energies? But this period of youth—ever the most delightful and the most healthy—sometimes requires more than nature's efforts to sustain its vigor. The eruptive diseases of childhood leave the system exhausted and feeble, requiring stimulants to bring it up. A little later, the period of girlhood is often a very critical one, in which the aid of stimulants is eminently required. Still later, youth of both sexes develop unequally—growing rapidly in height, but otherwise gaining little—and require the judicious use of the same agents. To the mother, during the nursing period, they also afford material assistance. The dyspeptic finds their judicious employment of great service. And to him who regards himself as entirely well, unusual fatigue, extraordinary watchfulness, much care and anxiety, excess of labor, in body and mind, or both, may bring a condition in which it would be desirable to employ a tonic stimulus; while as yet he would hesitate to say he was sick, and required

medicine. To the valetudinarian and convalescent, as well as to the aged and infirm, stimulants furnish a grateful and valuable health-giving and life-preserving force, by means of which vigor is restored, new strength imparted, and the usefulness and comfort of old age extended and increased. In malarious districts, stimulants are especially required. Credible authority asserts that amid the terrible slaughter which has attended the building of the Panama railroad—an enterprise which cost more human life than many long campaigns and bloody battles—none enjoyed immunity from the disease except those who drank habitually, and freely. As a remedy for the bite of serpents, and many other accidents and diseases, stimulants are now and have ever been regarded, by physicians, as a valuable addition to the means of relief which Providence has furnished them.

In debilitated and exhausted conditions, there is no resource, in the present state of science, except in alcoholic and diffusible stimulants. In this respect, they occupy precisely the same relation to the race which they ever have since the earliest period of their history. It is true their use requires the exercise of sound discretion; with regard to which, professional advice should be sought. To some, their use, in any quantity, is an evil. There are many who are constitutionally replete—every ounce of aliment becoming converted into the elements of blood—whose ruddy countenance and *bonhomie* make them favorites in society. This class need no stimulus; to them it is a manifest injury. A low diet, and abstinence from exciting drinks, and from much animal food, affords them the only chance of safely reaching the critical period of life, without being overtaken with some form of apoplexy, which frequently proves their first and last illness. It is the misfortune of this class that they usually desire just the food and drink which it is the least desirable they should employ; and they are frequently restrained with difficulty. Having never suffered illness, they laugh at their nervous friend, who complains much, but energetically pursues the business of life, and whose accomplishments are often incredible; yet, like the willow, he bends under the attacks of disease, and recovers, while his sturdy neigh-

bor of iron frame is broken by its force.

There is a class to whom the world owes much, more, probably, than to any other, whose special mission in this life seems to be one of action. They are usually spare, below the middle size, nervous, ailing, cannot bear excessive fatigue of an unusual kind, their mental powers being often greater than their bodily abilities. Some of this class remind us of a frail steamer with too large an engine, which racks its framework, and while driving it to the accomplishment of its purpose, rapidly destroys its constitution. These are usually enthusiasts, and often make some particular matter the hobby and the business of their lives. They live just about long enough to make their mark and die. This class, of whom there are many examples in both sexes, frequently need mild stimulants to sustain them in their self-imposed labors. It is useless to advise rest and quiet; *they cannot rest*; inaction to them is intolerable. If they smoke, it does them injury. They find little time for social enjoyments; an hour spent in chatting or at chess would seem a total loss. With regard to them, there often arrives a time when the physician, or the judicious wife, or friend, would recommend the use of some gentle stimulus to relieve the over-taxed system from exhaustion, consequent upon unusual bodily labor or expenditure of mental energy.

There are others whose framework seems to be put together lightly; they are frequently tall in stature; while young, they are frail, though seldom ill; they lack energy, apparently from the want of bodily strength; as they approach middle life, they suffer from what, for the want of a name, is called "general debility." They are not characterized by great mental energy; the mind seeming to sympathise with the body. The heart seems unequal to the task of driving the blood to the farthest extremities. These people get great credit in this world for amiability, and a sort of negative excellence, which they surely possess to an eminent degree. Except dyspepsia, which, during the dyspeptic period, from twenty-five to thirty-five, seldom fails to give them trouble—especially if their habits are sedentary—they pass along feebly, because physically unable to be energetic;

and frequently sink at their meridian with some disorder, characterised mostly by debility. Females of this class suffer from the relaxing diseases peculiar to their sex, within a few years after marriage; and, if over-taxed with domestic cares, are worn out by the exhaustion which they produce. These people require stimulants more than any other, and their judicious employment will often tend to ward off disease, and relieve various disorders to which they are liable. Happily, persons of this habit are not disposed to their over-use; the majority of drunkards being found among those who require no stimulants. These long, lank, Cassius-looking persons, feel themselves physically unable to indulge, and experience constantly the necessity of employing moderation in all things. There is little merit in their prudence, because the least indulgence is followed by unpleasant consequences. One single night's rest lost, or one sumptuous meal, or a short period of labor, is succeeded by sensations of discomfort, entirely unknown to those more highly favored in point of physical capabilities.

For all these classes of persons, and for those in the peculiar circumstances we have described, stimulants may be pronounced necessary.

IV. WHAT KINDS OF STIMULANTS TO USE.

This is an age of adulterations. Our flour, mustard, vinegar, pepper, meat, tea, coffee, milk, sugar, butter, and medicines are adulterated to such an extent, that the very fastidious would scarcely dare to eat at all, if made aware of the full extent to which these practices prevail. The quality of intoxicating drink has much to do with its distressing effects upon the constitution of man. In other guise, poisons, such as prussic, sulphuric, and nitric acids, logwood, alum, lead, copper, and every other sort of astringents are imbibed, which are very deleterious to health and destructive to life. Who has not observed how rapidly the wretch descends who sinks into the use of whisky and common, cheap adulterated spirits? The mere stimulating effect the human system will long resist, unless the quantity be enormous—but a frame of iron and nerves of brass cannot withstand the influence of these

poisonous compounds, which, though sold as alcoholic, often contain scarcely any alcohol.

Tobacco is the most popular plant in the world, although introduced to its inhabitants but about 300 years ago. It is most consumed of all vegetables, and, next to salt, is the most used of all productions, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, on the face of the globe. It is partaken of by saint, by savage, and by sage, from the Equator to the Pole, and no nation has declined adopting it. Two millions of tons are annually produced, and, notwithstanding all that has been said and written against it, the consumption has constantly increased. Although, to a considerable extent, injurious in many ways, its use, to some constitutions, is innocuous, and there are those who employ it with apparent benefit. Most persons have recourse to it who have been reformed from habits of intemperance, and it furnishes a comparatively safe substitute for the intoxicating cup. Opium is more employed, by far, than is generally supposed. Its influence is evil, and only "evil continually." Coffee and tea have their uses; but they are liable to great abuse. Alcoholic stimulants, though gratifying to some extent the same kind of desire, serve a much more valuable purpose.

On recently looking over the loose papers of a medical man, eminent in the last generation, we observed that he was constantly in dread of inflammation, which induced him continually to tap the veins to prevent mischief. Either this age has learned much, or has receded, or else the constitutions of our people have changed; for we oftener have reason to fear an atonic rather than a tonic condition; and more need stimulating than depleting. Good hearty food, and enough of it, is the best treatment for the healthy, who would keep so; and tonics and stimulants are valuable for the feeble, to bring up to par those who have sunk below it. If it is true that cases of incipient phthisis require not only nourishment, such as is procured from fats and oils, but also that the blood be driven through the lungs at a more rapid rate, in order to accomplish more perfect oxygenation, we require some trustworthy agent, of a stimulant character, for this purpose. Under these circumstances, good brandy and gin are especially useful. There is

an abundance of villainous, drugged, adulterated compounds, which are deadly counterfeits, constantly sold under the name of the various kinds of wines which they are intended to imitate. The manufacture of these articles has grown into a trade, and the adulteration commences at the very place where they originate. In view of the adulteration of port wine in the very vats, a writer, familiar with this subject, says: "If you would get pure Port, you must go to Oporto, make it yourself, and ride home on the cask." It is notorious that there is more champagne annually drank in Paris than the whole champagne country produces; the greater part must be adulterated. Brandy is very expensive, is most readily adulterated, and its habitual use congests the liver. Gin has fewer objections, but it is often, too, fiery and exciting. Rhine wine and London porter are frequently imported pure, but are very expensive. Scotch ale or porter, at twenty shillings a dozen, is no more available to the large number of persons, who require an article of this kind, than gold pills would be. With regard to our malt liquors, they are often prepared with a view of making them at as low a price per barrel as possible, and are frequently unfit for medical prescriptions. Native wine is not yet obtainable, except at a large price. In years when there has been a plentiful supply of Harrison and Canfield apples, New Jersey has furnished cider unequalled in the world for purity and excellence; this article supplies the required want in a large number of cases; but for several years the market has afforded no cider fit for a physician to prescribe.

There has recently sprung up a new kind of manufacture, which has seemed to supply, to a good degree, this want. It is "Lager Bier," or the wine of malt and hops, and is much esteemed in European countries where the soil is not favorable to the production of the grape. Many physicians have been in the habit of prescribing this article. It can only be preserved during the summer, in deep cellars, twenty-five feet under ground, every avenue to which is carefully closed. It is sent out in small casks, lined with resin, so as to be as impervious as a glass bottle. It is very weak in alcohol; the winter beer containing two and one-

half per cent., and the summer four and one half, or about half as much as many of the light wines of Europe. Other malt liquors and cider contain, frequently, ten per cent., while Port and Madeira contain twenty-five per cent. "Lager Bier" is so called from its being laid away in cellars, the fermentation being arrested. The name signifies stored, or stock beer.

It is often useful in dyspeptic and hysteric cases, during convalescence from disease, for nursing-mothers, and in conditions of feebleness, when ordinary tonics would not be borne; it acts gently without producing excitement, does not cause headache, does not over stimulate when taken in moderate quantities, does not produce acidity of the stomach, and acts freely upon the kidneys. In many of these respects it differs remarkably from all other malt-liquors; beside, its manufacture requires cleanliness and purity.

An able writer on the subject of "American wines," in a former number of our magazine, illustrates the possibility that, before long, the world may be obliged to rely wholly upon this country for its supply of wine. The geographical limits of the United States are almost precisely the same as those in which are produced the finest grapes of Europe. By the patent office report of 1853, it appears that the value of the wines produced in the United States, amounted to *two millions of dollars*; *ten thousand dollars more than the value of the tobacco crop.*

There is not an indigenous grape in Europe; the stock is of Asiatic origin, and was originally introduced amongst the islands of the Archipelago by the Phenicians. The wild grape of Persia, having been propagated through many centuries by means of cuttings—a method of reproduction opposed to nature—has at length been attacked by one common, fatal disorder, called the "oidium," which threatens to annihilate it, unless recourse can again be had to some native source.

In view of the apparently hopeless failure of the wine crop in Madeira and Portugal, in Italy, and other parts of the continent, and the adaptedness for the grape culture which is said to exist in every part of our Union, this subject assumes considerable importance. It is said that there are not less than a hundred sorts of grapes in this country,

and that the indigenous varieties in our own state are as fine, and, in many respects, more desirable than are produced in any other part of the world.

Climate, soils, species, and modes of culture vary. It is, therefore, highly probable that this universal disease arises from the method of propagation. Europe, accordingly, will have to return to the wild grapes of the steppes of Asia, or resort to those of America. The potatoe, propagated by cuttings, also seems destined to fatal decay at the end of 300 years; while the grape has survived, for 3000 years, this mode of propagation.

Should the original tuber from its South American source be reintroduced, it would require years before it would become the mealy, delightful potatoe now common with us. So our native grape has a tough skin, and lacks the flavor which is attained by a few years of cultivation. France produces annually 924,000,000 of gallons of wine, estimated to be worth nearly 140,000,000 of dollars, and other parts of the continent scarcely less in proportion; still, as says our writer, "I have passed three years in France, where I never saw a drunken Frenchman. Eighteen months in Italy, and in that time not an Italian intoxicated. Nearly two years in Switzerland, of which I cannot say the same, but I can safely aver that, during that period, I did not see twenty drunken men; and, whenever my feelings were pained at beholding a prostration so sad, over better principles, it was invariably on an occasion of extraordinary festivity." In non-vinegrowing countries, where extravagant duties interdict the use of wine, it would appear that the consumption of spirits has increased to an alarming degree. "England, with a population of 24,000,000, consumes 23,000,000 gallons of spirits (exclusive of porter, ale, and beer); while France, with a population of 33,000,000, consumes but 15,000,000 of her own brandies, and of these a large proportion is used in manufactures, in fortifying wines for shipment, and in the preparation of fruits and confections." The manufacture of whisky, spirits, and ale, for home consumption, in the United State (exclusive of exports), amounts to 86,000,000 of gallons.

It is notorious that proofs of intemperance are less often seen in those countries where a mildly-stimulant drink

is habitually employed. On the evening of a new year, in Glasgow, in Scotland, a traveler will see more drunken people than could be found in a whole year on the Continent. We have visited German cities, where fairs had called together large assemblages, and seen those people, who are habituated to the light beer of that country, under circumstances that would have required, in Great Britain or the United States, a large police force to preserve order, without the slightest evidence of disorder or tumult. The 700 students of the University of Heidelberg present a remarkable example of roistering, rollicking, and fun, and drinking, too, without drunkenness or quarreling. In France, the "vin ordinaire" frequently furnishes a substitute for tea and coffee. The peasant of Tuscany, Naples, or Sicily will live and labor upon wine, oil, and macaroni, with a few raw beans, perhaps; but deny him his wine, and he will think that starvation must be the inevitable result. Like the Bavarian peasant with regard to his beer, he would rather go with one meal a day, than be deprived of his accustomed beverage. The King of Bavaria initiated a law some time ago, the title of which was, "An act for the suppression of Intemperance," in which a bounty was offered for the best Bavarian beer—which is similar to our "lager beer." This is regarded by the people to be as necessary as bread, and is freely used by the best physicians, both in the hospitals and in private houses.

A few months since, thirty thousand Germans met for a pic-nic at Elm Park, near this city. Many wagon-loads of beer and of light wine were consumed, but, visiting the ground late in the day, we witnessed not a single instance of intoxication or quarreling, except among some Americans, who, were afterwards apprehended for picking pockets. A large police force had been stationed on the ground by the Mayor, but this was the only duty they were called upon to perform.

V. LAWS AGAINST THE ABUSE OF STIMULANTS.

From the day when Adam took the forbidden apple, his descendants have loved to partake of forbidden pleasures; nor have warnings and instructions ever

succeeded in preventing the indulgence of dangerous appetites. From the earliest ages laws have been enacted for this purpose. *Panther's history of China* furnishes a law enacted 2100 years before the Christian era, of a more stringent character than any ever proposed in these latter days. They condemned to death lawyers and certain other classes of society, if found in a condition of intoxication. They destroyed the palm and other products of the soil, from which intoxicating drinks were prepared. The historian relates that, notwithstanding these enactments, that generation proved remarkable for the general prevalence of intemperance.

The ancient Persians, and the Romans under Romulus, passed very stringent temperance laws; and temperance societies were very popular in the early history of Greece. The Spartans and the Carthaginians passed most severe enactments against intemperance. *Lycurgus, King of Thrace*, enacted a "Maine Law," in the execution of which, not only were the wines destroyed, but the vines which produced them. *Terbaldus*, a Bulgarian prince, did the same seven hundred and four years after Christ. *Charlemagne* made stringent laws against grog-shops, drinking healths, and other incentives to intemperance. *Constantine* banished rum-sellers and tore down their houses. The Chinese forbade the culture of anything that could produce intoxicating drinks, until, in China, rice and the palm-tree, though before very abundant, were entirely extirpated, and became unknown productions. Notwithstanding, the Chinese found new methods of obtaining the stimulant principle. *Mahomet* made a similar law, and the followers of the Crescent became, as the whole world knows, and still continue to be, remarkable for their effeminacy and for the indulgence of every sensual appetite. With nervous systems, excited by coffee, or lulled into dreamy repose by tobacco or opium, they fritter away their shortened lives in wild delirium, or stupified insensibility, until, at length, but for foreign aid, they would no longer have a place in the family of nations. There are forty-eight enactments against intemperance upon the statute book of the State of New Jersey alone, since 1683, and more in some of the other States during the

same period. Christians of every age have deplored the evils of intemperance. Politicians and governments have devised many remedies, to obviate and prevent the enormous expenses of pauperism and crime, in consequence of excessive indulgence in stimulants. Such indulgence not only debases the body, mind, and soul of man, but an appetite is thereby created, which virtually hands over the wretch to the keeping of a fiend, who changes his whole nature, destroys his natural affections, and induces him willingly to sacrifice home, wealth, fame, prospects, hope, and heaven. Who that has seen a moral wreck produced by this cause, and has, perhaps, endeavored to stay the monomaniac, whose downward course none can arrest; who that has seen the good wife mourn over the lapse of her husband, and endeavor to lure him to virtue; who that has seen the orphan children needing bread and suffering for the want of education and employment, but has longed for a cure for the moral pestilence and has cursed the conscienceless retailer, who was willing to fatten on all this misery? None have witnessed these things without wishing for some law that should effectually prevent such outrages, and suitably punish the sordid wretch who would rob the innocent and ruin his neighbor.

It is the fashion to exalt the present age. We call things by new names, and believe that we have reached a new era of experience and discovery. It is unquestionably true of it, however, that none have equaled it in moral strength, and in the prevalence of Christian principles. The great law of scripture, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and the principle of St. Paul, who would not eat meat if it made his brother to offend, never before operated practically on so many minds. The moral energy and Christian excellence of our social system is evidenced in the prevailing determination to prevent and cure, by legislative enactments, the evils of intemperance. The people, by a general uprising, have pressed their determination upon politicians and legislators, forcing them in several states to add to the statute book a law more stringent than any ever before enacted in this country.

This remarkable movement is, in its aims, altogether worthy of sympathy; and, if it could succeed in producing a

serious and permanent diminution in the amount of intemperance, pauperism, and crime, it would merit the earnest coöperation of every honest man.

VI. THE MAINE LAW.

Although the form of this law originated in Maine, still, the manufacture of that public sentiment, which would render its enactment possible, has a much earlier date. For its real origin, we must go back to the labors of Beecher and Hewit, to the ever-memorable Clark, who originated the temperance pledge, which, during the years of its efficacy, accomplished so much good; and to the long-continued and persevering labors and permanent records of the "American Temperance Union."

Philanthropists and Christians, who had expended much zeal and effort in favor of temperance reform—while they saw very great improvement; while intoxicating drinks had been banished from the sideboards of most families; while those who took the lead in moral influence abstained from their use; and the principles of temperance, which, a quarter of a century before, were scoffed at, had now become universally received by the good and virtuous, and it was no longer an opprobrium to be a teetotaler—still, as we say philanthropists and Christians were impressed with a conviction that there yet remained much in the habits of the community which needed reformation.

Dram-shops abounded. The young men were presented with the intoxicating cup at public dinners; and festival occasions were not regarded as complete without their use. The tavern was the rallying point in many communities, and furnished the place of meeting on any occasion which called the people together. Youth associated in military and fire companies, and those who desired to be regarded as fashionable were peculiarly exposed to temptation. Temperance was growing less popular, there was an apparent disposition in the community to relapse into habits of excess; yet, there seemed to be nothing more that the advocates of temperance could do.

At this juncture, the experiment of a prohibitory law was conceived. It was eagerly regarded as the "Eureka," by means of which this giant evil could be

effectually vanquished. But it is to be feared that this law, with all its stringent provisions, loses sight of the operations of human nature. The word "prohibitory" would seem to imply the possibility of forbidding effectually the use, in any form, of intoxicating drinks. The feature of the present law of Maine, which imprisons the traveler who has a vial of brandy among his baggage, or the porter who leaves a bottle at a dwelling, or fines the physician who furnishes it, seems to suppose the possibility of legislators making dietetic regulations which shall be regarded as binding upon the community.

There is no principle with regard to which men are so sensitive as that of personal liberty. A small community might be willing, for the sake of those whose idiosyncrasy drew them into intemperance, to relinquish the use of stimulants. But it is Utopian to expect that the majority of our citizens will consent to a law that shall decide for them questions, relating to their diet and regimen, which it is eminently their province and right to decide for themselves. By attempting too much, there is danger of losing important vantage ground, and of failing to obtain such wise enactments as can be effectively enforced.

No one, who has studied the character of the American mind, can feel any confidence in the permanence of public sentiment. Public opinion nowhere so readily changes. Like the tides of ocean, it sets strongly in one direction, and then as strongly, perhaps, in the opposite. There is a national tendency to overdo. A law that will best arrest and cure tippling, and reform the habits of society, in order to be sustained and effective, must not unnecessarily restrain and embarrass the discreet and law-abiding portion of the community. With regard to all moral questions, it seems to be thought necessary, in order to preserve one's reputation for their sincere advocacy, to adopt the notions and opinions of some clique. No cause has suffered more from cliqueism and ultraism than that of temperance. Years ago, none were regarded as competent to advocate it except those who had some personal experience of its ill effects. Familiarity with bar-rooms furnished a passport to pulpits and popular favor; and men publicly related, without blushing, the manner in which they were ear-

ried home on a board, or rolled on a wheelbarrow. More recently it has been demanded, in some communities, that he who would be regarded as a sincere advocate of temperance, without danger of ostracism or reproach, must join one of some half-dozen secret associations—must appear in an upper story, gaining admittance by signals and pass-words, and there wear regalia, and acknowledge a new species of brotherhood. The present demand upon the friend of temperance is, that he should fall in with the popular fancy for the most stringent law that can be enacted, and assist into office everybody who desires to make use of him for that purpose.

From Maine to Georgia, public attention has been arrested to this new scheme which aims to treat stimulants like arsenic and strychnine—to prohibit their sale under any circumstances, except as a medicine, or for mechanical or chemical purposes. Opinions seem to differ as much with regard to the practicability of the new measure—which, with emendations and trifling alterations, has been adopted in several States—as do the several judicatories with regard to the mode of enforcing it. While not a single conviction has followed a breach of the law in Maine or Massachusetts, and while in New York and the western states it is found impracticable, unwieldy and easily evaded, there are many who believe it not only possible to carry out this law, but to make one even still more stringent. Mr. Dow regards it as feasible to institute an examination of baggage on the frontier of every town, like that of an Italian custom-house—to fine and imprison men for acts which may be inconsiderately, or conscientiously performed, and for practices by no means generally disapproved. Mr. Delavan predicts, as the result of legislation, the prohibition, in the very commercial metropolis of our country, of all commerce in an article which furnishes one of the most material commodities now manufactured or imported; and insists that none but teetotalers shall be regarded as eligible to office. Mr. Greeley thinks the Maine law is needed in the wine districts of France; and the Rev. Mr. Parsons (an English clergyman) finding that four drams a day, with his sedentary and studious habits, produced hypochondriasis and

dyspepsia, concludes that, in any quantity, the influence of alcohol upon the stomach is deleterious—that it is at war with the human system, and is never required, scarcely, for medicine—that our Saviour did not make any intoxicating wine at Cana of Galilee—that the ancients, though they drank gallons at a sitting, preferred that which did not intoxicate, and that the communion should not be administered in anything we call wine. On the other hand, there are many excellent men, and they are greatly in the majority, who regard these views as Utopian, unwise and contrary to facts and experience.

A law permitting all to sell who pleased, but making dealers responsible for the effects of their business, would, probably, accomplish all that legislation can do. The law should not receive into its treasury the price of blood, and tears, and destitution. If the business is wrong, it is manifestly wrong to make those who are unwilling to abet it partners in the sin. We should arrest and fine or imprison every person found intoxicated. When it can be discovered, he who sold the drink should be fined to the same amount. If the intoxicated person is imprisoned, the dealer should pay enough to support his family during the period of incarceration. Such a law, though regulatory, would prove more prohibitive than the long and complicated statute which has been recently enacted in several of our states.

VII. NEW REMEDIAL INSTITUTIONS.

More attention should be given to the remote causes of intemperance. The man who lives, perhaps, in a rear basement, having no other prospect than an unpainted fence and a barrel of ashes—stifled with noxious odors—has no home where he can rest after the fatigues of the day. He naturally desires to escape from the discomfort of such a habitation, and seeks congenial society where the instinctive love of association may develop itself. The grog-shop ever opens an inviting retreat—in winter it is comfortably warm, and furnished with every requisite for the enjoyment of social intercourse. In this country, as well as Great Britain, the unfortunate appetite for alcoholic preparations and strong liquors leads many through these social enjoyments into fatal habits of intemperance. The model lodging-houses, so richly endowed by Abbot Lawrence,

of Boston, whose death is a national loss, promise certain progress in the right direction; and it is to be hoped that institutions of the kind may not be confined to that city.

Our people are not content, as are those of France, with meeting together and simply sipping sugar and water. Their evening gatherings, military parades, agricultural shows, arbitration meetings, target excursions, and firemen's demonstrations, beginning and terminating at a grog-shop, have ever proved a prolific source of evil to our young men, and to the community. It is the absence of provision for the social wants of the poor that proves the producing cause of a large amount of intemperance. An English writer, speaking on this subject, says: "France, Italy, Spain, Hungary, and Germany have no restrictions with regard to intoxicating drinks; still, very little intemperance is seen in those countries, while our statute books are filled with laws, and intemperance is the national vice of the British islands, for the want of education and improvement in the moral tone of society."

The Americans are in many respects like the English. As a people, we are too utilitarian—have too few holidays—too little to interest and amuse the million. Conversation rooms, lighted and well warmed, with music to cheer and enliven, with books and papers for the studious, and the implements for interesting and harmless games, would, to a great degree, supply the want. Men are but children of a larger growth. Like children, their amusements require directing, or their hours of idleness and relaxation will not fail to be more than lost. These are just the periods of time in which bad habits are formed and perpetuated. A public institution, embracing a free library, and furnishing globes and maps, would be invaluable in every populous town. How enviable the position of him who has the means and disposition to found such an establishment—blessing the community long after he is dead, and passing down to unborn generations the humanizing and Christianizing influences thus happily inaugurated!

These remarks are especially applicable to our own native population. As for the Irish, they have brought with them the drinking habits and usages which seem to belong to the Green Isle,

and distinguish them as much as the brogue which enables the listener to determine their nationality. It is said that the average life of an Irishman in this country is only five years, and of this mortality, intemperance is the principal cause. It cannot be expected that the present generation who come to this country, mostly at adult age, can be recovered from those habits. For them, the new social institution of which we are speaking can do but little. The most stringent laws which can be enforced and sustained will best enable them to avoid their characteristic intemperance and want of providence.

Alluding to this subject, the *New York Independent* says:—"We must not be blind to the facts that already exist, nor to those difficulties which the carrying into effect of the Maine law among us will inevitably breed and cherish. By the enforcement of that law, thousands of men in our city will be deprived of an habitual stimulus and source of pleasure. What is to take the place of the lager bier saloons, and the hundreds of dens for drinking and gambling which infest our city? Are these men to have nothing supplied to them for that which is taken away? Truly, if this is to be so, it may be well doubted if the law is wholly a gain or not. Some amusement they *must* have, some recreation they *will* have; if you take away their drink, they will seek lower pleasures still, such as are untouched by law, unless they are provided with means whereby they may improve and elevate their lives."

Allusion is made in this extract to our German-born population, which is already very numerous. They are careful, provident, and industrious. They are comparatively seldom found in our almshouses and jails. Such an establishment as has been alluded to would be a great boon to them. It is true they spend too much of their earnings in lager bier, which they drink in unreasonable quantities, and at unseasonable hours; but they seldom become drunk, or abuse their families, or neglect their business. The character of the German people is not entirely apprehended. Considerable experience, gained among this people in Europe, has induced the conviction that they are misunderstood, because they can be noisy and merry without being drunk, and because their habits, manners, customs, tastes, and

language are so essentially different from our own. They have come here in numbers so large, that their national peculiarities are perpetuated, and they assimilate slowly with our people. It is by no means certain that it would contribute to their physical and moral advantage, or that it would be just, to take from them a drink which they and their ancestors have ever been accustomed to regard as necessary. They have habits peculiar to themselves, and have a right to indulge them, if not injurious to the community among whom they reside. They are honest, law-keeping, and industrious citizens. They take their wives and children with them, when they drink. They are merry and go home sober. If the law forbids the manufacture of the article, and they are driven to the miserable, villainous, drugged, sulphuric acid, and bad whisky mixtures (for they must have something), which will be clandestinely conveyed in any quantity, despite the most stringent laws that can be enacted, they will suffer a dreadful moral deterioration, and be reduced to some extent to the condition of the whisky and gin-drinking classes of the manufacturing towns of Great Britain.

There are unfortunates born into this world, who, from a diseased condition of mind or body, or both, or from inherited waywardness, ruinously imbibe alcoholic poison. This class of persons deserve and require the sympathy and assistance of their more fortunate neighbors; and the law ought to take care of them, because they are unable to take care of themselves. When they marry, they bring wretchedness to their families. They neglect to provide for them; they squander the earnings of others, and rush headlong to destruction. On precisely the same principle that lunatic asylums are appointed, should these people be cared for and restrained, as those should be restrained whose cupidity induces them to contribute to their undoing. There ought to be an asylum for drunkards where they could be confined—not as felons or with the guilty—but treated with kindness and consideration.

This institution should be so arranged that no disgrace would necessarily accrue to a residence there. The odium, if any, should be completely removed, by having the committal come from the

hands of the family physician, perhaps, who knows the case, instead of from the official, who knows nothing of the matter but that it involves costs. A place like this, where, like a weather-beaten vessel, the victim of self-indulgence could haul up and refit, would accomplish much for this class of the community who swell our criminal calendar, and contribute to increase the expenses of pauperism, as well as furnish the exciting cause of riot and disturbance. To this institution every person found intoxicated should be sent.

VIII. THE PRESENT DANGER.

Those nations which are accustomed to government espionage, might be tolerant with regard to inquiries into the contents of their pantries and cellars; and in this country, a desire to serve the moral interests of society may induce endurance for awhile, but excessive stringency in the law will surely become irksome, and produce injurious reaction. It is but a popular fiction that everything, which by abuse may intoxicate, is, when properly used, poisonous in its effect and baneful in its influence. Nor is it true that Christian self-denial requires forbearance, with regard to anything that is believed to be necessary or useful, because there are some who will use it to their undoing. If, in our apple districts, families regard a glass of cider as desirable, or in our vine-growing communities, or among our foreign population, light beer or mild wines are considered necessary, it is not plain that the law has any right to forbid their use, or that it is expedient to do so.

"*Festina lente*" is an important maxim in all movements which demand a radical change in society. Legislation cannot relieve Christians and philanthropists from the necessity of practicing the virtue of temperance, and inducing others to practice it. While looking up to Hercules, as did the wagoner in the fable, there is danger of our forgetting the duties and responsibilities of individual effort. There is reason, above all, to fear that the final result of the attempt to suppress the use of alcoholic liquors, by prohibitive laws, may be a relapse into a worse condition of things than prevailed before the temperance reform began.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

A CROP OF NOVELS.—The autumn brings us, along with the pears and grapes, a large ingathering of novels, and these, like the fruit, are some of them under-ripe, some just ripe enough, and some so over-ripe as to be rotten. Among the names to be recorded are *Twice Married*, *Clouds* and *Sunshine*, *Oakfield*, *Ethel*, or the *Double Error*, *Aspirations*, *Light and Darkness*, *The Old Homestead*, *The Old Farm House*, *The Rag Picker*, *Isora's Child*, *The Elder Sister*, *The Match Girl*, *The Deserted Wife*, etc., etc. Strange as it may appear, we confess to have read the greater part of these without having been obliged to send for a physician, or exciting the solicitude of our friends as to the continued sanity of our intellects. At the same time, it should be remembered that we have had much experience in this line, and that our head is become very hard. We should not advise any immature or unseasoned brain to expose itself to the same operation.

Twice Married, as the readers of this Magazine are aware, is a pleasant and graceful little humorous tale of New England life, full of the characteristics of the region to which it relates, abounding in truthful descriptions of nature, and with a plot most ingeniously contrived and wrought out. As a brat of our own nursing, we entertain for it, of course, a most motherly kindness and regard, and commend it heartily to the good will of all strangers.—*Clouds* and *Sunshine* is a story by Reade, whose piquant and charming sketches of Christie Johnson and Peg Woffington have lifted him at once to a high rank among our tale-writers. There is such dramatic life and movement in his incidents, such cleverness of characterization, and such crispness and vivacity of style, that his books please almost everybody. They have all the bracing and glitter of a clear, cold morning of the autumn. Even in those parts which relate to the close, artificial life of theatres and cities, there is a sound and healthful feeling for nature, and a good honest morality. His habit of writing for the stage has taught him to leave out the dull parts (by which we mean wearisome descriptions of

persons and things), and to concentrate his story into dialogues and actions. The same habit, on the other hand, sometimes betrays him into flippancy, but he is always genial, entertaining, and lively.—*Oakfield* is a most serious and earnest exposition of the life of the English officers in India, written by Lieutenant Arnold, a son of the lamented Dr. Arnold, and brother to Matthew Arnold, the poet, whose works were recently reviewed in these pages. Describing the experiences of a young ensign, of strong religious convictions, who went to the East in the course of his professional duties, it gives the most startling pictures of the moral degradation and false aims of the greater part of the official corps. With all his father's lofty sense of duty, and all his brother's fine culture and poetic sensibility, he exposes the selfishness, the animalism, and the low, worldly ambition of the army; but while he writes with the sturdy zeal of a reformer, he maintains the good sense of the scholar and the gentleman. His book, relating to a branch of English politics in which we Americans do not often interest ourselves, and having for its end an important moral rather than an agreeable narrative, will not elicit the admiration of regular novel readers, and yet there is so much fine description, high character, and true sentiment in it, that we hope even that class will not be deterred from its perusal. The death of the late Dr. Arnold was universally regretted by the Christian world; but, in the bequest of two such gifted and noble sons as Matthew and this young lieutenant, he has almost compensated us for his loss.

As to the other novels on our list, we cannot speak of them in detail. They are of various merits, some pretty good, but the most of them indifferent; that is, as Pope unjustly says of women, they have no character at all. They are stories of passion and sentiment, without much local truth or probability of incident, and incapable of lasting effects. They are written mainly by females, who, with acute and lively feelings, and a tolerable command of English, have yet no decided artistic impulse, and who now write novels, as

they formerly wrote tales and verses for the newspapers, partly to get rid of a present uneasiness, but mainly in the hope of reaping a pecuniary reward. They are rather inspired by the successes of others than by any genius of their own: and the consequence is, a great lack of originality in their plots and characters, and a kind of stereotyped flux of sentiment. Mr. Charles Dickens and Mrs. Stowe are answerable for a large number of these offenders. The Little Nell and her old Grandfather of the one, and the Uncle Toms and George Harris of the other, are the parents of an immense progeny of similar personages. Among our American novels, in particular, it seems to be absolutely essential that they should contain, one shabby old gentleman, who is also a perfect miracle of goodness, a Lamplighter, a Rag-picker, a Newsmen, or what not, a little girl or little boy, deserted by their relatives, whom the old gentleman provides for, and who are also miracles of precocious goodness, one hardened, desperate villain, who, for inscrutable reasons, insists upon persecuting the little one, one amiable, and pious, and sweet, and all-accomplished young lady of the upper circles, who goes about among the poor, quoting Scripture and doing an immense deal of indefinable good; and one selfish, fashionable woman, very rich, who turns out to be the mother of the little girl or the little boy, and leaves her or him all her wealth, when he or she marries the pious young lady or her pious brother, and everybody, including the old Rag-pickers and Lamplighters, get vastly happy. Or else our novelists take up the temperance and anti-slavery "dodges," and perfectly inundate us with beastly drunkards, who afterwards reform and become model husbands, fathers, and citizens, or with villainous Hays, unprincipled and cruel, but gentlemanly Southerners, and marvelous fugitive negroes. One reads so much, indeed, of these classes, that he is tempted to forswear temperance and anti-slavery all the days of his life. As to the notions of happiness which some of these writers cherish, we quote a specimen from one of the novels before us. Describing a New Year's day, after all the characters had got fairly through their troubles, and the right ones were married, it says:—

"They evinced their joy and hilarity in 'blind-man's buff,' 'searching for the key-hole,' 'hunt the slipper,' and all sorts of 'forfeittings,' during which Julie was kissed, and Carrie was kissed (suspicious Charlie Wells not playing fair by any means) a hundred times, and Annie was kissed, and they all kissed Toney, and Henry, and Charlie Wells (who, when he was questioned, said he liked it), and Davy, and even the boy Buff, who kissed right back again (as if he was no nigger at all!), and they rollicked and raced to their heart's content, while everybody kissed good old Davy, and Davy kissed everybody else, and there seemed to be no end to the love, and joy, and ecstacy of this gloriously happy gathering."

We presume, therefore, that they have gone on kissing to this very day, and that the pop of the smackings must, by this time, be as loud as the rattle of musketry at Sebastopol.

The writers of these novels mean to be very moral: the sentiments they depict or inculcate are all, as Sir Peter Teazle would say, "excellent sentiments:" they would scorn to be thought anything else than the superfinest friends of virtue; and yet the highest that most of them attain is to a milk-and-water, puling, superficial and nauseous sentimentalism. They work upon the sensibilities, and not upon the conscience or the will; and the good feelings they excite, by their highly-colored pictures, are about as lasting as the fine friendships a fellow forms over his cups, or the religion he puts on during a stress of weather at sea. It is the easiest thing in the world to invent a series of characters, and place them in situations which shall draw tears from the eyes of every reader: the French literature and the French stage abound in tales and dramas, commonly of the domestic sort, which are positively heart-rending; all the while, too, they are radically false in principle and untrue to life. But it is not easy to create a character which shall enlarge our ideals of the power and greatness of our nature, nor combine circumstances into a clear and beautiful narrative, which the reader will forever carry in his memory as an inspiration and a charm. Is it not, however, at these ends that fiction should aim, and not at the excitement of transient, and, for the most part, fictitious emotion?

What the "mob of ladies who write with ease" now-a-days chiefly fail in, is charac-

ter—the principal element of success in fiction, as it is the highest and best attainment of conduct in actual life. They seldom get beyond a few conventional symbols, which they christen with new names, and call characters. Yet there is no more individuality in them, no more organic life, than there is in the show images which the boys make at school. After reading four or five hundred pages of their sayings and doings, all the conception you have of them is of puppets, one of whom represented the darling little Annie, and another the good old David, and a third the dark-visaged villain, Mr. Anthracite. They are brought together, put through a certain course of events, alternately adverse and propitious (and most generally improbable), and then disappear, when there is an end of them altogether. Like the infant of whom the wag wrote the epitaph, "they are so soon done for, we wonder what they were begun for." Born inanities, they die inanities, and nobody is helped, and nothing is gained. Now, old Homer's heroes, though three thousand years old, are to-day as distinct as statues; and so are Shakespeare's, and Cervantes', and Fielding's, and Scott's, and Thackeray's, and some of Dickens's. Our children's children will know them intimately as we know them; but as for that rabble of pretended personages which crowds the pages of our current fiction—pages which it is so sad a waste of time to write or to read—it will pass away like the figures of the magic lantern, when the candles are lighted.

BIOGRAPHIES.—In the *Memoir of Sergeant S. Prentiss*, we have an account of a meteor which flamed for a brief while in the southwestern skies, and then suddenly disappeared. He was one of those brilliant phenomena, which dazzle us into admiration without producing much influence upon the course and destinies of the world. Endowed with quick sympathies, large reasoning powers, fertile fancy, and fluency of tongue, Mr. Prentiss was a born orator, and, like most orators, wrought the most lively immediate, but not lasting, effects. While he lived, men hung upon his words with transfixed attention, but as soon as he passed away, the memory, alone, of the pleasure he had given remained in the minds of those who had heard him speak. Unlike

the fame of the statesman, who leaves the impress of his genius on the action of society, or that of the poet, whose numbers are immortal, the fame of the orator is apt to perish with his body. A few of his more intimate friends may recall his personal character, and cherish the good and noble qualities which made him dear to their hearts, but the majority of his contemporaries forget him, as they do the actor, almost as soon as he has quit the stage.

It is doubtful, therefore, whether any important public purpose is served by an attempt to perpetuate the fame of one who is simply an orator, and whose speeches or deeds do not perpetuate themselves. Out of the small circle of his friends, the memorial of him will possess no more than a feeble interest. His significance scarcely entitles him to more than a passing record, certainly not to the dignified and imposing embalmment of two stately volumes. We have evidence of the truth of this in the case before us. Mr. Prentiss was a brilliant orator; he was endeared to his family and friends by his generous qualities; but beyond a few temporary results, made no mark upon his day and generation, or, at least, none equal to his affluent endowments. We are indebted to him for no great truths, for no important measures, for no work of art that enriches our race, and for no high example of character, by which, though dead, he yet speaks. We find the two long volumes of details and correspondence, consequently, tedious; and we suspect the public will be of the same sentiment; although, to the personal acquaintance of the subject of the memoir, it will likely prove most acceptable.

As an orator, it is beyond a doubt that Mr. Prentiss was extraordinarily accomplished. We remember to have heard him discourse to an assembly of whigs, in Masonic Hall, during the hard cider political campaign, and still retain a fresh impression of his forcible logic, his fine manner, his exuberance of illustration, and his easy wit. The political rostrum, as our meetings are apt to be conducted in times of high excitement, is not the place for the exhibition of the nicer traits of oratory. A loud voice, vehement gesticulation, commonplace party clap-trap, and stale anecdotes more frequently carry the day there, than right feeling, scholarly allusion, balanced

periods, subtle argument, and graceful action. But Mr. Prentiss was so naturally eloquent, the artistic genius was so strong within him, that he never had occasion to resort to the usual and vulgar shifts, to enchain or arouse his audience. The sympathetic tone of his voice, the earnestness of his conviction, and his ready command of his powers, at once charmed them into listeners. He modulated both his voice and his action, with an easy, instinctive grace; he selected the most fitting words, as if by inspiration, while the variety of his resources, both of imagination and memory, did not allow him to be dull. He was not so highly cultivated a person as some of those who describe him, in this biography, represent; but he had read variously, and, remembering all that he read, applied it with facility and tact. In the speeches that are preserved, we do not discover any great originality of thought or expression, and yet they contain many evidences of a most impressible and active fancy. His letters are quite bald, evincing warmth of affection toward his friends, but no remarkable intellectual vigor nor rare culture. The one conclusion that we derive from reading all that is said of him, is, that he was capable of vastly greater and better things than he ever achieved.

Like many other brilliant young men of this country, Mr. Prentiss did not make the best use of the rich talents committed to his stewardship. There was a moral deficiency in his constitution, which was the cause alike of his intellectual shortcoming and of his failures in the conduct of life. Going to a region of country where the saddest social vices prevailed, at a time, too, when society was in a kind of inchoate or forming state, he forgot the sterner principles of his birth-place and his youth, and fell in with what he ought to have restrained. We do not say that he was a gross offender against the laws of morals in any respect, nor do we refer to his errors in this way with a view to depreciate or dishonor him personally; but we think that there is so instructive a lesson to be learned from his career that we are unwilling to pass over this aspect of it. Indeed, if the memoir have any value at all for the outside public, it will be found precisely in the moral which it conveys. Had he been as thoroughly conscientious or religious a man

as he was honorable—had he made the Christian code, instead of the code of honor, his rule, there is no telling, with his large and popular abilities, and his noble impulses, what good he might not have effected, in the peculiar relations into which he was thrown. But he was not strong enough to resist the current of opinion around him, and he departed without having achieved the greatness to which he was otherwise equal. We read, with a deep feeling of sorrow, of the admiration which his intellectual displays excited, of the exquisite friendship he cherished, of his ardent sympathy in the popular movements of Europe, and of the generous, self-sacrificing disposition which he always showed toward the unfortunate and smitten—because we are forced to think, at the same time, of the splendid and beneficent results which might have been, but were not, achieved by such gifts of mind and heart.

—In striking contrast, in almost every aspect, with Prentiss's life, is that suggested to us by *Extracts from the Diary and Correspondence of the late Amos Lawrence*, which has been recently published by his son. He was not a man of great faculties, nor of extensive learning, but a plain, practical, plodding, unambitious merchant, and who yet, by a rigid adherence to his sense of duty, in the administration of his wealth, succeeded in doing a world of good, and in connecting his name with the gratitude of large numbers of men, for many years to come. Removing from Groton, in Massachusetts, to Boston, at an early period of his life, he engaged in mercantile business, and succeeded, by strict integrity and diligence, in accumulating a large fortune, which he distributed, from year to year, and almost from day to day, in various acts of charity. In one year we find it noted that he expended over one hundred thousand dollars, the most of it in endowing academies, supporting clergymen, diffusing books, and helping the needy. He not only gave away his money freely, which is a cheap kind of benevolence, but he interested himself personally in the objects of his regard. It was a principle with him that all he possessed "belonged to the Lord," and his chief solicitude, in the latter part of his life, when he was much confined to his house by illness, was that he should make a wise

use of his trusts. One room in his home was devoted to packages of odds and ends, which he gathered and dispatched, from time to time, to those to whom he supposed they would be useful. This room must have looked like a country store, on the eve of the departure of one of his "hay cocks," as he called the bundles which were thus sent all over the country, to relatives and friends, and sometimes to strangers. It was an eccentric but pleasant way, certainly, of employing his rainy days and otherwise vacant hours. We cannot say that we feel as strong an admiration for the character of Mr. Lawrence as some of his correspondents express; and yet, we are sure that the example of a life so upright, simple, and conscientious, must be of great service, especially to the commercial community, which is never too eager to cultivate the class of virtues in which Mr. Lawrence was eminent.

—A third biography before us furnishes a still further contrast—the *Life and Bondage* of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the well-known fugitive slave, who has come to occupy so conspicuous a position, both as a writer and speaker. It details the incidents of his experience on the slave plantation of Maryland, where he was born, of his subsequent escape, and of his public career in England and the northern States. We need hardly say that it abounds in interest. The mere fact that the member of an outcast and enslaved race should accomplish his freedom, and educate himself up to an equality of intellectual and moral vigor with the leaders of the race by which he was held in bondage, is, in itself, so remarkable, that the story of the change cannot be otherwise than exciting. For ourselves, we confess to have read it with the unbroken attention with which we absorbed Uncle Tom's Cabin. It has the advantage of the latter book in that it is no fiction. Of course, it is impossible to say how far the author's prejudices, and remembrances of wrong, may have deepened the color of his pictures, but the general tone of them is truthful. He writes bitterly, as we might expect of one who writes under a personal provocation, taking incidents of individual experience for essential characteristics, but not more bitterly than the circumstances seem to justify. His denunciations of slavery and

slaveholders are not indiscriminate, while he wars upon the system rather than upon the persons whom that system has made. In the details of his early life upon the plantation, of his youthful thoughts on life and destiny, and of the means by which he gradually worked his way to freedom, there is much that is profoundly touching. Our English literature has recorded many an example of genius struggling against adversity,—of the poor Ferguson, for instance, making himself an astronomer, of Burns becoming a poet, of Hugh Miller finding his geology in a stone quarry, and a thousand similar cases,—yet none of these are so impressive as the case of the solitary slave, in a remote district, surrounded by none but enemies, conceiving the project of his escape, teaching himself to read and write to facilitate it, accomplishing it at last, and subsequently raising himself to a leadership in a great movement in behalf of his brethren. Whatever may be our opinions of slavery, or of the best means of acting upon it, we cannot but admire the force and integrity of character which has enabled Frederick Douglass to attain his present unique position.

—The *Life of Curran*, by his son, has been edited and republished in this country by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. It is, perhaps, the best life extant of the great Irish orator and wit, and has been considerably enlarged and improved by the editor. Some of the "good sayings" gathered in the appendix are flat, and others are vulgar, but, on the whole, the volume is a valuable one. Dr. Mackenzie has such an omnivorous memory for personal incidents and details that nothing in the text, which may require elucidation, is allowed to escape.

CALHOUN'S WORKS.—The elegant edition of the works of the great statesman of South Carolina, which Mr. R. K. Cralle has prepared, has now reached its sixth volume. The last two volumes contain the *Reports and Public Letters* of Calhoun, as the previous volumes have contained his treatise on the Constitution and his speeches. One great source of interest in this edition is, that the papers are printed, as far as possible, from the original manuscripts of the author, and not from the printed copies, which his political friends sometimes took the liberty of modifying before

they were presented to the public. The differences, though, in most instances, slight, are still important as illustrating the character of Calhoun's mind, and the influence under which it was found necessary to change his language. Mr. Calhoun was a man of such native force and originality of mind, that all who care to possess his writings will esteem it a special privilege that they are able to get them as they were penned. In a future volume, Mr. Cralle promises us a life of Calhoun, and when that appears we shall take an occasion to form an estimate of his peculiar character and influence.

HUDSON'S SHAKESPEARE.—It is as difficult to adjudicate the comparative merits of the different editions of Shakespeare as it is to determine the authorship of Junius, or the proper place of Pope as a poet. Every reader of the immortal dramatist has his own ideal of what a collection of his poems should contain, some preferring copious notes, others no notes at all, some disdaining everything but the original folio, and others esteeming nothing worthy of him but the luxurious pictorials, which embrace a line engraving for each play, and copious woodcuts on each page. Happy they who can cover their shelves with specimens of all the prominent editions, but for those poor creatures, like the most of us, whose means allow them only one or two editions at best, a selection is to be made, and the trouble is, to decide what that selection ought to be. For ourselves, we have no wish to dictate in the matter, but take the liberty to say that we have found the Boston edition, now in the course of publication by Munroe & Co., and edited by Mr. Hudson, as satisfactory as any that we have seen. It is modeled, as to size and print, on the Chiswick edition, which has long held the first rank in England, both for the accuracy of the text and the convenience of form, with such improvements upon that and other editions, in readings and annotations, as the experienced judgment of the editor has enabled him to suggest. Among these improvements are a rigid adherence to the folio text, so far as it had not been previously observed, and a rejection of the needless and foolish notes, and notes upon notes, which have encumbered so many previous editions. Mr. Hudson possesses rare qualifications

for the office he has assumed. His ardent love of the subject, his keen and philosophic penetration, his intimate acquaintance with the whole range of Shakespearean criticism and learning, and his vivacious style, empower him to impart unusual value to his prefaces and his comments. Without loading his author with unnecessary details, he yet gives enough, both of historical and critical explanation, to aid the reader in an intelligent appreciation of the plays, in their parts and as wholes. We are free to confess that we do not always admire the manner of Mr. Hudson's essays; he is too often affectedly quaint in the language and structure of his sentences; but the matter of them is uniformly good, full of pith, sound sense, poetic appreciation, and profound analysis. An adept in that school of criticism which Coleridge, borrowing from the Germans, has made familiar to the English public, he discourses of the great creations of the master with a thorough insight into their interior laws, and a genial sympathy in all their individual characteristics. He regards them as living organic existences, who breathe and move, not as abstractions or phantasms, but as realities in a lofty and animated world of art. While, too, he does not disdain to tarry upon verbal and grammatical niceties, he is mainly anxious to bring out the poetic value of his materials, and to suggest to the reader, by brief but expressive remarks, the true grounds and fundamental principles of artistic admiration. In doing this, he, of course, avails himself frequently of the rich resources of German and English literature, and confesses obligations, at times, to our own Verplanck; and yet his original contributions are not few nor insignificant. Some of his introductions to the plays, indeed, are as felicitous specimens of analysis and narrative combined as we care to read. If any one would mark the progress which has been made, of late years, in our English criticism, let him compare the preface and note of Johnson, for instance, or of the commentators who immediately followed him, with the introductions and notes of this edition. What a wide interval between them! How superficial and jejune the one, and how profound and living the other! Did those old writers know Shakespeare at all? Had they ever really pene-

trated the depths or ascended the heights of his greatness? The more obvious excellences of his writings they undoubtedly saw, just as the groundlings see them when they are presented on the boards; but his finer traits, and the grand and immense artistic wealth of his genius, they could not have seen, or they would have remarked upon them. Yet what a world of beauty and truth was thus hidden!

SPENSER'S WORKS.—Little & Brown have issued, as a part of their excellent series of the British Poets, the complete works of Edmund Spenser, with editorial introduction and notes, by Prof. CHILDS. We need hardly say that these are well done: indeed, the memoir of the poet, prefixed to the first volume, is, considering the poverty of the materials, one of the best that we have read—accurate as to facts, and sound in criticism. It dwells, more than an ardent lover of Spenser could wish, upon the defects of his poetry, which are overlaid by such "riches fineless" of merit, that they almost cease to make an impression upon his admirers. Nor does the estimate of him, quoted from Campbell, do full justice to the theme. Spenser, it is true, had many defects, which will prevent him forever from becoming really popular; and yet, he so abounds in the very essence of poetry itself, that, for cultivated minds, he must ever retain a first rank in the list of English poets. Not only must he continue to be, what he is proverbially called, "the poet's poet," the fountain to which

"——— other stars
Repair, and in their urns draw golden light,"
but he must also be the painter's poet, and the poet of refined and Christian women. Despite the allegory of the Fairy Queen, which, as Hazlitt roughly said, "wont bite anybody if they don't meddle with it," and despite its intricacy and length, its wealth of sweetness, its chivalric nobleness of sentiment, its varied and graceful pictures, its unmatched pensive melody, its arcadian elegance and simplicity, its grand personifications of evil, hardly surpassed by Dante or Milton, and its tender, lovely women (not wholly abstractions, as Professor Child says), will make it a favorite as long as its language is a readable tongue. We are rejoiced to possess it in so portable and beautiful a form as it is given to us in this edition.

—MR. CHARLES G. LELAND'S translation of Heine's *Pictures of Travel*, to which allusion is made elsewhere in our pages, has been published by John Weik, of Philadelphia. That Heine's position in the world of letters is not less than princely, those of our readers, who did not know it before, will have gathered from the letter of our correspondent. That it has been won by no factitious arts, but by the legitimate exercise of some of the most exquisite intellectual gifts ever bestowed upon a mortal, those will be most ready to assert who are most familiar with his writings.

It is a truth that cannot be too often impressed upon all literary aspirants, that the one supreme condition of enduring literary fame, is perfection or individuality of style. It is not in virtue of the variety of his thoughts, but of the intrinsic excellence and superiority of his expression, that a great writer outlives his age.

Popularity, the frivolous successes that open the saloons of fashion and the columns of the newspapers to a young author, these may be won by trains of thought familiar and flattering to contemporary opinion, or by veins of transitory and accidental sentiment. But the ranks of the immortals open to receive only the *creators*, only those who frame fine bodies for fine thoughts, or shapes of careless grace for careless fancies.

The study of Heine's style will be found not only delightful but profitable. Can it be studied in Mr. Leland's version? Not, of course, to the best advantage. But Mr. Leland has been successful in a very difficult task, and, to readers in general, we can cordially recommend his thoughtfully, tastefully, and feelingly-executed pages.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.—There are many who think that a book about American Literature ought to contain no more than that chapter in the traveler's book, which was entitled "Of the snakes of Iceland," and which consisted of these words—"There are no snakes in Iceland;" or they would write it as Heine wrote his essay on German editors, in this wise: "German editors, blockheads" Nor would they be much out of the way if the term literature could be used only in its highest sense, as embracing the characteristic and perennial expression of a great national mind; for there is

really, as yet, no distinctive and vital literature in this country—a literature destined to reflect and carry down our national life to the latest times—like the literature of the Greeks, for instance; but, fortunately for a great many of us, the term cannot be restricted to this exclusive use. All writing which perpetuates thought at all is a part of literature, and of writing America has done a good share. From George Sandys, who penned the first poem written on this continent, to the last contributor to the Ladies' Book, we have had writers in abundance (some of them of no mean calibre, while the number is every day growing larger), and it is to these that the Messieurs Duyckinck devote their *Cyclopedia*, now passing through the press. They bring together, as far as it is possible in one book, convenient for perusal and reference, memorials and records of the writers of this country and their works, from the earliest period to the present day. Dividing the time of our national existence into the Colonial era, the Revolutionary period, and the present century, they have collected authentic notices of all the literary men who figured during these epochs; criticised and given extracts, to some extent, from their works, and appended such historical details as will enable us to trace the nascent literature of America, from its cradle to its existing state, with whatever vigor it may have successively attained. This has been, of course, no light task. The diligence, the research, and the judgment which it has required, few persons can properly estimate. Not entirely new, the field has yet been so little cultivated, that a great deal of pioneer labor has had to be performed, which does not appear in the book, or of which we get the results, but not the process.

Of the manner in which the Messrs. Duyckinck have executed their task, we propose to speak at length some other time. Our purpose now is simply to announce the volume, which, we think, will be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions to the historical department of our letters that has been made in a long while. In the brief examination that we have given it, we have found it so full and yet so seemingly accurate in its details, so pertinent in its criticisms—so judicious in its excerpts—and, on the whole, so liberal and

candid in its tone, doing justice to men of all parties, and of all parts of the country—that we are prompted to commend it, without waiting till we have time for a maturer scrutiny. In the earlier parts, particularly, relating to our colonial and revolutionary periods, it is much fuller than any work that we have ever had, abounding in curious and minute research, and bringing to light a vast mass of the most interesting information that was almost gone into oblivion.

A BONNE BOUCHE FOR METAPHYSICIANS.—A good translation of Kant's *Critique of the Pure Reason* has long been wanted, and we have it at last, in one published as a part of Bohn's Philosophical Library, by J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN. We say it is good, not because we have compared it with the original, but because it is written in clear, easy English, and because it is possible to understand what the author is driving at all through. Or, at any rate, the difficulties pertain to the subject and the original, and not peculiarly to the translation. We remember years ago, before we were able to construe German, and when we were almost crazy for metaphysics, as most young men are, at certain periods of their lives, just as they are crazy to go to sea, or to run away with a pretty cousin, we eagerly caught up Nitsch, Haywood, Willich, and others, who pretended to give an account of the hard-headed old sage of Königsberg, but with the most lamentable results. Kant is bad enough in his own style, but, read through a bad translation, he is worse than worst. Yet there is nothing really embarrassing or insuperable in Kant's transcendental speculations to one who is accustomed to that kind of reading. Considering that he had to propound a new system of philosophy, and that, in order thereto, he must invent, to some extent, a new terminology, he is remarkably transparent; and, compared with some of his successors, as glass to isinglass. We advise no one, however, to undertake the *Critique*, but simply say, if they should, that they will find this translation serviceable. As this treatise was the origin or occasion of nearly the whole modern philosophical development of Germany, it is indispensable to scholars, but the "general reader" may either read it or not read it, as he pleases, and be none the wiser for it. As

a school-book, we should not predict for it a great success.

A VOICE TO AMERICA.—This is the name of one of the late fruits of Know Nothingism—so late, we suspect, that it will be blasted before it is ripe. The cause in which the book is written is already dying out of the public mind, and, before long, will be quite forgotten, or remembered only as the anti-masonry and nativism of former years are remembered. This seems to be a pity, for the book has been prepared with elaborate care, and really handles the questions discussed in a more dignified and able way than is usual with the class of publications to which it belongs. But, is it not remarkable that a work, intended to teach Americans their rights and duties, should have been edited by one Englishman and published by another?

THE ELEMENTS OF MEDICINE.—It scarcely falls within our province to remark upon a book so purely technical as *The Elements of Medicine*, by Dr. DICKSON, one of the most eminent practitioners of the South; but, as we have read the greater part of it, and derived from it a large amount of instruction, we feel bound to commend it to professional readers. Dr. Dickson has, for thirty years, been engaged in colleges, both at the North and South, in the preparation of young men for the arduous and responsible duties of physicians, and in this work has condensed the experience of that long period of time. He adopts, of course, the old school theories of therapeutics (which will not be to the taste of many of our readers), but he is so comprehensive and liberal in sentiment, so clear in argument, and so vigorous and, at the same time, considerate in his statement of facts, that persons of all schools may profit by his teachings.

ABOUT THE EAST.—In the *India, China, and Japan* of BAYARD TAYLOR, we have the last of his cosmopolitan series, and in our opinion the best. Not that it is written more agreeably than the "Land of the Saracen," or the "Central Africa," but that it relates to regions and people more generally interesting to us, at this time, than almost any other. Without the poetic sensibility or humor of some oriental travelers, and the learning of others, Taylor possesses enough of both poetry and erudition to render his narratives both at-

tractive and instructive, which is all we want in a book of travels. He manages to see all that there is to be seen, in the countries over which he passes, and he tells about it, in a plain, clear, direct way, and with sufficient knowledge of what has been before written on the same subject to enable him to avoid common place, and retain novelty.

—One of the most amusing books that we have read about eastern manners, is the *Private Life of an Eastern King*, just republished by Redfield. The author, some twenty years ago, was one of the household of the king of Oude, a magnificent specimen of oriental despots and drunkards, and he details the ordinary current of affairs in the daily life of his palace at Lucknow without reserve. A great deal too much of the work is, to our taste, taken up with descriptions of savage encounters between wild animals, such as tigers, rhinoceroses, elephants, etc., of which the king kept a large menagerie, but they are such vivid descriptions that they will, no doubt, stir the blood of sportsmen. In the other parts, however, we get glimpses at the harems, the receptions, the dinners, and the personal administration of the royal Indian, which will please other tastes, and which let us into the secrets of oriental tyranny, cruelty, and debauchery, with more completeness than we are accustomed to find in books about the East. As the writer's opportunities were the best that could be, he being an officer and favorite of the king, he has availed himself fully of his access to "behind the scenes," to make a vivacious and exciting narrative. Why he should have delayed his account so long, however, is more than we can tell; still, as the East never changes, the question of time is an unimportant one.

—Another amusing work on the manners of the Orientals, is a new edition of Morier's famous auto-biography of HAJI BABA, which may be termed a kind of eastern Gil Blas. Haji Baba was the son of a barber, who afterwards became a merchant, a dervish, a robber, a physician, and finally an ambassador, and his life is as full of adventure as that of his Spanish prototype, told with a good deal of the same animation and wit. The whole book is very diverting, as well as instructive.

EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

ENGLAND.—From England we still receive only promises. The past season has been most unusually barren of literary production, and they who buy new books must have been driven nearly to despair. In our individual character, we are quite contented with the old books that we have; but, in our editorial capacity, we wonder at, lament over, and might, but will not, moralize upon the long lull in the activity of the London press.

That Mr. Macaulay's two new volumes will positively come before Christmas, is resolutely affirmed, and may be true. We are not surprised to learn that Mr. Carlyle's "Frederic the Great" is indefinitely postponed. Mr. Carlyle is not a man to be hurried or worried by his publishers or his public, and he disdains to make any excuses for his long delay. All real lovers of real poetry will rejoice to hear that Browning's new volumes are now imminent, and the announcement of a new work by our apocalyptic friend, "Festus" Bailey cannot be received with indifference. A life of Fielding (the first independent biography of the great novelist ever published!) also promises well, and we shall look, with special interest, for the appearance of the "Memoirs of M. Alexander Herzen," which are nearly ready, and which will, doubtless, throw more real light on the interior political life and true social state of Russia than anything which has yet been given to the world. M. Herzen, as our readers know, or ought to know, is by far the most intelligent, sincere, and able of the Russian liberals. He has recently established, at London, a liberal journal, called the "Polar Star," to which Russian writers of eminence contribute, and which is, probably, the best existing organ of so much thought as lives and moves in the despotic Northern empire.

It does not move us much to hear that Véron's *Memoires d'un Bourgeois* are to be published soon in English, with much additional matter. The doctor's self-complacency, credulity, vanity, and coarseness of character, make his book hardly endurable in a French dress. Stripped of the charm which Parisian forms of expression lend to the most trivial things that can be said, the *Memoires d'un Bourgeois* will become

as tedious in point of style as they are worthless in point of fact.

Of books actually under our notice, we have only to commend two to the attention of our readers. Lieut. Burton's *Pilgrimage to Medina*, of which two volumes have been issued by the Messrs. Longman, is an excellent book; one of the best yet published upon that part of the East to which it refers. Lieut. Burton is the only European who has visited the holy cities of Mahometanism within two centuries, and he is a person so qualified by good sense, good feeling, and a good, distinct way of telling what he has seen and thought, to describe the countries he has traversed, that when the third and last volume of his work reaches us, we shall condense, for our pages, the results of his observations.

The *Memoirs of Lieut. Bellet* possess a more immediate interest for us. The tale of the "Prince Albert," and her long winter in the "thick-ribbed ice," vividly recalls the similar story of our own good ships, so admirably told by the accomplished and gallant Kane, while the tributes which, in these "Memoirs," are laid upon the untimely grave of the generous young Frenchman, must awaken no slight emotions in those who are rejoicing now in the dissipation of the gloom that had begun to gather around the fate of our own brave countryman and his adventurous companions.

FRANCE.—The press in Paris is not much more active than in London. Still, we have some works before us worthy of attention.

"Par autorisation de l'Empereur," M. Le Play, Ingénieur en chef des Mines, has published a magnificent work, in elephant folio, entitled *Les Ouvriers Européens*. This work is the result of the observations of many years upon the condition and character of the laboring classes in Europe. These observations have not been made casually. The author, "by a prolonged residence in the families which form the special subjects of his descriptions, has familiarized himself with their language, their habits, their wants, their sentiments, their passions, and their prejudices." "He has never given up the study of any one type till his results, being suffi-

ciently controlled, one by another, offered him all needful guarantees of exactness." Of the value of observations thus collected, there can be no doubt. As M. Le Play remarks, "statisticians have been accustomed to rely on the observations of other people, of whose special competency or honesty they could never feel assured," and the natural consequence of this course has been, that statistical inferences have very rarely been made the basis of political administration, though they are constantly used to sustain the theses and foregone conclusions of politicians. In truth, the study of society is in its infancy, and has been, heretofore, pursued at second-hand. What progress would be made in botany by a scholar who should depend, for his specimens, upon the sketches of a set of men of whom one-half should be ignorant of drawing, and the other half of the anatomy of plants?

This book of M. Le Play is an effort in the right direction. It is but the first of a projected series, and, as we shall have occasion to refer to it again, we content ourselves now with giving our readers an analysis of one Monograph from the book, which will convey to their minds a better notion of its scope than could be otherwise obtained. Let us take, at random, Monograph IV., on the "Iron-Workers of the Ural Districts of North Russia." It is thus divided:

Preliminary Observations.—1. On the State of the Soil; of the Manufactures and the Population. 2. The Civil Condition of the Family. 3. Religion and Morals. 4. Hygiene and Sanitary State. 5. Social Rank of the Family. 6. Property. 7. Aid and Assistance rendered the Family. 8. Labors and Industry of the Family. 9. Food and Meals. 10. House, Furniture, and Clothing. 11. Recreations. 12. Principal Phases of the Life of the Family. 13. Customs and Laws insuring the Support and Well-Being of the Family. 14. Annual Receipts and Expenses.

Then follow full and accurate notes upon all these heads, illustrating the condensed account furnished in the text; and the information here collected, be it remembered, has been acquired by personal investigations, and relates to a particular family. These monographs of M. Le Play, it will be seen, thus constructed, illumi-

nate the social condition of Europe, just as a novel of Walter Scott's illuminates a particular period of history. They bring us into the very presence of the laboring family, and initiate us into that all-important domestic life which statesmen and travelers alike are so apt to overlook.

The inconvenient form which M. Le Play has chosen for his book, makes it difficult to use his labors, but their importance can hardly be overestimated.

We adjourn, for the present, the consideration of M. Le Play's reflections upon the great social questions, on which he has done so much to throw a new and clearer light, and have only to say that, in this first installment of his great enterprise, he has given us thirty-six monographs on working families in Russia, Scandinavia, the Austrian Empire, Prussia, Switzerland, France, Spain, and England. America will be treated hereafter: but, for various illustrations, borrowed from American life and manners, M. Le Play acknowledges his obligations to our well-known countryman, Mr. George Sumner, of Paris.

Those of our readers who may have met the distinguished French traveler and savant M. J. J. Ampère, when he visited America some three years ago, will be glad to learn that he has collected his letters written to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and published them in the form of a book, to which he has given the title of *Promenade en Amérique*. This is one of the most agreeable, sensible, and thoughtful books that have been called forth by American travel. M. Ampère is not only an *Academicien*, but a man of real learning and of true ability. He has ranged over the earth from Egypt to Mexico, as he has wandered from the literature of Provence to the literature of Scandinavia, and he writes at once like a man of the world and like a scholar. Most Parisians are cocknies of the first water, but M. Ampère, though a patriot, is by no means a cockney. He has the taste to prefer the terraced roofs of Havana to the dreary, pointed gables of London and Paris, and the courage to confess that, when he was stopped by a policeman for smoking in Boston streets, "it was the Frenchman who was the barbarian!"

Moreover, M. Ampère is one of the few living Frenchmen who can spell correctly

an English name. This fact is, as the French would say, "of an immense significance." When a Frenchman condescends to take the trouble to give to every Smith his proper "h," and to respect the unpronounceable W, you may be sure that he has conquered his worst prejudices. We have noticed no error of this sort, in M. Ampère's book, more important than the transformation of Gov. Seward into a Teutonic hero, Siward, which may well be a slip of the printer.

M. Ampère relates, in a desultory manner, but with point, brilliancy, and variety of style, his adventures, his observations, and his judgments, during a tour which extended from Boston to St. Louis, and from Montreal to Mexico. He is always ready to admire what is admirable; sunsets on Long Island Sound pass no more unheeded before his poetic eye than the beauty and majesty of Niagara; the delicious mornings and waving palm-trees of Cuba, the varied magnificence of the Mexican landscape, the Indian villages and the French hamlets of Canada, all are described with taste and force. His sketches of public men and of political events, if not always profound, are never worthless, and prove that he thought before he wrote. He does ample justice to the great qualities of our people, and rebukes the gross misstatements of many travelers, without concealing his dislike of the disagreeable traits of our national character. Here, for instance, are some very judicious and courteous criticisms on a national peculiarity from which we natives suffer even more than foreign travelers. "I should not be sorry," he says, "to make the Americans feel a little ashamed of their recklessness in regard to the comfort of travelers. I have never met, excepting among the lower classes, with anything of that rudeness of manner with which the Americans have been so often charged, but I have found, everywhere, a great want of indications, information, and directions for travelers, which is excessively inconvenient. I wish I could move the Americans to reform this abuse of self-government, which is by no means a necessary consequence of it." Who will deny that this is a very mild way of stating the fact that there is no country of equal civilization in which traveling is made so

unnecessarily uncomfortable and annoying as in our own?

In a chapter on the literature of America, M. Ampère touches, with equal *finesse* and tact, the absurd notions of his countrymen on this subject, and the characteristics of some of our leading authors. As to the easy sneer of the *flâneurs*, that "in America people think only of making money," M. Ampère remarks, "the example of La Bruyère giving away the manuscript of his *Caractères* to the little daughter of his publisher, a child that amused him by its prattle, has not found *very* many imitators among the modern authors of France!"

After some just observations on the distinguishing characteristics of modern literature, and on the absurdity of the notion that a democracy is necessarily hostile to the arts, M. Ampère goes on to show that American literature bids fair to become an important province of the republic of letters. Of Longfellow and Bryant, M. Ampère says that, in respect of poetic form, the first is the more European, and the second the more English of the two; while, in the substance of thought and feeling, he holds Bryant to be the more truly national and American.

Of Mr. Bancroft (whom he met at the Opera), M. Ampère says that, "in reading his works, one feels the breath of democracy; while nothing less resembles the ideas which that word awakens than the saloons and the manners of the historian." M. Ampère was astonished to find only one French journal, and that a monthly, on the table of the Society Library. From the want of French journals, he says, "it results that the Americans are often as ignorant of our affairs as we are of theirs, which is saying a great deal." M. Ampère should have been told that we have, in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, an excellent daily journal, and, on the tables of the Mercantile Reading Room, he would have found the journalism of France better represented than is the journalism of America in any Parisian *Cabinet de Lecture*. In noticing the Astor Library, too, M. Ampère makes the mistake of supposing that its magnificent antiphony was really used at the consecration of Charles X. These, however, are trifles. His book is an excellent book, and not its least admirable

feature is the dignity and earnestness with which the author protests, in the proper places, and in a becoming manner, against the corruptions, social and political, of a system which, as a lover of liberty, he abhors. We commend to all Southrons the manly language in which M. Ampère (vol. II., pp. 148, 149,) rebukes the sophistical defenders of "the fatal and detestable institution of Slavery." "Strange, indeed, is this," he cries; "I am going to Washington, I am to see the President and Congress of the Republic, to visit the Capitol, and to do all this I must leave the *Free States*!"

Impartial in his hostility to oppression, M. Ampère, having heard a noisy sitting of Congress called "a *French house*," adds, in a *spiritual* *à propos*, "of course, the reference here was to the French Chambers of 1849. The Legislative Corps of 1855 is of an exemplary tranquillity. Once there was a preacher who said: "Before my time, my predecessor in the parish caused a great deal of trouble—people crowded to the church and fought for places—the scandal was deplorable. Since I came here, all this has come to an end!" M. Ampère dedicates his book to his friend, M. de Tocqueville, in a preface full of good sense, good feeling, and strength of character.

Since Xavier de Maistre wrote his charming "*Voyage autour de ma chambre*," a succession of French writers have followed in his track, till one's head fairly turns with thinking of the unprofitable circumnavigations of a similar sort that it has been his fate to undertake. The latest (may we not hope the last?) is the *Voyage autour de l'Exposition* of M. Edmund About. M. About, the author of "*La Grèce Contemporaine*," and the fabricator of "*Tolla Feraldi*," has undertaken, in this little book, to discourse smartly of matters and things at the Paris World's Fair. He is especially lively in treating of art and artists, especially lively, and especially trivial. His book is a good specimen of a bad class. It is not a difficult book to read, but it is an unjust, an insincere, an inconsiderate, and a perverse book.

None of these terms will apply to Mgr. de Pallegoix's *Description de Siam*. M. de Pallegoix has, for twenty-four years, filled the office of Vicar Apostolic of Siam, where, with a handful of priests, he has been contending, sometimes against the

active intolerance, but generally against the well-fed indifference, of the *talapoinis* or "fan-bearers," the Buddhist clergy of Siam.

Many are the delightful books that we owe to the missionaries of Rome. From Hennepin to Huc, what a line of grave, good-natured writers, shrewd at once and simple, have edified the faithful and entertained the world with their adventures! Since Robinson Crusoe, what have we had comparable to the Chinese journey of Huc? Grant that the worthy missionary might find it hard to show whether he was "in the body or out of the body," when he traversed the mountains of Thibet, and do you not take him out of the train of St. Francis Xavier only to put him by the side of Daniel Defoe?

Pallegoix is less vivacious than Huc, but, perhaps, more reliable as an authority. Oddly enough, the name of Siam ("land of the free") is identical with that of France in meaning, and, since the days when the reigning despot of "free Siam" first sent an embassy to the reigning despot of "free France," the two countries have kept up relations more or less extended. Louis XIV., who was amazingly pleased to receive homage from further India, sent out missionaries who shared the fate of Constantine Falcone, an Anglo-Italian adventurer, whose story is one of the most romantic in history. But the seed, planted long before by St. Francis, was not killed, and the Roman See has always watched over the Siam shoot of the true vine. According to M. Pallegoix, that shoot still flourishes, bearing, however, more leaves than fruit, since he has to come to Paris for "material aid." The good Vicar makes light, in an amiable way, of our American efforts to Protestantize Siam, but the truth would seem to be that neither division of the Christian church has made much headway in a land where a semi-spiritual faith, like that of Buddhism, at once imposes on the vulgar and leaves the upper classes very much at their ease. The present King of Siam, who wore the priestly robes for a quarter of a century, in order to save his life, is described by Pallegoix as an accomplished person, familiar with European science, and anxious to develop the resources of his kingdom. The success of Sir John Bowring in his

recent negotiations would seem to confirm this, and it is of good omen for our own diplomatic mission to Bangkok.

M. Pallegoix is loud in his praises of the climate and productions of Siam, and joins Crawford and Ruschenberger in extolling the splendor of its palaces and pagodas. The majority of the people, he thinks, are well-disposed and intelligent, and he would seem, in fact, to regard Siam as quite a paradise. The rose, however, has its thorns. One must eat to live even in Siam, and the Vicar's bill of fare, comprising toads, alligator-chops, snails, water-mice, boa-constrictor-steaks, and fish prepared by spoiling in the sun, more than balances a cheapness of fare exceeding that of Antioch, where you may buy a pair of fowls for a shilling, and a cart-load of grapes for sixpence, rent a house for ten dollars a quarter, and live sumptuously for three hundred a year. Moreover, in Siam, insects prevail. The Vicar General and his friends were once kept awake all night on a boat, and in the morning picked up from the deck "*two bushels of slain mosquitoes*."

GERMANY.—Much as we dislike the philosophy and the partisanship of Gervinus, we look with interest for his *History of the Nineteenth Century, since the Treaties of Vienna*;—an interest inspired not only by the subject, but by our general confidence in the ability of a writer whom we always abuse, and always read. The first volume of his work has been favorably received in Germany, but has not yet reached us.

The current war literature of Germany, the abundance of which we noticed in our last issue, has been still further enriched by Barthold's *History of War and War-like Operations in Germany*—a work rather of professional than of popular interest, and by a handsomely-illustrated edition of Kugler's popular *History of Frederick the Great*. Of works on America, we have, beside a continuation of Busch's *Wanderings between the Hudson and the Mississippi*, which, as we said before, is a rather gossiping book, an edition published at Göttingen, and revised, of Franz Löher's *History and Condition of the Germans in America*. This work had a large circulation in America when it was first published here in 1847, and it is an authority among the Germans. The author, who is a candid

and thoughtful writer, speaks with no little bitterness of the injustice his countrymen suffer at the hands of the "stolzer Yankee," the haughty Yankee, and sets forth the grievances, social and political, to which the Germans in the New World are subjected, in a manner which must have an effect upon the most respectable emigration from his fatherland. Like the accomplished editor of the *San Antonio Zeitung*, Herr Löher seems somewhat discouraged by the aspect of affairs in this country; and it cannot be denied that our German fellow-citizens are commonly regarded with sentiments which there has been little in their opinions and nothing in their conduct to provoke. We Anglo-Americans are the true descendants of the Englishmen who rose in mobs to drive away the poor exiles of the Palatinate from London, so long ago; and the peace and prosperity of our country are more involved than it is pleasant for us to think, in the cultivation, on our part, of a more forbearing temper, and a more humane spirit, in our relations with the foreign thousands whom Providence has brought to our shores. It is not desirable that the suggestions of such writers as the editor of the *San Antonio Zeitung* and Herr Löher should be carried out; for they urge upon the Germans the necessity of clinging to their German nationality; but it is not surprising that such suggestions should be made, and we should remember that the organization of national parties was begun by ourselves. *Yes* implies *No*; and a *Native* party necessitates its opposite, by an irreversible law.

Among the means of cultivating a German nationality, none is more potent than the institution of the "Song-Unions;" and it will, perhaps, astonish the reader to learn how great an influence these associations have had in developing the national German feeling, since the beginning of this century. This he can learn, if he will, in Dr. Otto Elben's work, *The National German Männer-gesang; its history, its social and national significance: a book carefully prepared, and written with some warmth and vigor*.

To the admirers of Geibel, we commend his first essay in dramatic composition. *Meister Andrea, a Comedy in two acts*, is a remarkable production, as coming from the author of the "*Junius-Lieder*." Geibel has

never much charmed us, in spite of the undeniable melody of his verse, and of the pensive quality of his melancholy, which really

"Resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain!"

We have never believed him absolutely deficient in dramatic power; for not only some of his ballads—as, for instance, "The Waywode's Daughter"—but such works as his Gondola-songs had satisfied us that he possessed at least dramatic feeling. Yet we were certainly surprised to find in him so much of unsentimental vigor, of racy feeling, and of almost Boccacian liveliness and gayety as this comedy displays.

Though it has been some time in reaching us, Dr. Max Schasler's thorough, and, indeed, exhausting account of Kaulbach's Fresco-paintings in the new Berlin Museum deserves mention. The frescoes themselves, as our readers may know, are engraving under the auspices of A. Duncker, at Ber-

lin, and, whether with or without the accompanying prints, this treatise of Dr. Schasler's will be found perfectly satisfactory by all who wish to know what Kaulbach has done in Berlin, and *why* he has done it. From Otto Spamer, at Leipzig, we have some very good illustrated books for children, parts of a series entitled *Malerische Feier-stunden*, and divided into the *Book of Discoveries*, the *Book of Labor*, and the *Book of the World*. These, of course, are instructive books; though the text is by no means stupidly didactic, and the cuts are excellent. Of their general fidelity the most critical child will, we think, be satisfied, after examining the picture of Broadway, and of a Brooklyn ferry boat (or "steamboat-omnibus," given in the *Book of the World*. The books are good books, which opinion we utter without prejudice to our profound convictions and passionate preferences in behalf of nursery tales, fairy stories, and legends of all kinds.

THE DRAMA.

Two months ago we were all wondering "how Rachel would be received in New York?" now we are beginning to wonder what we shall do without her. For, just in proportion to the intensity of the gratification which this great actress affords us will be the poignancy of our regret, when the doors of the Metropolitan Theatre shall be darkened, and it shall be no longer possible for us to step in a moment, from Broadway and business, into Paris and a palace of art.

It may almost be said that Rachel is the first master-piece of plastic art which has been seen in America. We have had great singers, whose strains echo still in our memories; we have heard the grandest musical compositions, at least not very inadequately performed. And America has been visited before (though hardly in this generation) by great actors. But the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture have been unknown to us in their highest forms. By which we mean that America has possessed no edifice, no statue, no painting of such consummate excellence as to justify, before the mind of an intelligent, untraveled American, the enthusiasm with which the great works of European art are written of and remembered by those

who have been so fortunate as to see them.

Our architectural triumphs are yet to come; nor can we yet boast of any forms of beauty, born of brush or chisel, so supreme as those which Rachel has embodied for us, evening after evening, on the stage.

We are willing to concede, if anybody chooses to assert it, that it is possible for the human mind to acquire a more complete mastery over the human frame than that which Rachel wields. But we cannot easily conceive of such a thing. From the myriad motions of her hand and arm, to the liftings or the depressions of her eyelids, Mlle. Rachel is the perfect mistress of all the powers of her person. As Mr. Emerson once said of the poet and his friends, so we may say of Mlle. Rachel and her body, that she uses it for paint and canvas, for clay and marble.

She selects her costumes with an unerring taste; adjusts them so exquisitely that she moves with equal ease in the gorgeous and rustling brocades of the French Regency, and in the soft, sweeping robes of antique royalty; and then, with care not less fine and subtle, prepares her attitudes, her glances, her every pose and

every movement, till, whether she "walk a queen," or sink in agony a swooning woman, the truth of all that appeals to the mind, through the eyes, in her presentations, kindles in us a sense of enjoyment near akin to, if not identical with, that which is touched by the triumphs of the plastic artist.

Much has the question been mooted whether Rachel possesses genius or talent. The way in which this question has been often discussed (and not, by any means, in the case of Rachel alone), leaves one somewhat in doubt what the disputants understand by "genius," and what by "talent," but it seems, in this instance, to amount to this:—"Is each of Rachel's representations an *improvisation*, as it were, or a reproduction of a whole, carefully thought out, and finished, once for all, even in its details?"

We hold to the latter faith; for it is not possible to see Rachel three or four times, in one rôle, without being struck with the absolutely unvarying character of the performance. The same tones, the same looks, the same gestures, are always reproduced; though, of course, with greater or less brilliancy and force, as the actress may happen to be differently affected at different times. When we saw her first in Polyeucte, for instance (and the rôle of Pauline, by the way, is one of her most elaborate and admirable achievements), we could not look upon the picture of really religious rapture, humility, and gratitude, which she presented in the closing scene, without feeling sure that she had given to that whole effect hardly less thought and time than Delaroche or Scheffer would have bestowed upon the subject. And when she repeated the rôle, though she acted with greater animation throughout the tragedy, the tableau of the closing scene was identically what it had been before, or differed only as one fine copy of a great painting may differ from another.

In taking this view of Rachel's powers, do we pronounce her a woman of genius or a woman of talent? Decide thou, oh learned reader! We, for our part, are quite contented with the result, and will not quarrel over definitions. We are satisfied in the consciousness that we have seen Mlle. Rachel perform no part which did not yield us keen æsthetic enjoyment, and that

we have seen her perform several which "moved us strangely."

For, though the most part of her performances delight and impress us as pathetic pictures, we have recollections of some of her rôles, as of most affecting realities.

Foremost among these, is the first in which we saw her, the part of Camille. We could gladly see Camille repeated night after night, throughout the season. For while it yields to none in plastic perfection, it is also, to our mind, the most sublimely and sincerely tragic of the rôles of Rachel. The passionate feeling of Rachel, the woman, glows out in passages of Adrienne and Angelo, of Phèdre and Bajazet; but nothing that she performs so moves, exalts, and kindles the spectator's mind and heart, as do the harrowing scenes which paint the agitations, the despair, and the frenzy of the Roman maiden, who, in becoming affianced, had ceased to be a Roman, and so dares to hold her lover's life and her own love more sacred than the imperial destinies.

Mlle. Rachel's third and last representation of Camille was, beyond comparison, the most magnificent exhibition she has given us of her powers. The house was thronged, and hundreds were there who had come, not for the serious interest of the tragedy, but for the adventitious excitement of the Marseillaise. A little turbulent at first, this great audience was hushed into silent attention, as the passion of the actress rose to its climax, and when the curtain fell, such an ovation of stormy applause followed the momentary lull of appreciative feeling, as sufficiently showed that, in lowering his standard of prices, M. Felix had only enlarged his sister's proper audience. Had it been announced at that moment that the Marseillaise would be omitted, we believe that the people would have hardly raised a murmur. The tragedy, or rather the tragédienne had conquered!

But the Marseillaise was *sung*, we had almost said. Sung it was not: chanted, declaimed to music, what you will, it was, and with how thrilling an effect! We, who anticipated little from so seemingly ill-timed and aimless a proceeding, were spell-bound by the terrible fascination of that haggard face, those burning eyes, those lips, now writhed in scorn, now quivering with

grief—that voice, hoarse, deep, husky—a ‘voice of portent and of dread.’ Her voice, though, in many respects, amazingly effective, is not, we think, one of Rachel’s most commanding excellences; but in its tones, evidently impaired by fatigue, as well as in the wan and exhausted air of her face and her person, that night, there was something singularly appropriate to the hymn she recited. She seemed the very Genius of the down-trodden Republic, enfeebled, but unconquered—breathing sorrow, and wrath, and contempt, and the thirst of vengeance. One could not but think of the days when the *Théroigne de Méricourt* and the *Rose Lacombe* inflamed the madness of republican Paris as *Thais* fanned the rising frenzy of the Macedonian conqueror, roused the rude “sections” into angry legions, and showed the world once again *furentes quid feminae possint*, “the might of female fury.”

We hold the theatre to be so mighty, and so indispensable a means of refining and cultivating the mind and heart of a people—so truly a popular Gymnasium of the widest scope and influence, that we do earnestly desire to see the drama take, in America, the rank which of right belongs to it. We have quite enough of analytical instruction; let us have wisdom teaching through “the show of things;” for, with all deference to lectures and lecturing, and other so-called “intellectual” amusements, we cannot help believing that the drama of Shakespeare affords a national discipline of a highly respectable kind! A well-established drama would evoke dramatic genius too, and thus open a new and most efficient channel of influence between the finer intellect of America and the mass of the people. As it is, our dramatic authors are few in number, and their position in the world of letters by no means what it should be. An accomplished French gentleman once said to us, “I see you cannot have a national drama in America, for on the play-bills I always see the *actor’s* name in large letters, and can hardly find the *author’s*.”

This being the state of things, Mr. Marshall deserves no small credit for the satisfactory way in which he has put upon the stage a new tragedy, by Mr. Boker, of Philadelphia. The exquisite story of *Francesco da Rimini* gives a name and a plot

to this tragedy, which shows a better knowledge of stage effects—more stage tact, in short—than the previous works of Mr. Boker. The interest of the plot would have been heightened and refined, we think, had Mr. Boker caused the aversion of *Francesca* from her husband, *Lanciotto*, to take its rise in *Lanciotto’s* mental and moral, rather than in his physical, defects; and the chivalric jester, who is the instrument of the tragic denouement, is somewhat too closely studied after Triboulet, in Victor Hugo’s “*Le roi s’amuse*.” The play, indeed, lacks originality in the conception of character, and the dialogue, though often pointed and generally tasteful, is hardly nervous enough to sustain the passions of the story. Still, with the admirable acting of Mr. Davenport and Mr. Charles Fisher, the tragedy was handsomely received, and we hope its author will be stimulated by his success to new efforts.

Our comedians flourish, to the great good of the public, and we trust to their own. Is it a slight thing, in a city so crowded and so busy as this, where the life of every day is a campaign, to be sure of an evening resort where kindly mirth and genial play of character shall pass before our weary eyes, and hearty laughter shall dissipate at once our nascent dyspepsias, and our nascent misanthropies?

We think not; and we always enter the handsome salle of “Wallack’s,” for instance, with a sensation like gratitude. “Wallack’s” maintains its old reputation, by one of the most excellent of existing stock companies. It is not surprising that, with the judicious and effective acting of Mrs. Hoey, Mr. Placide, and Mr. Lester, and the jollity of the subordinate characters, Mr. Brougham’s new comedy should have filled, for many nights, this pleasant place. Neither is it astonishing that Mr. Burton should crowd his seats, while he preserves his own extraordinary comic talent, and secures for it such excellent support. But why will Mr. Burton, after a success of so decidedly superior a character as that of “*Still Water Runs Deep*,” go back to the abominations of the “*Serious Family*,” and “*The Toodles*?” Undeniably funny he is in both, but the fun is not wholesome, and reeks a little of those desperate days when—

“Dogs and drunkards into service prest,
Pleased a dull pit, and gava the gods a jest.”

MUSIC.

Grand is Rachel, but the Italian opera must not be foregone.

Such were our thoughts when, on entering the Academy, night after night, at the opening of the season, we found a too beggarly account of empty boxes. There sang Lagrange, as an actress hardly less consummate than as a vocalist; and Brignoli, as handsome as ever, we suppose, in the eyes of his admirers, but in our ears by no means so unfailingly tuneful as of yore, when he strode the stage the cynosure of many inexperienced eyes; and Amodio, large in heart and in body, jovial to look on, and, *when he pleases*, most delightful to hear; and Rovere, the now unequaled buffo, and a fair *débutante*, Miss Hensler, for whom this engagement, we are sure, is but the preface to a charming career—and other artists, fully equal to the best average of past years, and there played a good orchestra, and there painted the inimitable Allegri. And the manager is a gentleman of well-known zeal and liberality, and our people are fond of the opera. Why, then, these empty seats? We fear that our zealous and liberal manager made some miscalculations. It was a miscalculation to raise the price of admission while the journals were still growling at the heels of Raphael Felix, and with no offer of extraordinary inducements to draw from the pensive public its extra dollars. It was a mistake, too, to select the nights of Rachel's performances, since it is as true now as of old, that the cleanest sweeping is done by the newest broom. It was a sad mistake to attempt to contend against the apparent clap-trap of the Marseillaise, at the Metropolitan, with the genuine clap-trap of "Hail Columbia" at the Academy. The consequence of *this* mistake might have been portentous. Let us rejoice that the Academy was saved by the good sense and decision of Miss Hensler. It was also a mistake to open with familiar operas like the *Trovatore*, in which Mme. Lagrange had to contend against the inadequacy of her own voice, and our rich recollections of Steffanone to boot—or *Linda*, which is always a charming variety, but has not weight of attraction enough for the begin-

ning of the season. or *Masaniello*, which, delightful as it is, and well as it was sung, was hardly suited to develop the best powers of the *débutante* for whom it was selected. And this leads us to the grand mistake of all, which was the premature opening of the season.

The musical event of the past month, however, has been the success of Mr. Bristow's opera of *Rip Van Winkle*. M. Ampère observes, that America possesses not a single composer, though he afterwards mentions, in a note, Mr. Perkins, of Boston. It is strange that M. Ampère should never have heard of Mr. Fry, but still more strange that our own papers should have heralded Mr. Bristow's as the first of American operas. It is our first *comic* opera—though the composer, oddly enough, calls it a *grand* opera. Mr. Bristow's opera is certainly not so original a composition as *Leonora*, but it has attained a decided and a deserved success. Its faults we should attribute, in a general way, to the composer's superabundant zeal, which is natural enough in the case of a *début*, and to the constraints put on him by an unoperatic subject, and an undramatic libretto. The story of *Rip Van Winkle* is in no wise passionate, but most quietly and simply pathetic; of course, therefore, it is unfit to be the theme of an opera, since passion alone can legitimately express itself in the operatic forms. This truth being rather felt than seen by the librettist, he has unconsciously bowed to its behest, and introduced a love story, which *makes* the opera, properly speaking, and has the faintest connection with *Rip*. The second act is really the opera. Great scientific skill is shown in the overture, and there are good things in the first and third acts—but the second act contains the substance of the composition, and its songs of love and the camp are fresh, well marked, and delightful. Good, however, as are these *moreaux*, and not these alone (e. g. the supernatural music in act first, which is finely and thrillingly written), we are sure that Mr. Bristow can write us a better opera than *Rip Van Winkle*, and we trust that what he can do he will.